Volume Forty-Six, Number Six, December *1968*

Commentary

Is Electoral Reform the Answer? by Alexander M. Bickel

The Menace of the Peaceful Atom by Sheldon Novick

Race, Rage & Eldridge Cleaver *Jervis Anderson*
Sickness—A Story *Johanna Kaplan*
Adlai Stevenson in Retrospect *Joseph Epstein*
Explaining American Jews *Lucy S. Dawidowicz*
Television & Politics *Neil Compton*

Books in Review

Peter Shaw *David T. Bazelon* *Leonard Chazen*
J. P. Nettl *Ernst Pawel*

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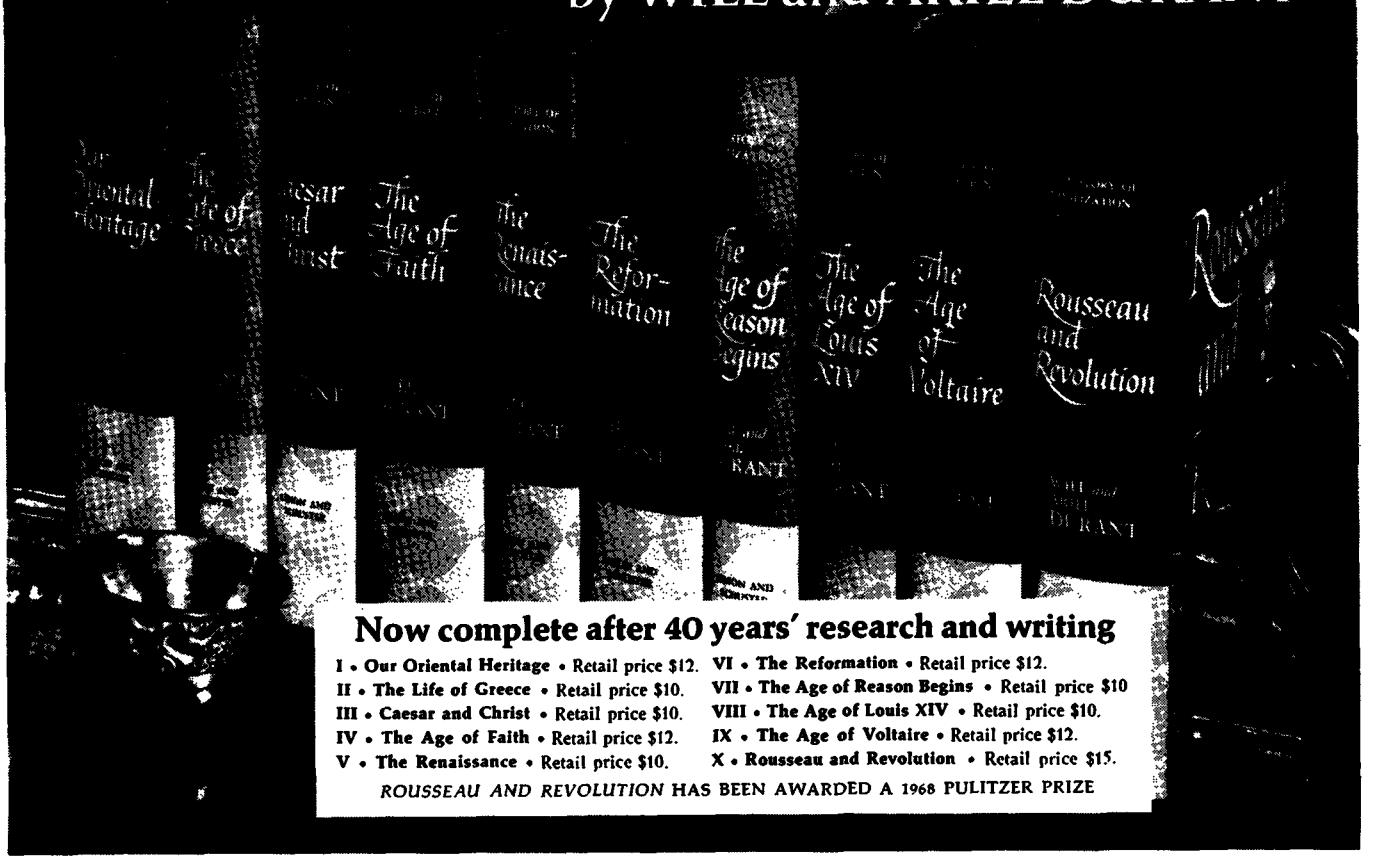

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Commentary

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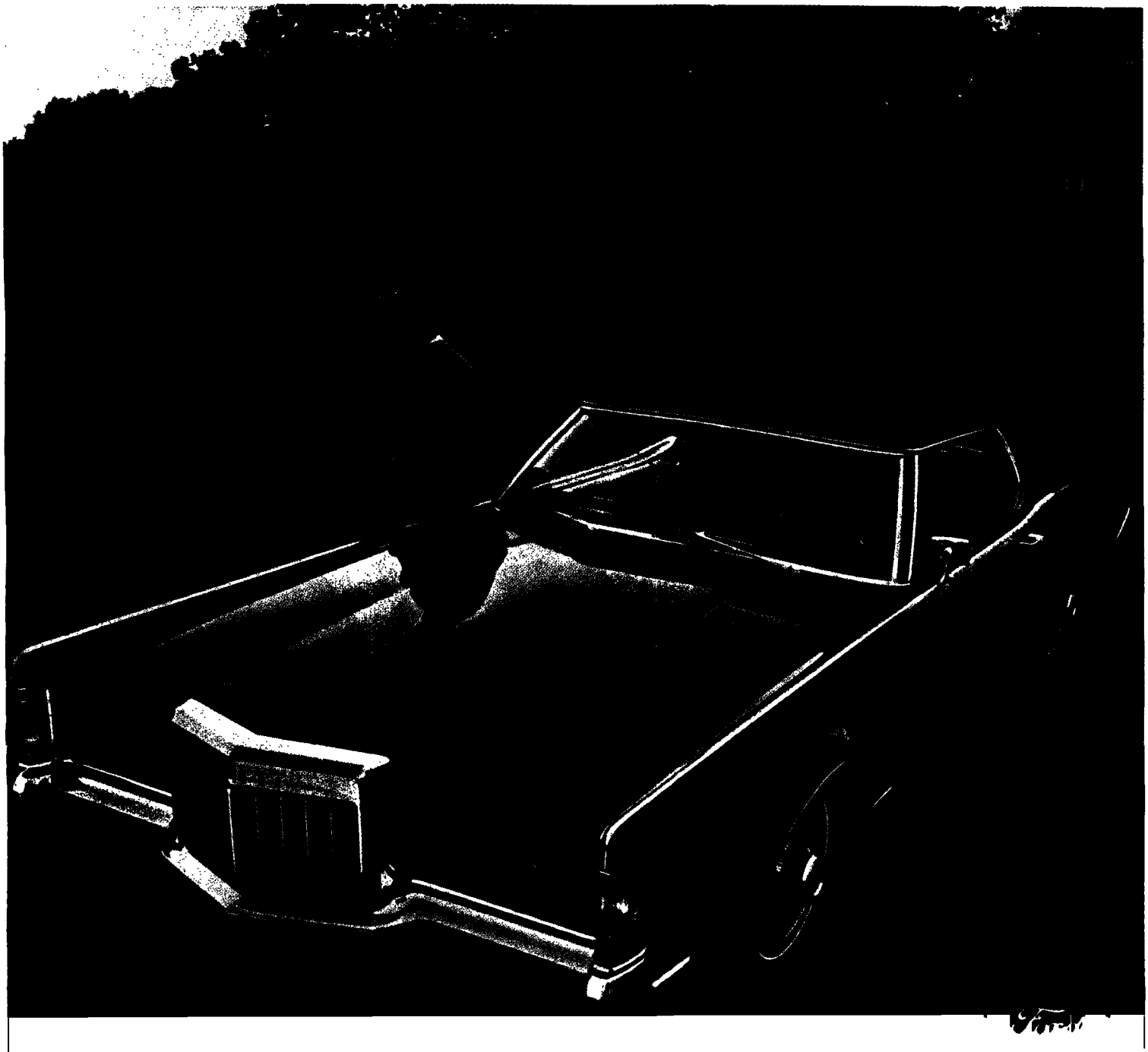

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Letters from Readers

The Holocaust

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Emil L. Fackenheim's "Jewish Faith and the Holocaust" [August] is prophetic in its . . . reproach to all those who made Auschwitz possible and its call to Jews to do all in their power to prevent another mass destruction of their people.

COMMENTARY is to be commended for this meaningful essay.

M. H. LEVINE
Eastern Connecticut State College
Willimantic, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Emil L. Fackenheim's analysis of Jewish-Christian relations in the light of Auschwitz and the Six-Day War is an understandable but nevertheless regrettable distortion of history. Neither the cause of Israel nor the memory of Auschwitz will be served by a blanket, emotional equation of all opposition to Israel with the murderous anti-Semitism of the Nazis.

Fackenheim accurately describes Auschwitz as a ". . .unique descent into hell . . . an unprecedented celebration of evil." Auschwitz was that, and more. It was the most gigantic mass-murder of innocents in history, and it was perpetrated not in pursuit of, but in spite of, the obvious national interests of the guilty state. . . .

There is no such irrationality, no such evil for evil's sake, in the Arab hostility to Israel. Israel is not a scattered group of defenseless civilians. It is a state, and as such it has enemies, as does every other state. The Arabs hate Israel for reasons that have caused enmity among neighboring states for millennia: they covet land now held by Israel, and they seek revenge for past defeats and humiliations. They may be wrong, as I firmly believe they are, they may even stoop to using leftover Nazis, but their basic cause is to regain what they have lost, not to commit genocide for the sake of committing genocide.

The distinction is crucial, I believe. Those of us who support Israel must be able to argue her case rationally and persuasively. It is neither rational nor persuasive to label any non-Jew who is not wholly persuaded of the justice of Israel's cause as morally diseased and in sympathy with Hitler's final solution. Such arguments are indicative of understandable paranoia in a long-suffering people, but they will serve neither as history nor as a means to gain and hold support for Israel.

Finally, Mr. Fackenheim taxes the Christians with failure "to recognize the danger of a second Holocaust . . ." in May 1967. Is it not just possible that the Christians, being less conditioned to disaster and less prone to expect the worst, were more realistic in their assessment of the situation than we were? . . .

PETER M. SUSSMAN
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Emil L. Fackenheim successfully establishes his belief that each man, to be a human being, must confront in his life the total evil that was Auschwitz. I would agree with him that this responsibility falls especially to Jews. However, I believe Mr. Fackenheim misconstrues the meaning of Auschwitz in confining that evil. . . .

Where is Mr. Fackenheim's concern for the violence . . . the United States is committing? In his article there is no reference to a genocidal war against the people of Vietnam. There is no reference to the fact that the village of Ben Suc was leveled with as much ruthlessness as the Nazis used against the Warsaw ghetto. There is no reference to the hypocrisy of a President who offered peace talks at the same time that he increased the level of bombing against a country without ever having a declaration of war. Moreover there is no recognition of the violence done to poor citizens—white and black—in our own country. . . .

And what is most troubling to me about this situation is that despite Auschwitz *Jews* condone and even participate in this violence. All too often it is Jews who are the exploiters of the ghettos (especially those leeches who jack up their prices by 10 or 15 per cent on welfare check day). And equally guilty are those who earn their comfortable professional livings and salve their consciences with an occasional check to the NAACP. Are these people not unlike the "German Christians" who stood by and watched the total evil of Auschwitz? . . .

The meaning of Auschwitz is not confined to violence done to Jews.

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Just because the Jewish people have survived Auschwitz doesn't mean we are absolved of guilt. It in fact conveys upon us a greater responsibility never to allow such degradation of man to continue. We, of all people, must stand against it. Mr. Fackenheim only sees part of the meaning of the Holocaust. Camus commanded us to be neither victim nor executioner. We must take the second part as seriously to heart as the first.

ROBERT F. COHEN JR.
Providence, Rhode Island

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Professor Fackenheim raised and then dismissed "an idea horrible beyond all description. Would even Nazis have singled out Jews for such a terrible fate unless Jews had done *something* to bring it upon themselves?" While the main thrust of the article is elsewhere, I believe that we must and should look as honestly as we can at this possibility. . . .

First of all it is necessary to recognize that the Jewish contribution need not be anything evil or provocative or such as would bring harm to Germany or the German people. The outstanding characteristic of the Jew in the Holocaust is that of victim. . . . The question we must therefore ask is: What are the characteristics which make for a "good" victim, and what makes the Jew fit the role so well? In order to gain perspective on this question we should look at some more recent situations which do not have the emotional affect of the Holocaust. . . .

The first example, which has successfully been kept out of the news media, is the recent actions taken in Negro sections of at least two cities that I know of against white, largely Jewish, storekeepers. These actions were similar to those of the early Nazi period: The storekeepers were asked to turn over their businesses or some fraction of the profits to local residents under threat of losing their property and/or lives. . . . The Jewish response to these attempts has been either to do nothing, or to move out of the area if possible, or, in some cases, to find some justice in what was being asked for and to give the Negro community something. I know of no case where the police were asked to take action or where any counteraction was taken.

The second example is the anti-Semitic campaign in Poland of the past year, a strange performance for a people who were themselves considered inferior and subject to extermination by the Nazis. Here again the Jews of Poland either did nothing, or left the country, or tried to show that they were as nationalistic as other Poles, i.e., implicitly found some justice in the accusations. Nor have those of us in other countries done much more than organize rallies to protest the treatment of Jews in the Soviet Union or elsewhere. . . .

The pattern in these examples is clear and is the same as in the Holocaust: The victimizer operates by his own set of rules with no regard for ethics, scruples, morals, or any consideration that the victim may also have rights. He insists, in fact, that *he* has been victimized by his intended victim and is therefore justified in taking any action against this victim. The victim, the Jew, responds always with restraint, with actions designed to give no hurt or minimum hurt to his victimizer, and with an attempt to understand and to give consideration to the motivations and feelings of this victimizer. If possible he leaves the scene, and all the spoils, to this victimizer. I submit that this pattern sets the Jew up as an almost ideal victim, since the knowledge of Jewish restraint and consideration for the rights of others and the Jewish refusal to react with blind, irrational violence means that the victimizer is favored to win sooner or later. . . . The Jewish response is consistent with the Jewish traditional attitudes of respect for all life, for social justice, and for the rights of others. But what we must ask, after Auschwitz and the postwar years, is whether it is consistent with survival.

SAM SILVERMAN
Lexington, Massachusetts

MR. FACKENHEIM writes:

Neither Mr. Sussman nor Mr. Cohen has read my article carefully. I suspect in both cases the cause is an inability or unwillingness to face up to the uniqueness of the Holocaust. But then, who among us can face up to it adequately, even after twenty-five years? We never shall.

Mr. Sussman has me equate "all opposition to Israel with the murderous anti-Semitism of the Nazis." I asserted the very opposite—the uniqueness of the Holocaust. I *did* say that in May 1967 *the same words* emanated from Cairo and Damascus which once had emanated from

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Ed Sorel

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Berlin. (Has Mr. Sussman read any of these words? Has he seen the cartoons in the Arab press which equal Streicher's in every vicious particular?) My criticism of Christian silence in May 1967 would still stand even if no Arab had ever meant these words, let alone had the power to carry them out. After Auschwitz (if not before) these words are in themselves blasphemous, and my criticism of the Christian churches was based on the charitable interpretation that, shrinking from the Holocaust, they did not hear these words. I reject the alternative—that this silence indicates serious neutrality between Israel's claim to the right to exist and Arab claims to the right to "exterminate" her.

If Mr. Sussman shrinks from the thought that the Holocaust is still with us, Mr. Cohen shrinks from the thought that it ever happened. Why must some Jews invariably mention Hiroshima or Vietnam the moment the subject of Auschwitz is brought up? When the world's sins at Auschwitz are scrutinized, why must they make haste to assure one and all of the obvious fact that Jews too are sinners? My article made it crystal clear that Jews too are sinners—and that the Holocaust obligates them to humanity, as well as to Jewish survival. Why, except in response to anti-Semitic claims that a Jew's human "universalism" is in conflict with his Jewish "particularism," detail the obligations to humanity? I did not write about Vietnam because Vietnam was not my subject.

My subject was, however, to show that Vietnam and Auschwitz differ in at least one crucial particular. Will Mr. Cohen seriously contend that his government is engaged in killing Vietnamese *for the sake of killing*, risking, like Eichmann, the loss of a war in order to kill every Vietnamese man, woman, and child? If he cannot see even this distinction between Vietnam and Auschwitz, then I must indeed suspect that his universalism is a means of escape from the uniqueness of the Holocaust. For my part, I think that now, as always, a Jew is a better man if he is a better Jew—if, after Auschwitz, it is precisely as a Jewish witness to the uniqueness of the Holocaust that he testifies against evil everywhere. . . .

Mr. Silverman alone shows a new awareness which, however, does not invalidate all distinctions. There is much to his analogies, though they become more valid if we substitute

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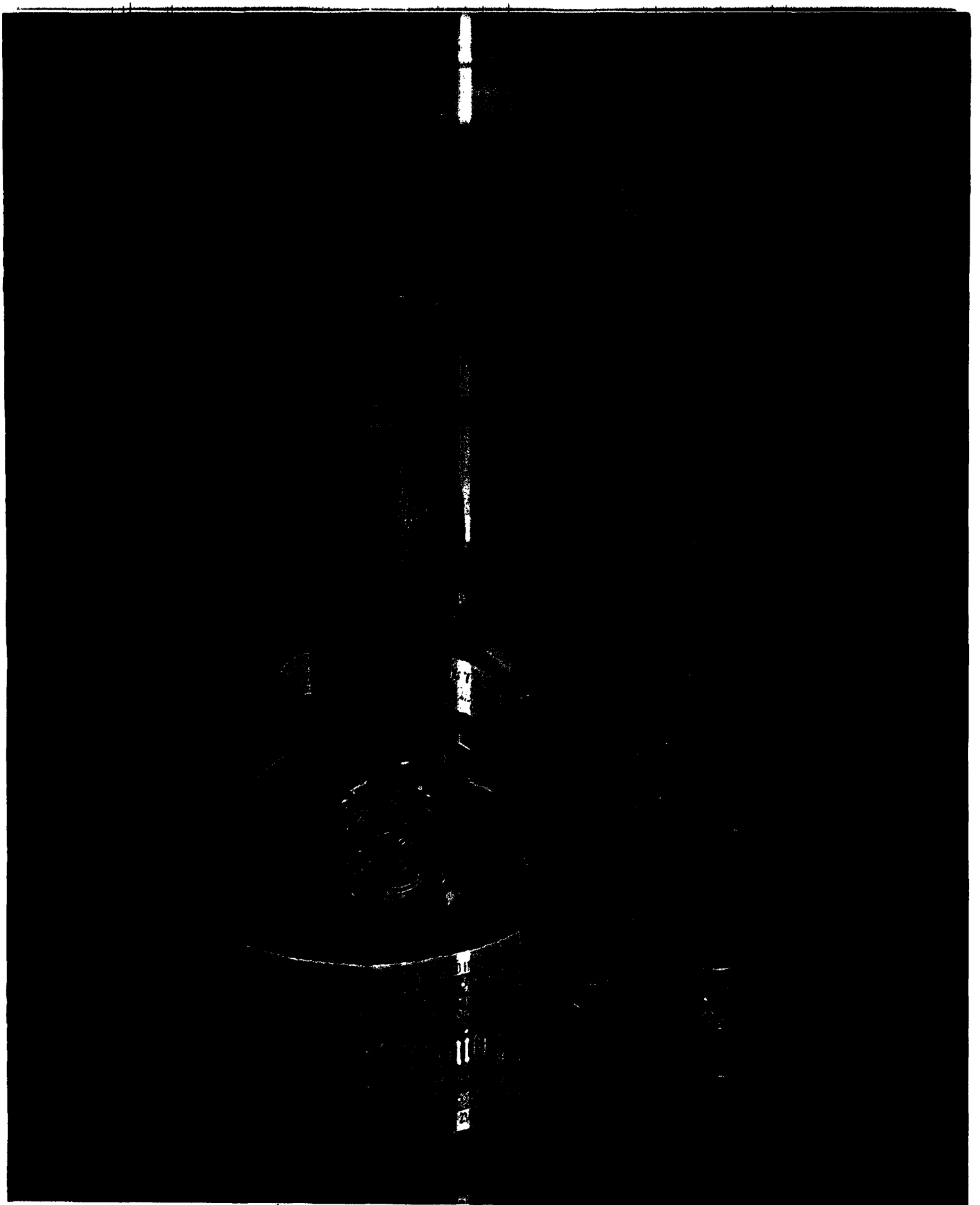

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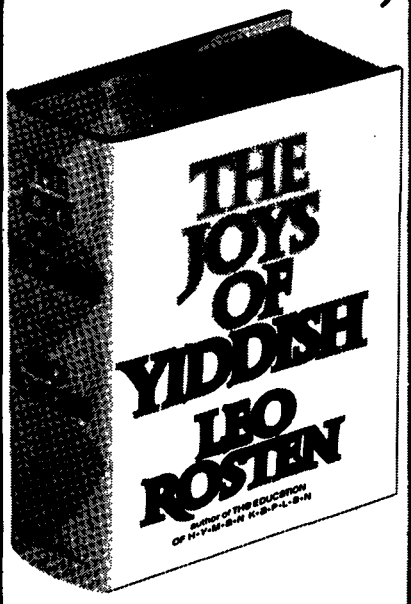

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for "victim-in-general," "victim of anti-Semitism-in-particular." Still, even Polish anti-Semitism, obscene though it is, is not Nazi anti-Semitism. . . . As to Negro anti-Semitism in the ghettos, while it is quite wrong in venting its grievances on Jewish whites instead of all whites, it differs totally from Germany in the early Nazi period in being based on just grievances against a group—i.e., whites—of which Jews are a part.

These distinctions invalidate Mr. Silverman's conclusions. I wholly agree that after Auschwitz Jews cannot depend for their survival on anyone but themselves: Had Israel in 1967 been unable to defend herself, no one would have stepped in to avert a massacre. I do maintain, however, that there are still grounds for rejecting the desperate conclusion that a Jew must now choose between the morality of Judaism and Jewish survival—a choice which, in either case, would hand Hitler a posthumous victory.

Interpreting Beatrice Webb

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have only just seen the review by Dr. Gertrude Himmelfarb, in your August issue, of Kitty Muggeridge's life of Beatrice Webb; and as that review consists so largely of criticisms of Beatrice Webb and of myself, I would like to comment on it.

First, about the Chamberlain episode: I want to explain that I wrote the Memoir referred to in the first paragraph of the review just after Beatrice's death. Sidney was then alive, and he gave me access to the volumes of the *Diaries* from 1892 onward—the date at which his own *My Apprenticeship* ends—but not to the earlier ones, which, of course, she had already used for that book. I depended, therefore, on what she herself had chosen to print about Chamberlain *plus* a few references in the later *Diaries*. Had I known more then about the length of time it continued and the depth of the wound it made, I should certainly have given it more space, and should have laid more stress on the likeness of temperament between them which Dr. Himmelfarb mentioned in a later paragraph—and which would certainly have led to a violent clash of wills. I have, in fact, written more fully about it elsewhere, in writings about the Webbs which I expect Dr. Himmelfarb has not read; but I have not found anything to alter the conclusions which I reached in 1944 (and which are quoted in the review) that the marriage would have turned out disastrously. Incidentally, the course of the whole affair was curious, having many ups and downs—the best and clearest account is in Peter Fraser's recent life of Chamberlain; and I am not so certain as Dr. Himmelfarb appears to be that he did marry Miss Endicott with "indecent haste": that marriage was arranged only after years of seesawing by Beatrice. She was deeply hurt, of course, at the time and continued to feel pain for some years. But neither Dr. Himmelfarb nor Mrs. Muggeridge's book brings out the great and healing love which she came to feel for Sidney—of which there is plenty of evidence in *Our Partnership* and in the *Diaries*.

Next, Dr. Himmelfarb takes exception to my use of the word "aberrances" in the chapter of my book, *The Story of Fabian Socialism*. If she had read the chapter rather more carefully she would have seen that I was describing "aberrances" from the "norm" of socialist thinking *at that time*. So the word is correct, though it is *not* correct to say that the Fabian Society "approved of" imperialism and church-controlled education. They declined to come out for or against the South African War; and in 1902-3 they came out in favor of state aid to schools run by the churches. But the church schools were already there, and educating a good half, if not more, of the children. There was no question of the state providing the finance needed to replace them by state schools, and the result of denying financial help to them would, as Sidney Webb pointed out, have resulted in prolonging very low standards and shocking conditions for that great mass of children. The "church *versus* chapel" battle, which was at the back of the agitation about the Education Acts, long antedated any Fabian pronouncements. I do not understand the sentence which follows the remarks about "aberrances." Where on earth has Dr. Himmelfarb found any pronouncement *by the Fabian Society* opposing "women's suffrage, Trade Unionism, democracy, and liberty"? If she is thinking vaguely of remarks by Bernard Shaw on Mussolini, for example, she must surely realize that Shaw was always sui generis and never imagined that

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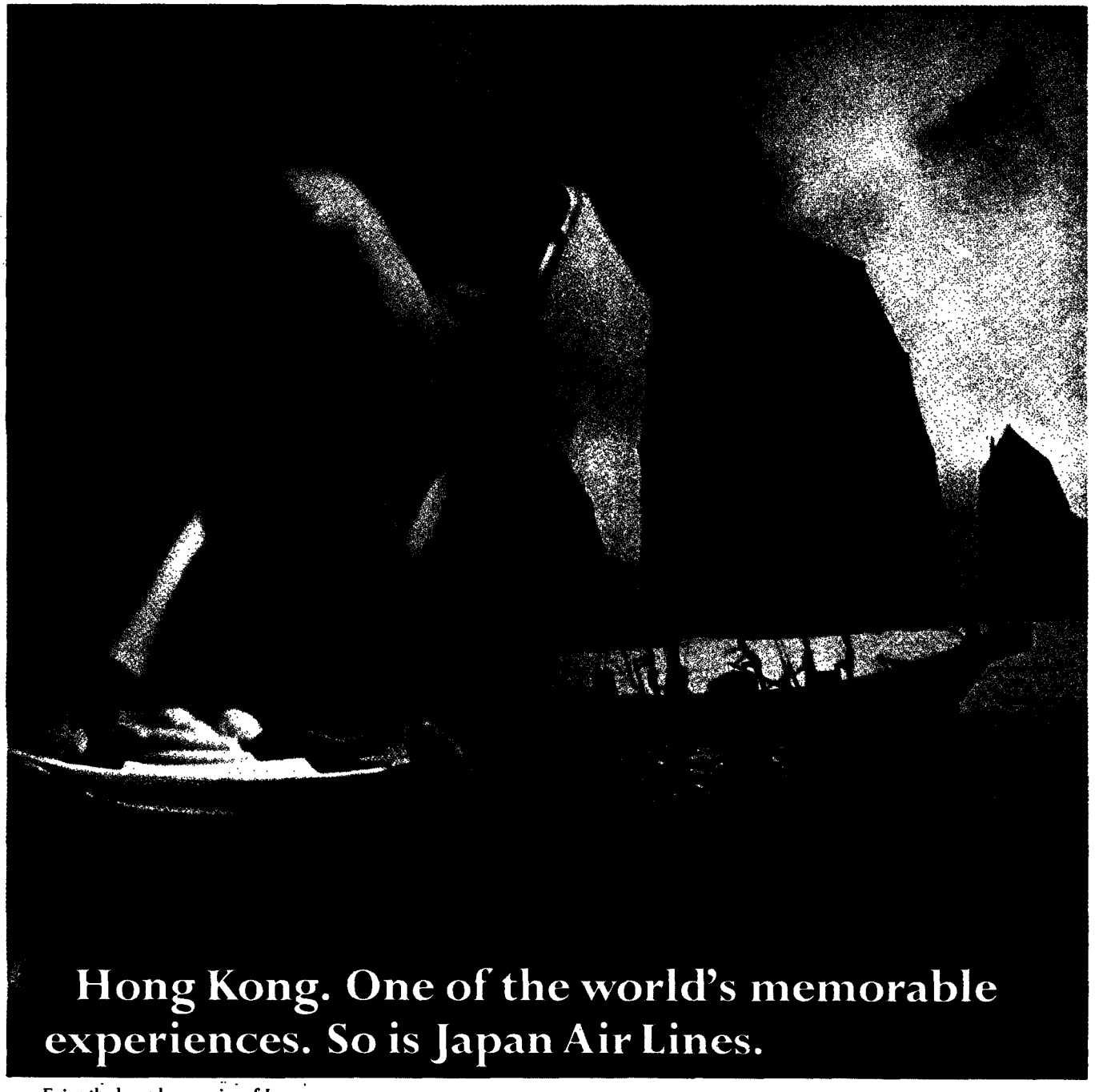

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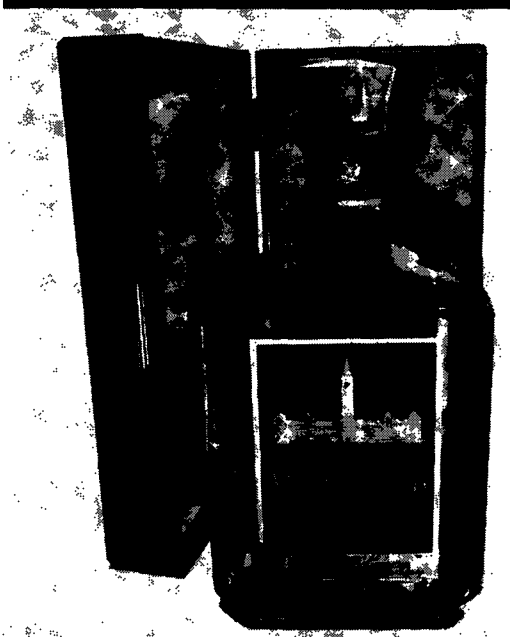

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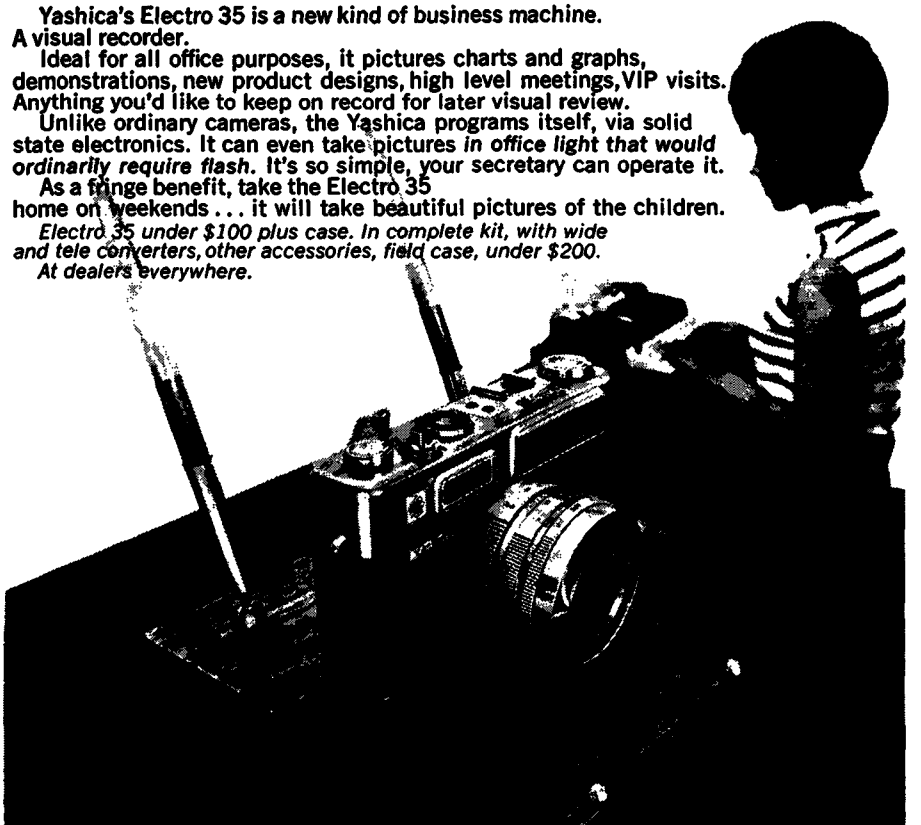

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the bulk of the membership—or even the Webbs—were committed to, or would agree with, his wilder sallies.

The largest part of the review is concerned to criticize the Minority Report on the Poor Law. With some of this criticism one may well agree, though there is nothing very new about it. Many people, like H. G. Wells and the Guild Socialists, noted at the time Mrs. Webb's tendency to moralize and to slip into something of a *de haut en bas* attitude. But it should be remembered that 1) the task assigned to the Royal Commission was to make recommendations for *public* action with regard to the poor and that, as previous history showed, one of the most potent arguments for getting public authorities to act was to prove to what an extent poverty and disease were social nuisances imperiling the life of society, and that private charity and exhortation was plainly failing to do the job, even in Edwardian days; and 2) that the majority of Socialists, not only Mrs. Webb, were violently opposed to the contribution principle, particularly with regard to unemployment insurance, holding that it was scandalous to demand that the worker, out of his meager wages, should contribute to the support of the "pool of unemployment" generally held to be necessary for the functioning of industry. It is true, of course, that Mrs. Webb did not advance far in the study of the causes of unemployment—but then, who did, except possibly J. A. Hobson? Certainly not Churchill, who in the passage quoted by Dr. Himmelfarb couples the right to get drunk with the remark "Our concern is with the evil, *not with its causes.*"

Finally, I would query the assertion that the Webbs, "like Bentham" were not in the mainstream of English political thought. It all depends on your view of what was the mainstream. The Webbs were not in the mainstream of *politics pure*—they were bad politicians, as I have often said. But "political thought"? Does Dr. Himmelfarb really deny the importance of the Utilitarians?

MARGARET COLE
London, England

MISS HIMMELFARB writes:

I should like first to assure Mrs. Cole that, like all students of English history, I have read not only the two works by her that I quoted

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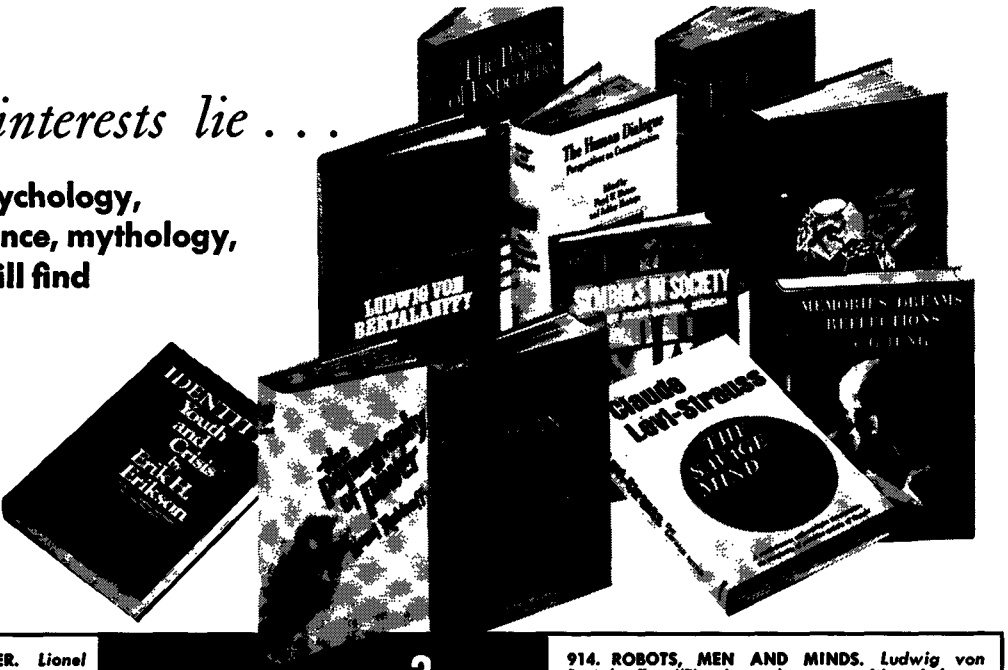

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but almost everything she has written. Indeed, it is because her writings have been so influential, carrying the authority of personal experience as well as history, that I felt obliged to comment on her interpretation of Fabianism, and that I am now delighted to have the opportunity of this exchange.

On the subject of Beatrice Webb and Joseph Chamberlain: I agree, and I implied this in my review, that the marriage would probably have turned out disastrously. But it does make all the difference if one assumes that it would have been disastrous because they were so unlike (as Mrs. Cole then argued), or because they were so like (as I argued and as Mrs. Cole now concedes). I also agree that Beatrice came to feel a "great and healing love" for Sidney; and I don't think that Mrs. Muggeridge would deny it. But this is not inconsistent with my remark that even after her marriage she continued to be passionately interested in Chamberlain. Following one encounter with him, eight years after her marriage, she confessed in her diary that she still "loved him desperately."

On "aberrances": It is precisely my criticism of Mrs. Cole's book that it chose to describe aspects of Fabianism as "aberrances" from the "norm" of socialist thinking, whether at that time or any other time. For the fact is that Fabianism was not socialism. And while it is helpful to know how it differed from socialism, it is not helpful to take socialism as the norm from which Fabianism differed only at the risk of being "aberrant."

On imperialism: Mrs. Cole says that it is "not correct" to speak, as I did, of the Fabians' "approval" of imperialism; they merely, she says, "declined to come out for or against the South African War." Yet in her book she herself, and with some asperity, criticizes the Executive Committee of the Fabians which adamantly resisted the attempts of a minority to issue a statement against the war, and which was supported in this position by a majority of the membership. And she herself makes it clear that the dispute was not betwen neutralists and anti-imperialists, but between imperialists and anti-imperialists. She also quotes from the official manifesto of the Society, "Fabianism and the Empire," a passage on the responsibilities of a "Great Power" that is unambiguously imperialistic.

On church-controlled education: I don't see any quarrel here. I was not criticizing the Fabians for favoring state aid to church-controlled schools; I was only commenting on the fact that they did so, in contrast to many socialists and liberals who did not.

On women's suffrage, trade-unionism, etc.: Neither I in my review nor Mrs. Cole in her book pretended to be talking only of official pronouncements "by the Fabian Society"; we both spoke in terms of Fabians, Fabianism, Fabian views. . . . Nor did I base myself on the "wilder sallies" of Bernard Shaw. On the contrary, I based myself on the sober works of Mrs. Cole and the Webbs. It is curious to find Mrs. Cole defending the Fabians and Webbs on these points, because at the time these were precisely the points at issue between the Coles, as Guild Socialists, and the Webbs, as Fabians. In her book, for example, Mrs. Cole describes how provoked she and her husband were by Sidney's frequent use of the expression, "a discreetly regulated freedom," and by "the assumption that Fabians like the Webbs were to do the regulating."

On the Poor Law Report: I don't see any disagreement here. But I would point out 1) that the alternative to the Webb proposal was not a retreat to "private charity and exhortation," that both groups were committed to public relief through public institutions; and 2) that the point about the Churchill quote was that by abandoning the pretense of dealing with the "causes" of poverty (which neither he nor the Webbs were competent to do), he could address himself more effectively and humanely to the "evil" itself.

Finally, on Bentham: Mrs. Cole apparently agrees with me that the Webbs were not in the mainstream of English *politics*, but seems to think that to deny them, or Bentham, a place in the mainstream of English *thought* is to "deny the importance of the Utilitarians." Surely the latter is a non sequitur. As one who has spent a good deal of time in recent years studying and writing about Utilitarians, I am hardly inclined to deny their importance. But what is important and interesting about them, as I tried to suggest in the review, is precisely the fact that, although they were not in the mainstream of politics and thought, they did have a peculiar fascination for politicians and thinkers, as if they repre-

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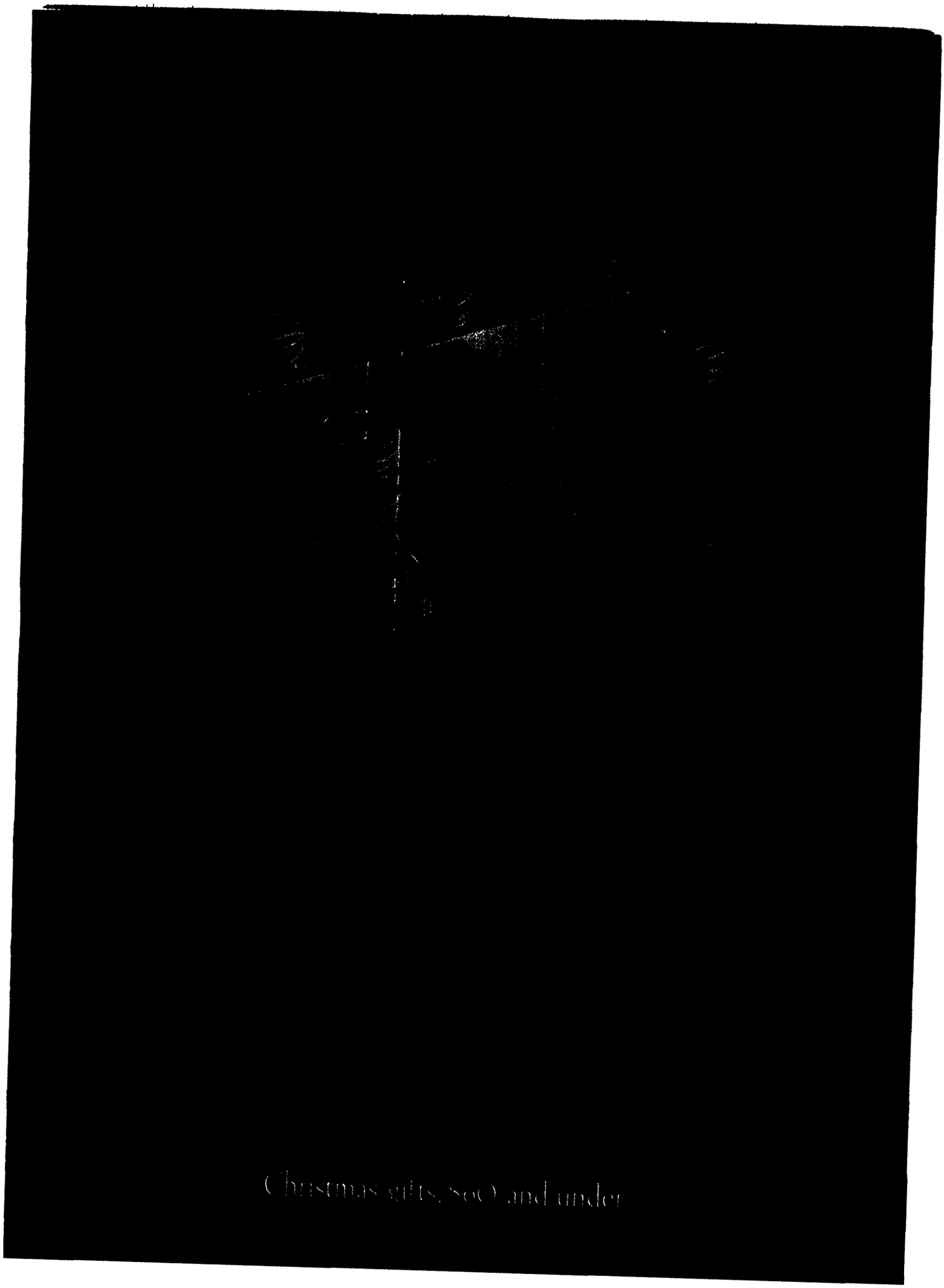

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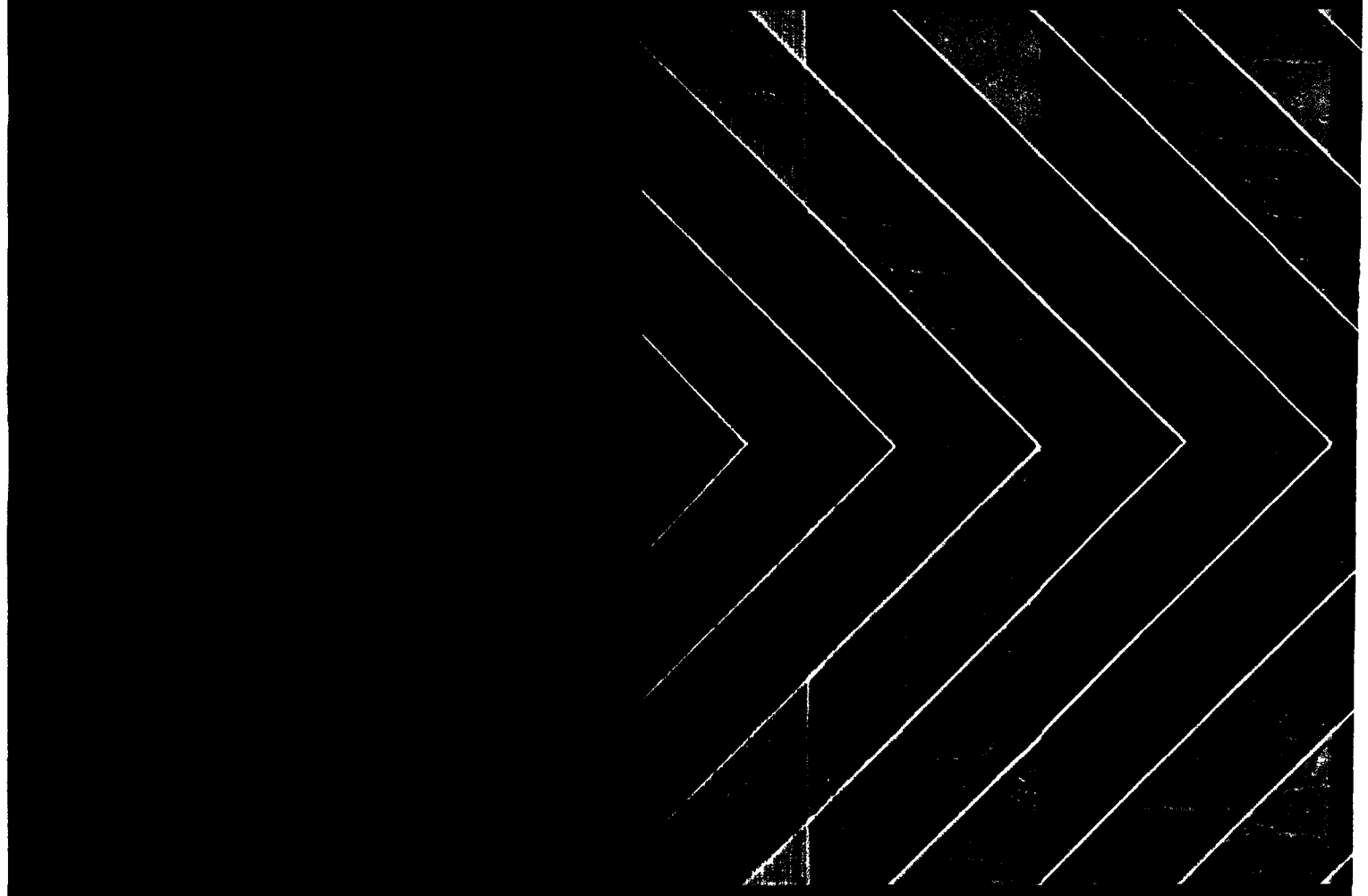

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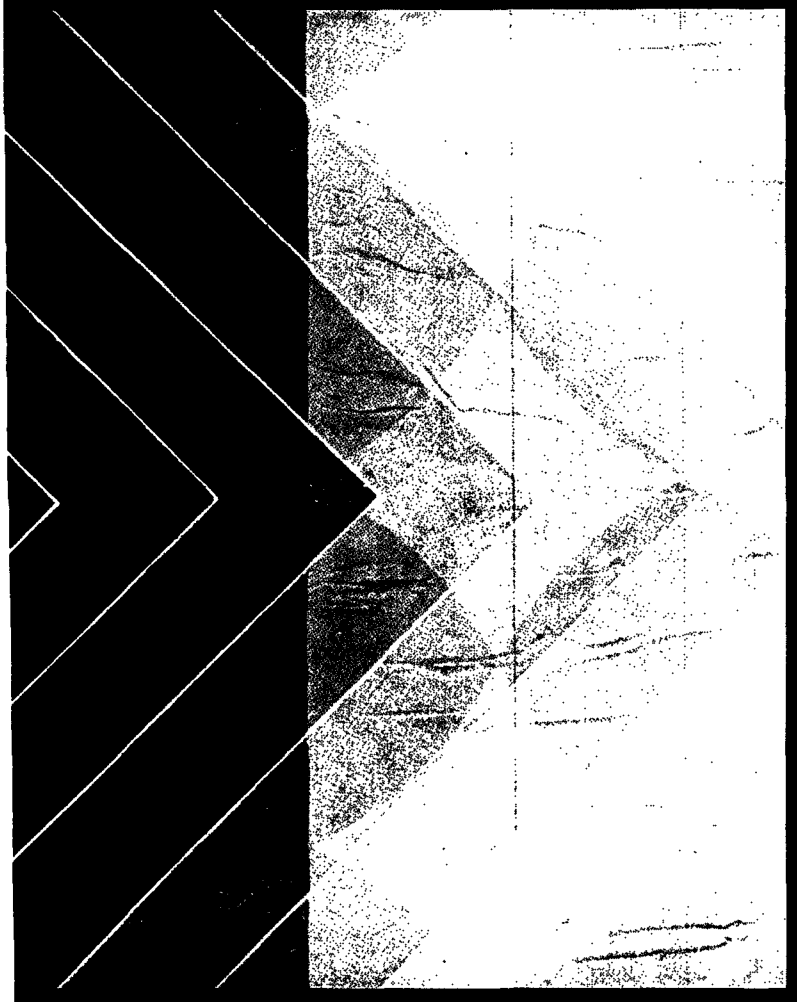

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sented an ideal that was somehow always being violated, a promise that was always being betrayed. It is the nature of this ideal and this promise that needs further inquiry.

The Poor People's Campaign

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

A reading of Tom Kahn's article, "Why the Poor People's Campaign Failed" [August], leads to the conclusion that the campaign failed because it did not follow the advice of Bayard Rustin . . . . I doubt that anyone, let alone Bayard Rustin, would argue that if the Poor People's Campaign had done precisely what he advised, it would have been a success, either in terms of Mr. Kahn's definition—which appears in the last paragraph of the article—or in terms of the stated goals of the campaign, which might be a better basis for judging success or failure.

Aside from this, the article, which has much to say about the campaign itself, does not give the reasons for failure. . . . I can think of at least three that should have been mentioned:

1) Mr. Kahn, except in connection with the role of Bayard Rustin, does not mention the impact of the assassination of Martin Luther King on the Poor People's Campaign or on its leadership.

2) Although he devotes a good deal of space to its problems, Mr. Kahn does not refer to the decision to establish Resurrection City as a major mistake. In retrospect, the enormous difficulty involved in building a city for several thousand people seems obvious. It would be a difficult task for anyone, but for the leaders of the campaign, with no experience in city building, it turned out to be a disastrous gamble. In the words of one of the leaders, Resurrection City became an albatross around the neck of the campaign.

3) The differences in the objectives of certain elements in the campaign undoubtedly had a substantial negative impact. The Mexican-Americans were interested in land grants; the Indians wanted fishing rights and were opposed to integration; and the poor blacks were concerned with income. That the differences were severe was symbolized by the fact that Reies Tijerina's contingent of Mexican-Americans did not move into Resurrection City but stayed at the Hawthorne School some distance away. Tijerina himself publicly criticized the leadership of the campaign. . . .

Mr. Kahn has much to say about the June 19 mobilization. What actually happened was that a number of middle-class liberal organizations supported the Solidarity Day demonstration of Bayard Rustin rather than the Poor People's Campaign. At least two major organizations withdrew their support when Rustin withdrew. They did not even send the small delegations to which Kahn refers. Rustin's withdrawal was also accompanied by much discussion of violence and efforts by radicals and black militants to take control of the platform. One major organization, which is considered an authority on extremist movements and to which a constituency of hundreds of thousands looks for advice, withdrew amid warnings of violence. . . .

In view of all the confusion resulting from the withdrawal of Bayard Rustin and the lack of support for the demonstration by some campaign leadership, many are of the opinion that the demonstration was a great success. The managerial feat of Sterling Tucker, who had ten days to coordinate Solidarity Day, and what actually transpired, marked it as being substantially different from what Mr. Kahn describes. . . .

BRANT COOPERSMITH
Washington, D.C.

English Fellows

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

A small point of fact in regard to Mr. Botsford's review of my book *Language and Silence* [October]: I cannot conceive what "august college" could have been considering me for a fellowship. I was elected a founding Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, in 1960 and have, since October 1961, continued in my Fellowship and Directorship of English Studies. No man, save in an emerited or honorary capacity, seeks or can be considered for election to another college than his own.

GEORGE STEINER
Cambridge, England

MR. BOTSFORD writes:

To Mr. Steiner, I can only answer that the scene to which he alludes did indeed take place, though the three persons who could corroborate my account can obviously not be named. In any case, my point was to defend Mr.

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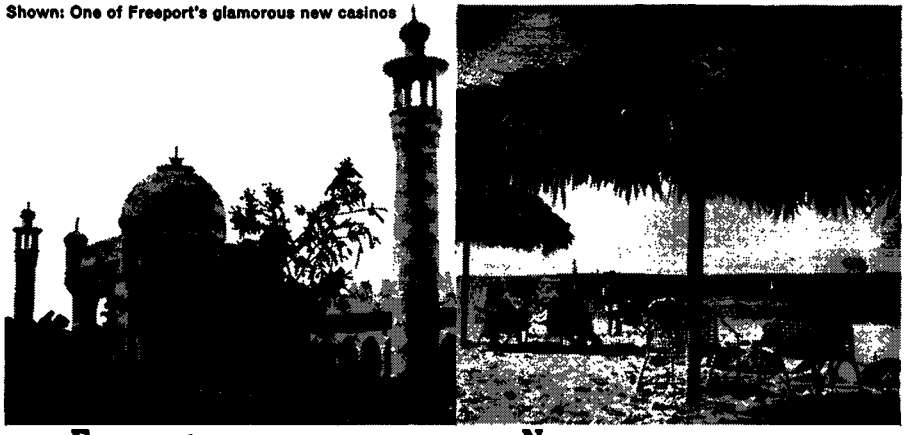

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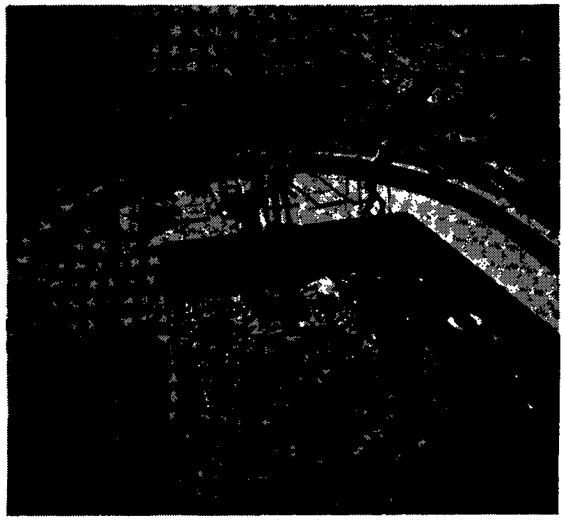

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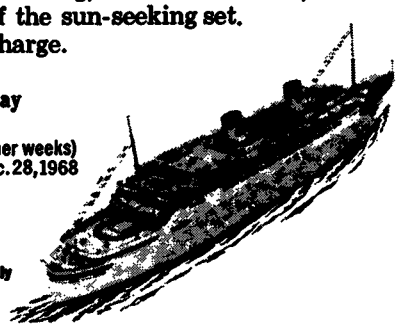

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Steiner, whom I respect and admire, against the petty snobbishness of the English academy. Mr. Steiner's colleagues at Churchill made the better choice; and it is conceivable that I may have misconstrued the ground rules under which the two-hour discussion took place. Maybe in England, as here, academics polemicize at length over pure hypotheses.

Congratulations

To the Editor of Commentary:

Irving Howe's article, "The New York Intellectuals" [October], is magnificent; I can't recall a piece I've read with as much interest in ages. Congratulations.

Byron Dobell
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Irving Howe's dismay over the ideological gyrations of the New York intellectuals is as articulate as it is justified. His dissection of the "new sensibility" is a lucid and forthright job.

Victor Erlich
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

[*Additional correspondence on Mr. Howe's article will appear in January*—Ed.]

Corrections

The following are corrections of errors in our November issue.

The second sentence on page 39 of Diana Trilling's article, "On the Steps of Low Library," should read: "In fact—and this is perhaps the chief point about the Columbia revolution—academic concerns followed upon the occupation of the buildings, or rather, upon the strike after the police action; they had no part in the original outbreak."

On page 78 of Beverly Woodward's article, "Vietnam & the Law," the sixth sentence should read: "But it is important to note that civil challenge, conscientiously carried out and conscientiously repeated, may have an educative effect on the body politic and may help to create this readiness." On page 84, lines 15 and 16 were transposed.

In George Lichtheim's article, "Czechoslovakia 1968," the date of a broadcast by Fidel Castro was incorrectly given as August 24. The broadcast was actually made on August 23. In addition, the quotation from F. H. Hinsley came from pages 352-53 of his book, *Power and the Pursuit of Peace*, not from pages 252-53.

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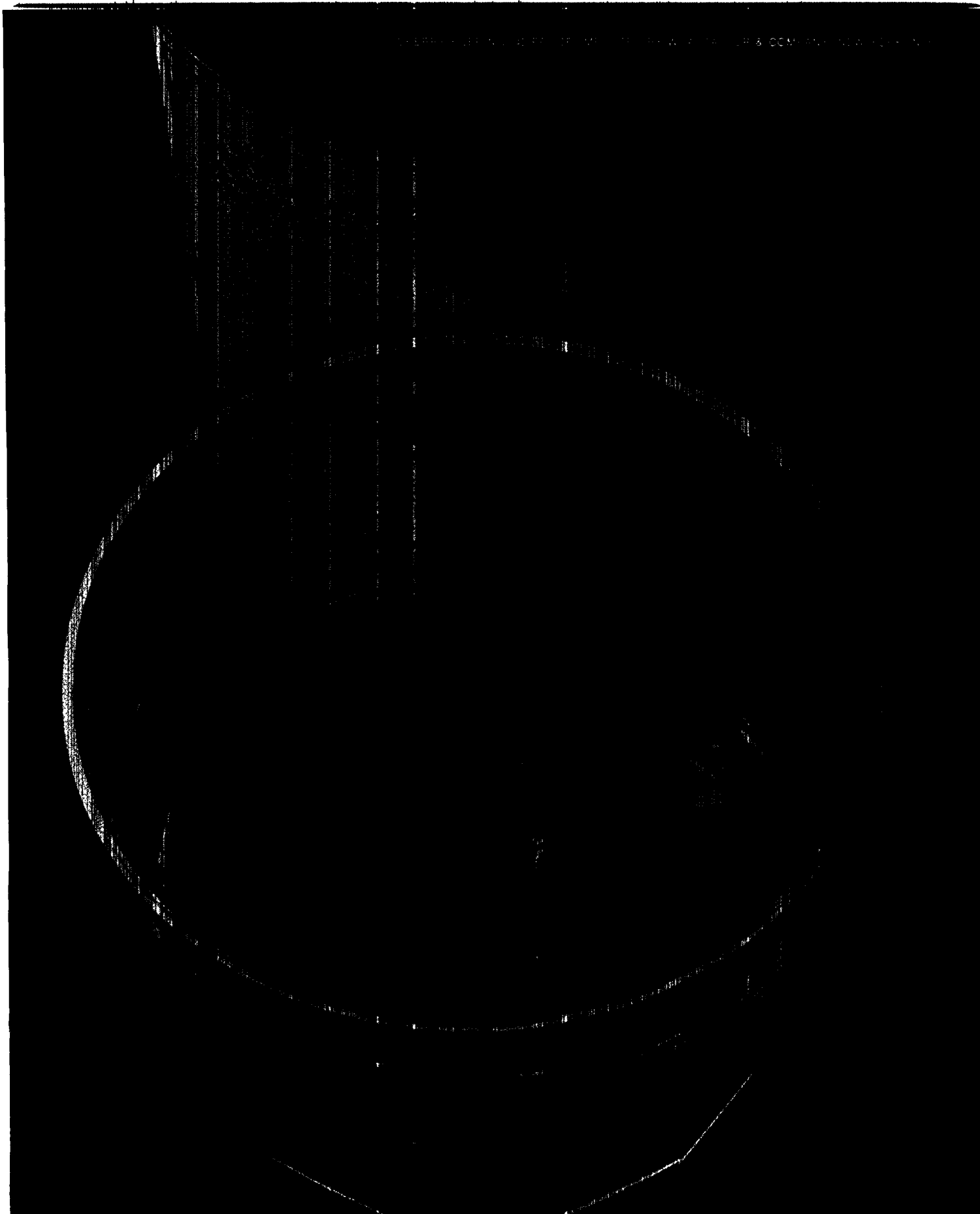

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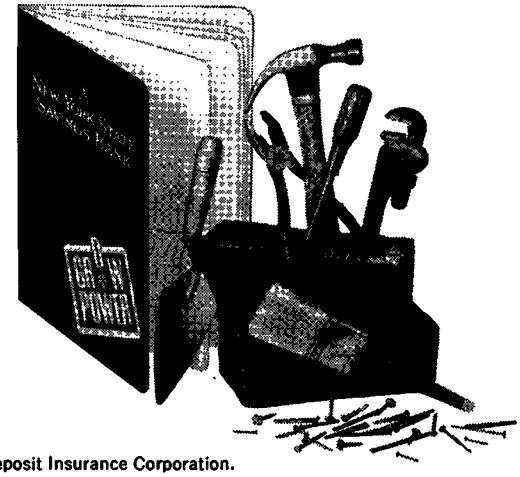

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Television

Television & Politics

Neil Compton

FOR A FEW MOMENTS during the Democratic Convention, television viewers might have imagined themselves watching the penultimate scene of a late late movie—one of those political fairytales of the 1930's, such as *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* or *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. On the rostrum was lean, handsome Abe Ribicoff (admittedly a little old and worldly for the Jimmy Stewart role) confronting the big-city boss and his shifty-looking cohorts (typecast by a rather unsubtle director). "How hard it is! How hard it is for some people to hear the truth," he mused, as a reaction shot showed the little group around Richard Daley mouthing insults and shaking fists in the classic postures of villainous discomfiture.

Unfortunately, the Chicago production was not directed by Frank Capra. This revelation that Hollywood's dreams have some basis in reality dissolved not into the downfall of the rascals and the amatory triumph of a hero, but into further hours of violence outside, and stifled dissent inside, the convention hall. Nor did an aroused populace rise in indignation against the discredited old gang. Quite the contrary: public opinion strongly favored Daley's repressive policies.

This little episode may serve to illustrate some of the complexities of what is now called "image politics." An inveterate "issues" man myself, even I could not suppress that flicker of recognition as the Daley mob went into their act. In the jargon of the trade, my "media predispositions" (based on a lifetime exposure to movies and TV) helped to "crystallize" an already antipathetic reaction to the Mayor of Chicago. No doubt, similar subliminal impressions were being registered all over North America. So obvious and conclusive did this identification seem to the sophisticated, college-educated liberal journalists of CBS and NBC that they allowed themselves unprecedented freedom of comment in attacking the whole management of city and convention during that horrific week.

However, for the great majority of Americans—unsophisticated, poorly educated, and unliberal (if not actually illiberal)—fear and disapproval of the deliberately outrageous young army of demonstrators were stronger emotions than those aroused by Daley's unfavorable image, and the networks received an avalanche of angry letters charging them with bias.

In other words, the viewers' response to this particular confrontation was determined not by the images of the participants (else who could have resisted, for example, the touching glimpses of Shirley MacLaine amidst the convention crowd defiantly singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic?), but by their interpretation of the events which lay behind them. The image becomes crucial only when no real issues divide the candidates.

There is no denying that the advent of television has made the problem of a candidate's image more complicated than it used to be. As a result, a new breed of professional campaign managers and consultants has sprung up, political mercenaries who are ready to help sell anyone's candidacy for public office, subject to the usual commission on gross billings. One of these merchandisers of political flesh, Gene Wyckoff, has written a book in which he boasts about some of the alleged triumphs of his craft.* In spite of the exaggerated claims, the display of pseudo-scientific expertise, and the vulgar cynicism of its style, the book is worth reading for the light it throws (sometimes unintentionally) on the art of electoral politics as practiced in the age of affluence.

Wyckoff defines an image candidate as "a leading character in the political drama presented by television before an election. His characterization tends to be universally perceived, regardless of viewers' political predispositions, due to viewers' media predispositions to see the candidates in terms of television's stereotyed desirable and undesirable characters, stereotypes that may in themselves be projections of characters valued or detested in the United States culture at large." John Steinbeck put forward the same idea just as plausibly but less pretentiously in his famous 1954 essay suggesting that the public turned against Senator Joe McCarthy because his image on television was so similar to that of a Western badman. It would be foolish to deny that it is better for an American politician to look like Gary Cooper than like Akim Tamiroff, but the voters have shown over and over again that they do not base their decisions on mere appearance. There were many reasons why Joseph McCarthy's fortunes began to fall when they did—and even Steinbeck was not entirely serious about his own "explanation." Wyckoff recognizes that there are limits to the power of the media to mold opinion, but like many other specialists he often writes as though he has temporarily forgotten.

The Image Candidates is rich in behind-the-scenes details of some recent campaigns. We learn how the author put together a film for Nixon's 1960 candidacy (with ideas borrowed from Leni Riefenstahl and bits out of Grade-B Hollywood movies); how he wrote and produced a one-hour film for the 1960 Republican Convention in only twenty-one days; how the film of an old speech by Eisenhower was snipped, edited, and reassembled to create a realer-than-real endorsement for the candidacy of Nixon and Lodge (and doctored again four years later for Lodge's New Hampshire primary campaign);

NEIL COMPTON *is our regular television critic.*

* *The Image Candidates: American Politics in the Age of Television.* Macmillan, 274 pp., $6.95.

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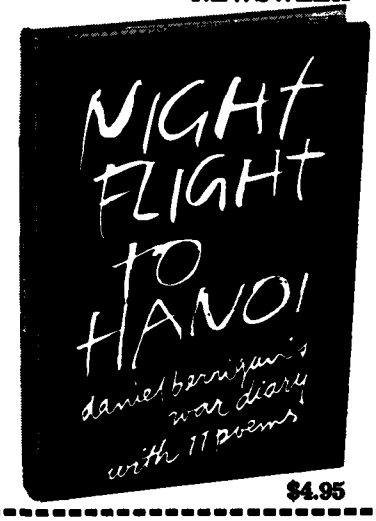
—NEWSWEEK



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how a film for Nixon deliberately cast Khrushchev in the melodramatic image of an international villain; and how campaign films for Lodge and Rockefeller were successful because of the absence rather than the presence of the candidates on camera. The book shows those who disregarded the advice of this video Pygmalion paying the price of failure: Nixon in 1960 (for insisting on "talking directly with the people," instead of showing Wyckoff's film); Lodge in the same year (for disregarding Wyckoff's film segments and script for a television address); and Scranton in 1964 (for having too visible a mother and wife, and relying on a speech-writer who "chafed angrily at the whole concept of image candidates"). Fascinating though this gossipy stuff may be, the most useful sections of the book deal with a number of local New York campaigns, including the mayoralty contests of 1961 and 1965. Since Wyckoff was not directly involved, he writes of these with a detachment and thoroughness that is not much in evidence elsewhere in this volume. He closes with some intelligent proposals designed to minimize the distorting effects of the media upon the political process.

IN ANOTHER BOOK on the subject, Kurt Lang and Gladys Engel Lang* are skeptical about the short-run effect of the kind of image manipulation in which Wyckoff specializes. They neither accept nor reject the myths that Nixon's 1952 "Checkers" apologia and the 1960 Great Debates were crucial in determining the outcome of elections. They are more interested in (and worried about) the long-term political consequences of television, particularly those arising from the inevitable but largely invisible selectivity and distortion of the medium. *You Are There!* was the title of Ed Murrow's interview show of the mid-50's, but the essential point about television is that you are not there. The intimacy, the sense of actuality, and the apparent objectivity are all illusions—the more dangerous because even the most sophisticated among us are prone to prefer the ostensible evidence "of our own eyes" to the more obviously mediated impressions of print journalism.

Most of the studies now collected in *Politics and Television* are revised versions of journal articles that have long enjoyed the status of classics. "MacArthur Day in Chicago," which deals with the General's "triumphal" parade through Chicago on April 18, 1951, is probably the most brilliant, not only as an examination of the relationship between television and actuality, but also as an exercise in sociological teamwork. With the aid of evidence supplied by over thirty observers in the streets and in front of TV sets, the Langs are able to show that the television version of the day's events suggested much larger crowds and a higher degree of public enthusiasm than were reported by witnesses on the spot. They attribute the discrepancy not to conscious manipulation but to the inherent characteristics of the medium. Coverage of a complex event entails a good deal of anticipatory planning, and a consequent tendency to react as though what was expected to happen is actually occurring. There is often neither time nor opportunity to express second thoughts until the original scenario has been carried out. Similarly, cameramen naturally direct their lenses where the action is—with the result that glimpses of the flurry of excitement around MacArthur's car as it passed through streets of mildly interested people could look on television like the focal point of a large, enthusiastic crowd. It would have been difficult to convince those who "saw" such enthusiasm on their living-room sets that it was largely an illusion.

Even when the networks pool camera teams and equipment in order to cover such events as political conventions, differences in interpretive commentary and in-depth reportage (visual or otherwise) can lead to startlingly unsimilar versions of what is going on. The Langs establish this fact in an elaborate study of the 1952 conventions on ABC, CBS, and NBC. Their evidence also shows that no network succeeded in the impossible task of making sense of all the action picked up by the

* *Politics and Television.* Quadrangle Books, 315 pp., $6.95.

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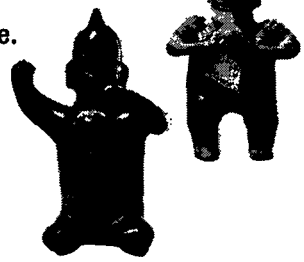
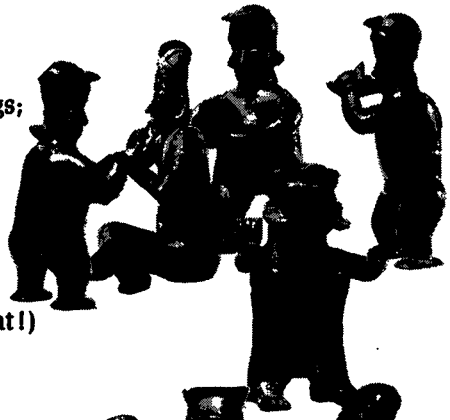
'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the place
Every creature was stirring at a furious pace.
Stockings were carefully hung side by side
In hopes that Kahlúa would be tucked inside.



There came from the kitchen the continual clatter
Of the mixing of brownies from Kahlúa batter.
Kahlúa was poured on roast turkey, for basting,
And poured into small cordial glasses, for tasting.

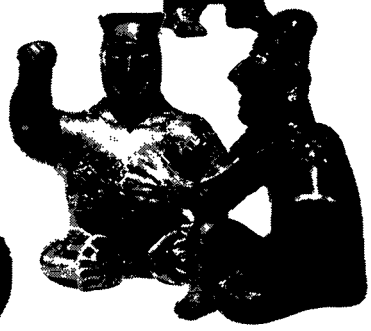
Some whipped up bowls of Kahlúa Parfait,
While others cracked eggs for Kahlúa Souffle.
(All drank Kahlúa in coffee. Olé!)

Yet this was but part of their holiday fixings,
Kahlúa was used for their spirited mixings;
Kahlúa Sour! Brave Bull on ice!
Then, after dinner, Black Russians are nice!



They drank K&B (that's Kahlúa and Brandy)
From Kahlúa Kups (made of chocolate candy).
Celebrations continued well into the night
(With Kahlúa cocktails, that were, like, out of sight!)

'Till each one exclaimed
with a cry of delight,
"Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!"



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ubiquitous cameras. The claim to offer full and unbiased coverage of the conventions is, from this point of view, dangerously misleading because it implies a kind of impossibly unselective and unrefracted actuality. The Langs believe that the present obsession with complete and instant video coverage of the news should be tempered by an increased emphasis upon "clarification of the factual and symbolic context of televised events." Unfortunately, they do not suggest how to persuade the competing networks to accept this responsibility or Congress to make it legally possible for them to do so.

In spite of the fact that so many of the studies refer to campaigns and elections of the 1950's, the Langs' book is probably as good a guide to the television politics of 1968 as one can find. Since the authors lay such stress upon the role of interpretation in determining the impact of a video image, serious students may wish to supplement it with a new version of another classic work on the media: Morris L. Ernst's *The First Freedom* (1946), a pioneer study of monopoly, chain, and cross-media ownership revised and brought up to date by Bryce W. Rucker.* It is written in execrable English, but is packed with valuable and disturbing information about the control of every type of mass communication from newspapers to Community Antenna Television.

1968 WILL NOT go down in history as a year of great innovation in television politics. In the quadrennial battle between newsmen and party managers, the inherent superiority of defense over attack has prevailed once again after nearly two decades of confused skirmishing. The television cameras which once wrought confusion by penetrating to the very doors of smoke-filled hotel-room command posts were neutralized: in Miami, by the absence of controversy and the use of an elaborate private telephone system for making deals; and, in Chicago, by heavy-handed security and a crippling shortage of equipment and circuits. The result was a self-defeating bore.

Faced with this situation, CBS and NBC had a difficult time filling in the long hours during which nothing of much significance was going on. They can hardly be blamed, under the circumstances, for "discovering" swings to Reagan, or deals between Ted Kennedy and McCarthy, which subsequent evidence failed to confirm. All things considered, the ninety-minute daily digest by ABC probably gave about as useful and accurate a version of events as the "full" coverage of the two rival networks. Very often, ABC was able to show more of the action than the others, because the use of tape allowed the network to edit and splice the evidence of several cameras.

Sad to say, the highlight of the convention day for many viewers was the nightly confrontation between ABC's two "commentators," William F. Buckley and Gore Vidal. It was really rather irresponsible to choose this pair as the chief editorialists on the ABC team. Though their political opinions certainly added up to a rather perilous balance, the shameful pleasure of watching them match wits had less to do with a search for political enlightenment than with such archaic or illegal entertainments as cockfighting, duels to the death, and fliting. The effect was the opposite of edifying. Certainly, Dr. Frederick Wertham must have been worried by Buckley's scarcely controlled ferocity as he shook his fist and drawled, "Listen, you queer. Call me a crypto-Nazi again, and I'll flatten your goddam nose against your face and you'll stay plastered!" After drama like that, who could be content to turn back to the maunderings of Carl Albert?

If Gene Wyckoff had been writing the script for these conventions, he would surely have seen to it that they projected images more attractive than the glossy irrelevance of the first and the incompetent repressiveness of the second. Certainly, it is common knowledge (openly referred to by TV newsmen) that Nixon's public appearances were orchestrated and stage-managed as carefully as a Broadway musical. Nevertheless, it would not take a very sophisticated viewer to notice that the relaxed, laughing, jovial character called for by the script was different from the rather tense and anxious man who had to play the part. Television may not reveal the whole truth about someone, but its relentless stare can often penetrate a public mask and provide a glimpse of the human being behind it.

THE IMAGE CANDIDATE par excellence in this campaign was George Wallace, who seemed to have stumbled upon the ideal way to dramatize himself without the help of high-priced advisers (not that the Wallace campaign lacked the money to hire them). In every town, he gave the same speech in the same sort of auditorium to the same sort of lower-middle-class and blue-collar people. And in every town he was heckled by the same knot of yippies, black militants, and student radicals, to whose jeers he responded with the same jokes about their idleness, dirtiness, and lawlessness. It was boring but convincing.

Mention of the unruly crowds at Wallace's rally brings us at last to the most important single contribution of television to the 1968 election campaign. In a sense, the vision of life in America that television presents in its news programs bears about as much relation to "reality" as the television version of MacArthur Day in Chicago did to the event as seen by those who participated in it. I should be the last to underestimate the amount of conflict, violence, and suffering in the U.S. today, but quite clearly the natural tendency of the news media at this moment is not only to heighten and exaggerate the prevalence of such disorder, but also to arouse emotions of fear or indignation among people who might not otherwise feel personally threatened or involved. And since the mediated version of events tends gradually to become accepted as actuality itself, the stage is set for still further escalations in the level of violent action and counteraction.

Thus, television, which must surely be granted much of the credit for the widespread revulsion against the horrors of the Vietnam war, may paradoxically be responsible for intensifying the mood of mutual suspicion and hostility that has gripped the American nation throughout this past year.

* Southern Illinois, 322 pp., $12.50.

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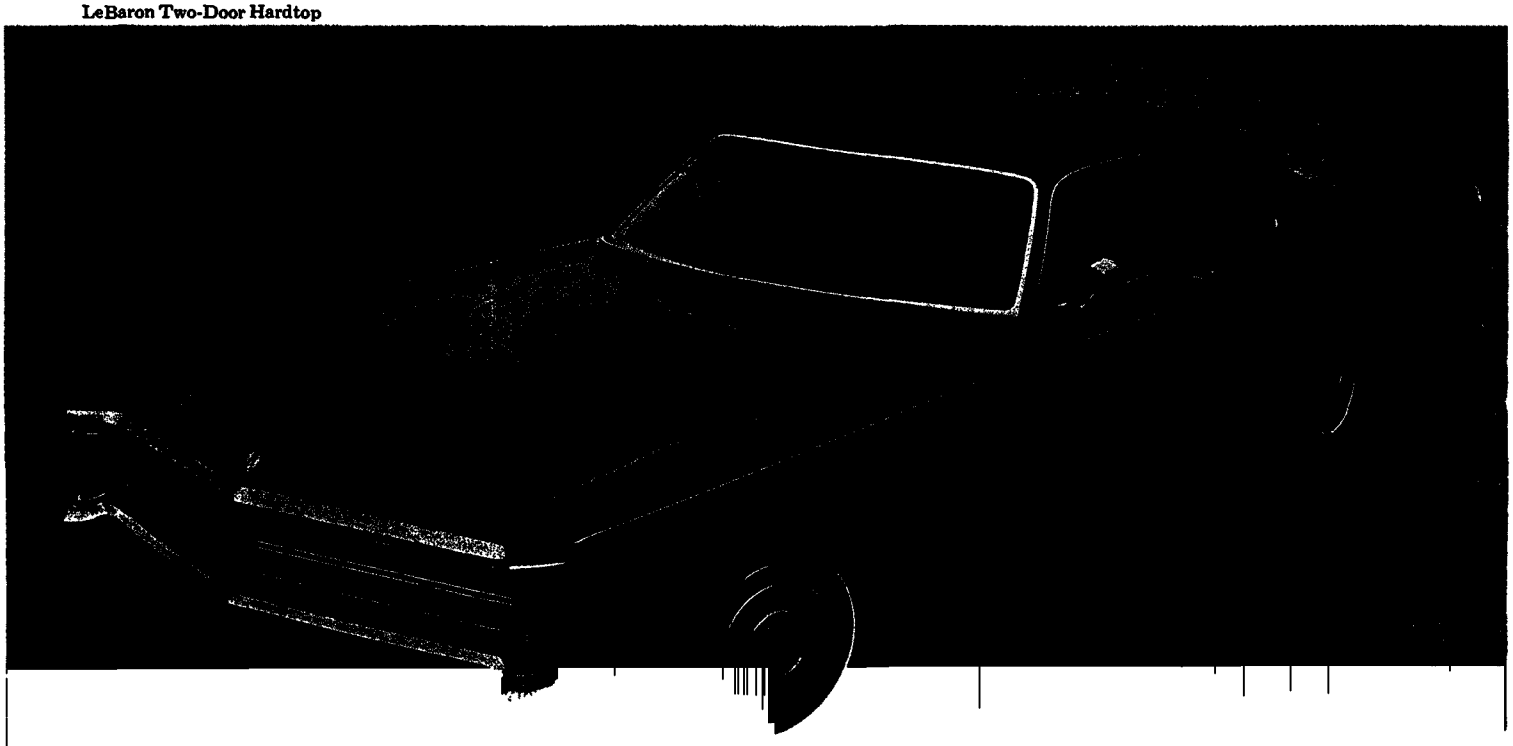

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The Menace of the Peaceful Atom

Sheldon Novick

IN THE LATE 1940's, when atomic power plants were first being discussed in public, highly respected individuals predicted that the atom would make electricity too cheap to meter. Although this has not turned out to be quite the case, atomic power plants are becoming cheaper, and are appearing on the outskirts of our largest cities—New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, and San Francisco. By the early 1970's there will be more than a hundred of these plants operating, most of them enormous, each capable of producing a million kilowatts of power, more than enough power for a city of a million inhabitants. By the end of the century, half of America's electricity is expected to come from the atom.

Despite its possible benefits, this development poses certain serious problems involving the public health and safety—problems which have scarcely attracted any notice, let alone the careful consideration they demand. A warning of the hazards we may be facing here can be found in the history of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's nuclear power plant at Humboldt Bay on the Northern California Coast.

Soon after the nuclear reactor for this plant went into operation in August 1963, General Electric, the manufacturer, discovered that it had made a mistake in designing the fuel system. Uranium fuel for a reactor is compressed into pellets and loaded into long thin tubes which are then bundled together into "fuel assemblies" for ease of handling. These fuel tubes, or "cladding," must be made of a material with certain special properties, and the search for such a material by the reactor industry led to the development of a new alloy called zircaloy. But General Electric, trying to bring the price of its reactors down, settled instead on stainless steel for its fuel cladding, and equipped the Humboldt reactor accordingly. By late 1963, after the initial fuel loading for Humboldt had already been made, the stainless-steel tubes at GE's testing facilities in Vallecitos, California, were showing signs of cracking and flaking during reactor operation. Pacific Gas and Electric, learning that it would eventually run into trouble, made arrangements to replace the stainless steel in the Humboldt reactor with zircaloy-clad fuel, which at that time seemed more reliable. But the replacement was not to be made until the first loading of stainless-steel fuel, worth about four million dollars, had been used.

By June 1965, the expected trouble began to materialize. In the core of the Humboldt reactor, cracks were appearing in the long slender fuel rods. Radioactive wastes from the fission process going on in the uranium within the rods were leaking out through the stainless-steel containers and into the cooling water flowing between the rods. Some of these radioactive wastes were gases and, mingling with the steam produced in the reactor, were piped out to the turbines which drove the power generators. Both gases and steam were then passed into a condenser cooled with sea water; here the steam was transformed back into water and returned to the reactor, but the radioactive gases were separated and discharged through the plant's tall stack and into the surrounding air. Little by little radioactivity in the vicinity of the plant increased.

In order to slow down the disintegration of the stainless-steel fuel, PG&E was operating the reactor at only 40 per cent of its full power. Nevertheless, radioactive discharges continued to increase. By September 1965 the release rate had climbed to a point which might have been interpreted as exceeding the limits set by the Atomic Energy Commission. Although PG&E denied this, it did shut down the plant until early December for refueling and modifications; during this time about one quarter of the stainless-steel rods were replaced with zircaloy-clad fuel. Most or all of the badly leaking fuel rods, the company announced, had been removed.

Soon after the plant was started up again, however, radioactivity in the gases flowing out of the stack began inching up once more, and by August 1966 it was reported to be approaching the permitted maximum. By this point PG&E had

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applied to the AEC for a fourfold increase in allowed releases or emissions of radioactive gases. The application was denied, and in the fall another two quarters of the steel-clad fuel were replaced by zircaloy-clad elements.

Meanwhile, at Parr, South Carolina—where the Carolinas-Virginia Tube Reactor (CVTR), owned by four Southern utilities, is located—trouble was also developing with zircaloy-clad fuel. In hearings before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy in early 1967, Milton Shaw, director of the AEC Division of Reactor Development and Technology, testified:

> The CVTR has . . . experienced failures in two of the normal fuel assemblies clad with zircaloy 4—the same material being planned for other commercial plants. . . . Although there is serious concern, I don't believe we can make a judgment at this time in the absence of determinations as to what caused the failures, sir. The failure could have been caused by defective manufacturing techniques or by something not understood about the design of the fuel.

At the very moment Mr. Shaw was speaking, 16 large new power reactors were under construction, and within a few months orders had been placed for 36 more; utilities across the country had indicated plans for about two dozen additional plants which had not yet been ordered. Some 70 or 80 large reactors, then, were being planned or were already under construction, representing a capital investment of several billion dollars. Roughly one fifth of the initial investment in a reactor is its first batch of fuel; over the plant's life the cost of fuel and fuel services is about equal to the initial cost of the plant itself. In the face of this enormous investment, it is almost certain that presently available fuel tube materials—particularly zircaloy—will be used; the story of Humboldt Bay may soon be repeated on a massive scale.

NOR ARE REACTORS themselves the only—or even the worst—source of radioactive pollution in the atomic power industry.

The fuel for reactors undergoes a complex series of extractions and transformations over a course of years. Uranium ore is mined, the uranium is extracted and shipped to a chemical plant, where the extracted ore, called "yellow-cake" from its appearance, is converted into uranium hexafluoride, which is then shipped to one of the government's huge gaseous diffusion plants at Oak Ridge (Tennessee), Portsmouth (Ohio), or Paducah (Kentucky). Here the content of fissionable uranium 235 is increased, or "enriched." The product is now shipped to a series of other plants, where it is converted to uranium oxide, compacted into small pellets, and packed into the long tubes which are assembled into finished fuel shipments for use in a reactor. But this is by no means the end of its travels. After wastes, or fission products, have accumulated in the fuel to the point where it is no longer usable, it is stored for a while and then sent to a reprocessing plant. Here the radioactive wastes are extracted, and the depleted uranium is usually shipped to a chemical plant to begin the fuel cycle all over again. As for the extracted wastes, they are either discharged into the air and water or packaged and transported to a storage or burial site. At every step in this long path there is some release of radiation into the environment.

Radiation problems in the reactor industry, then, begin in the shafts of uranium mines. Uranium ore also contains radium and other radioactive substances. Radium, in the process of slow decomposition, releases a gas called radon. When the ore is mined, radon gas and its own decomposition products accumulate in the mine shaft and pose a hazard to miners. The first disastrous effects of this gas were observed in the 1930's in mining communities in the Erzgebirge Mountains (between Germany and Czechoslovakia). A study performed between 1935 and 1939 revealed that approximately half the deaths among miners were due to lung cancer, and that 80 per cent of the remaining deaths were due to other lung diseases.

Shortly after World War II, great efforts were made by the Atomic Energy Commission to encourage uranium mining in the United States; by the early 1950's vast deposits in the West and Southwest had been uncovered, and by 1960, there were 1,000 active underground mines. Although the AEC published its first price schedule for uranium in 1948, it was not until July 1967 that a safety standard of any sort for uranium miners was enforced, despite the experience in European uranium mines.

A very similar pattern can be seen in the history of radioactive water pollution from uranium mines. Twelve million tons of radioactive sand, the refuse of uranium mining in the Colorado River Basin, is heaped in largely untended piles—called "tailings"—in an area affecting at least seven states in the Southwest. For nearly twenty years these sands have been accumulating, being blown by the wind into neighboring communities and being washed by the rain into the tributaries of the Colorado River and eventually into Lake Mead: a water system which provides water for drinking and irrigation to parts of California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona.

In the late 1950's the magnitude of the pollution hazard from uranium mining was discovered by the Public Health Service, which began pressing for control of wastes from the uranium mills in the area. Yet, as in the case of the miners, the measures eventually taken were partial and were in any event only proposed twenty years after the problem had been created. By now, about 30 mil-

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lion tons of such tailings have accumulated in various parts of the country and the total, of course, is growing.

Potentially the most serious hazard, however, is in the reprocessing plant where the radioactive "ashes" are extracted from the fuel and the depleted uranium is recovered. It must be borne in mind that it is precisely these "ashes" which constitute the radiation hazard in the civilian atomic energy program. Uranium fuel elements, before they have been placed in a reactor, are nearly harmless, and may be held in a bare hand. But after undergoing a slow controlled chain reaction in the reactor for several months, the same fuel element becomes the most dangerous object, short of an atomic bomb, known to man. It can only be transported in enormous lead and steel casks weighing many tons, and contains within it enough radioactivity, if distributed, to poison whole cities.

Much of this waste is so radioactive that it must be stored in underground tanks or buried in salt caverns. Even so, some of the radioactive gases which are released in the process of breaking up the fuel get into the air, while other radioactive matter gets into the plant's waste water and is discharged into nearby streams, thereby adding to the contamination of the environment.

LATER ON, we shall look at the criteria by which the AEC determines standards to regulate the discharge of radioactive wastes. Before doing so, however, it will be necessary to say something about what happens to these wastes once they are released into the environment. White Oak Lake—which served, before it was finally drained, as a radioactive waste-disposal pond at the AEC installation in Oak Ridge, Tennessee—provides a useful starting point.

Radioactive wastes routinely discharged into this man-made lake followed a complex career. When, for example, a small quantity of radioactive cesium 137 was dumped into the lake, it did not simply disappear. It remained dissolved in the water until its absorption by one of the microscopic plants which existed there in the billions. These algae, mistaking the cesium 137 for the potassium they need (and which it resembles chemically), incorporated it into their tissues. Then, the cesium 137 was passed on through a "food chain"—zooplankton eating the algae and in turn being eaten by crustaceans; crustaceans being eaten by small fish who in their turn were eaten by larger fish. At each stage of this chain, the originally dilute cesium 137 became further and further concentrated.

This ability of living things to extract and concentrate extremely dilute substances is quite remarkable. The phenomenon was studied in Par Pond, a small lake very much like White Oak Lake and used for the same purposes at another atomic energy installation. During several months in 1962, the concentration of radioactive cesium in the water was 0.033 picocuries per gram (a very tiny quantity). But the flesh of bass caught in the pond contained, on the average, 35 picocuries—a thousandfold increase. For other radioactive substances, the concentration factor was even higher. Thus the *average* concentration of radioactive zinc in the bones of bluegill fish was 8,720 times that of the water in which they swam, while the concentration of radioactive strontium had increased more than 2,000 times in the bones of these same fish.

A great deal has been learned about the way in which radioactive materials are concentrated by different organisms, much of it through investigation of the problem of fallout from weapons testing. The testing of nuclear weapons, in fact, was probably the most massive (and unintentional) experiment in biology ever undertaken, and the results are just now beginning to come in. It will be many years before we fully understand the effects of fallout; certainly they were not even guessed at when testing began. In *Living with the Atom*, Ritchie Calder quotes a statement attributed to Clement Attlee, Prime Minister of Britain when the first atom bomb was dropped in Japan:

> Of course, at the time we knew nothing, I certainly knew absolutely nothing, about the consequences of dropping the bomb except that it was larger than an ordinary bomb. . . . We knew nothing whatever at that time about the genetic effects of an atomic explosion. I knew nothing about fallout and all the rest of what emerged after Hiroshima. As far as I know, President Truman and Winston Churchill knew nothing of these things either, nor did Sir John Anderson, who coordinated research for our side. Whether the scientists directly concerned knew, or guessed, I do not know. But if they did, then as far as I am aware, they said nothing of it to those who had to make the decision.

"It is debatable," Calder goes on to comment, "whether those scientists who were party to the decision did, in fact, know about the biological risks."

In *Science and Survival*, the eminent biologist Barry Commoner points out that this ignorance persisted through the early years of bomb testing, and that our knowledge of the biological effects of fallout has still not caught up with our skill in nuclear physics. According to Commoner, in 1953, "the AEC stated that the only possible hazard to humans from strontium-90 [from fallout] would arise from 'the ingestion of bone splinters which might be intermingled with muscle tissue during butchering and cutting of the meat [from cattle exposed to fallout].' No mention was made of the simple biological fact that the milk from such an animal would also contain strontium-90. By 1956 the AEC had acknowledged that milk

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represented the most important source of strontium-90 in human food."

LITTLE BY LITTLE, more was learned about the ways in which plants and animals concentrate chemicals in their tissues. Strontium, which resembles calcium, was concentrated in bones and milk; radioactive iodine would be concentrated by cows grazing over large areas in which fallout had settled. The iodine-131 in their milk would be further and drastically concentrated in the thyroid gland of anyone drinking the milk. Children, with their large milk consumption, were particularly vulnerable; a group of children in a heavy fallout area of Utah is presently being studied by the Public Health Service, and a number of thyroid abnormalities which may be due to fallout have been discovered.

Some years ago it was found that Eskimos were absorbing far more fallout radioactivity than people living in temperate zones, even though the distribution of fallout was believed to be just the reverse, with a larger proportion settling in the temperate zones than at either the poles or the equator. The answer to this puzzle lay in the enormous concentrating ability of the Arctic food chain. The first link in this chain is the tough, scrubby lichen, which has the unusual characteristic of deriving its mineral nourishment from the air instead of from the soil. Ordinarily, dust and soil particles settling on the lichen provide it with needed minerals; when radioactive fallout joins the dust and soil, the lichen absorbs it too. These plants were and are extremely efficient collectors of fallout. They are also one of the principal foods of the caribou, which graze on them particularly in the winter when other vegetation is scarce. Caribou may graze over large areas, thus effectively collecting and concentrating all the fallout which has descended in those areas. But the caribou in turn are an important—and in some areas and seasons almost the exclusive—food of Eskimos. Thus it was that the residents of Anaktavuk Pass and elsewhere received and go on receiving, as fallout continues to drift down from the stratosphere, radiation exposures which are close to, and in some cases may exceed, what are considered maximum permissible exposures.

Radioactive wastes from reactors contain the same substances that are found in fallout, which is not surprising, since both derive from the same source—atomic fission. (The fallout from hydrogen [fusion] bombs also comes principally from their uranium or plutonium "trigger.") When released into the environment, they follow paths as complex and unpredictable as those of fallout components.

Thus, at White Oak Lake, the food chain did not end with fish. Birds fed on the fish, and on one occasion it was found that enormously dilute radioactive phosphorus had followed the long trail from water to algae to fish to bird; radiophosphorus was appearing in high concentration (as compared with the level in the lake water) in the flight muscles of waterfowl.

The degree to which radioactive matter gets concentrated as it passes through the food chain is astonishing. Studies made of the Columbia River—into which the reactors for plutonium production at Hanford, near the town of Richland, Washington, empty their cooling water—tell the story with dramatic force. For example, radioactivity of the river plankton—microscopic plants and animals—averages 2,000 times the radioactivity of the water. Caddis-fly larvae achieve concentrations 350,000 times that of the water. One survey of bird life on the river showed that the birds which feed on river insects also have a high concentration of radioactivity, which is mainly radiophosphorus; first the insects and then the birds selectively concentrate this isotope, even though it is only a tiny fraction of the total radioactivity of the river water. Adult swallows have a concentration factor of 75,000.

At White Oak Lake, many of the birds were migratory. We do not know when it was first suggested that these birds might be carrying some radioactivity off with them when they continued their migrations. Probably this had not yet occurred to anyone when the Tennessee Valley Authority was asked to do an ecological survey of the area. (That eight years elapsed between the establishment of Oak Ridge and the making of this survey gives some idea of the nearly total ignorance of biological effects under which the atomic energy program operated in its early years.) The TVA scientists, discovering that the thousands of waterfowl which migrated through White Oak Lake each year were picking up small quantities of radioactivity, initiated a program of banding the ducks in the hope of getting back reports from hunters who shot them. The reports, once they began coming in, showed that the radioactive ducks were being killed anywhere from the provinces of Canada to the counties of Texas. Shortly after the results of the banding were in, White Oak Lake was drained.

What had been going on in White Oak Lake was that the highly dilute wastes dumped into the water were being reconcentrated and then neatly packaged and dispatched all over the continent. When we remember that some migratory birds which stop in the United States are on their way from the Arctic to the Antarctic, the potential scope of this distribution is truly impressive.

There is no way of knowing what has happened to all of the radioactive chemicals which were dumped into White Oak Lake before it was drained. A given atom of radioactive cesium 137 may have passed from water to plankton to fish to bird and then been transported thousands of miles, at which point the bird may have been shot and eaten. Nor would this be the end of the cesium 137's career. After being retained in the

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muscle tissue of the person who had eaten the duck, perhaps for days or weeks, the cesium 137 atom would be excreted, picked up once more by plankton in a river, and would perhaps pass yet again through fish, bird, and man. Endless other paths might be followed. From White Oak Lake, the radioactive substance might have been carried by an insect for a mile, and then when the insect died, become part of the soil, thereupon starting on a cycle through plants and back to the soil for years or decades; perhaps eventually it might be ingested by another insect as part of a plant leaf and carried elsewhere, picked up by a bird, and finally appear in the human food supply a generation after its creation.

In short, every time radioactive waste is dumped into a stream, buried, dropped into the ocean, discharged into the air, or otherwise released from human control, it passes into the complex world of living things. It will move from living thing to living thing, sometimes becoming concentrated, at other times being dispersed, with an efficiency and ingenuity which man has not yet come to understand. At unpredictable times and places this radioactive waste will reappear in man's food, air, or water. It will not go away for decades or centuries or even millennia. Although the quantity of radioactive material will be slowly decreasing during that time, it is precisely this process of decay which releases radiation and which is therefore the source of damage.

There is nothing peculiar to radioactive materials in this phenomenon. Nearly every living animal on the surface of the globe, from deep-sea fish to arctic birds, carries some DDT in its fatty tissues; the number of pesticides which are achieving such universality grows every year. Lead from gasoline additives can be found in the snows of Antarctica. As to radioactivity itself, nearly every child born on earth in the last ten years has carried some radioactive strontium in his bones. The amount of radioactive carbon in the atmosphere has been doubled, and all of us bear some of this burden in our tissues.

We are slowly coming to realize that the thin film of life which covers the earth is a single complex web; a chord plucked at any one point vibrates throughout the world. And man is a part of this web; he depends on it totally for his food, air, and water.

WHAT ARE THE effects of radiation on man? Our ignorance of this matter is even greater than our ignorance of the means by which radiation returns to man after being released into the environment.

The effects of radiation are divided into two classes by most scientists—somatic and genetic. Somatic refers to the effect of radiation on an exposed person's body (soma); genetic refers to the effects on his progeny. Both kinds of effects are believed to be due to the same causes—the disruption by radiation of a cell's basic self-regulatory machinery. Whether this disruption eventually results in disease or in inherited malformation seems to depend simply on which of the body's cells is affected. Radiation lodged in a child's thyroid gland may produce cancer; radiation directed at the adult's gonads may, through a similar effect on germ-tissue, produce mutation and malformation in later generations.

Radioactive substances are chemically identical to the familiar elements, except that they have been rendered unstable. In the process of changing, or decaying, from one form to another, they emit radiation. This radiation can take the form of tiny particles, actually fragments of the atom, or of penetrating rays similar to X-rays, which can pass through seemingly solid substances.

Radioactive substances in food are incorporated into tissue just as their stable twins would be; embedded deep within a cell, the radioactive atom may emit a particle which then streaks away, or a ray which penetrates into other cells. In either case, a sudden and violent chemical reaction ensues. In the delicately-balanced economy of the cell, this sudden disruption can be disastrous. The individual cell may die; it may recover. But if it does recover, its self-regulatory powers may be affected in some way we do not yet understand. After the passage of weeks, months, or years, it may begin to proliferate wildly in the uncontrolled growth we call cancer. If the damaged cell is in the gonads, the damage may be reflected in inherited malformation, even though there is no apparent disease in the affected person.

In other words, on a microscopic scale the release of radiation within the cell is very much like the release of radiation into the macroscopic human environment. Once the complex living system is disturbed, we are at a loss to predict the ultimate consequences. Under what circumstances the disturbance of a cell may result years later in the formation of a cancerous growth we simply do not know; we are equally ignorant of the circumstances under which a cell may recover from radiation damage.

Still more mysterious is another effect of radiation on most living things—the shortening of life. A wide range of animals and insects show no visible damage when exposed to low doses of radiation over long periods of time, except that their lives become shorter. Radiation has somehow accelerated the aging process. This effect is believed to occur also in man.

Dr. Herman Blumenthal offers one likely explanation of the life-shortening effect. As a person grows older, more and more of the cells of his body show definite alterations, or mutations. These may be caused by natural radiation, or other factors. If the disturbance to a given cell is not lethal, it may cause significant alterations in the cell's proteins:

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> The consequences of these alterations involve the concept of biological individuality which holds that, except in the case of identical twins, each individual's proteins differ in some subtle way from those of every other individual. The rejection of organs transplanted from one person to another, which has received so much attention in recent years, is based on this principle. The transplanted organ, which has a different "individuality" from that of the recipient, gives rise to an immune reaction from its host, and the result is its rejection. The analogy in respect to aging would be that mutations occurring in a particular organ would render the mutated cells of the organ "foreign" and thus lead to an auto-immune reaction.

The process of aging is therefore seen as the body's attack on its own tissues, as these are subtly altered over the years. Since radiation is known to produce mutations in all cells, it is reasonable to suppose that constant low levels of radiation exposure simply hasten the process of change which leads to aging.

Dr. Blumenthal points out that there is gathering evidence that this attack of the body on its own tissues may be involved in a number of the diseases of the old, as well as in aging itself. He includes vascular disease, cancer, diabetes, "and several of the less frequent diseases of old people." There is a suggestion, therefore, that all of the effects of radiation—cancer, inherited malformation, and life shortening—may be due to the same cause, a subtle reorganization of the body's cells following a damage from radiation.

ALL THIS GIVES some picture of the difficulties of estimating the damage to people from a given amount of radiation in the environment. We can only say that with *any* release of radioactivity there is *some* risk of damage. This risk grows steadily with every release of radioactive waste anywhere in the world, and it is shared by all of us.

As the nuclear reactor program expands, its wastes will also increase, and the burden of radioactivity in our surroundings will rise, and go on rising. At some point the deleterious effects of this radiation will become unacceptable even to a nation which is able to tolerate 50,000 deaths on its roads every year. Because the effects of radiation go on making themselves felt decades after the first damage is done, it would be well to anticipate the eventual saturation of our surroundings. For the environment which supports us has only a limited capacity for radiation, and that capacity can only be used once.

This is not the point of view which has been taken in the establishment of federal radiation standards. The regulations of the Atomic Energy Commission are not designed to limit the total amount of radioactivity released into air or water by any given power plant. Instead, they seek to insure that radioactivity, in whatever amount, is released in such a way as not to do visible harm to plant employees or the nearby public. In releasing gases, therefore, the reactor operators first dilute them with large volumes of air and then discharge them through a tall stack so that by the time they reach the outside public, no one person can acquire an exposure beyond the limits set.

Because any exposure to radiation, no matter how slight, may produce some damage, the setting of limits is a difficult business. A complex philosophy and elaborate techniques have been developed since the end of World War II to deal with this problem. One long-standing principle, which might be called the "no noticeable damage" principle, has been that large numbers of people should never be exposed to more than the equivalent of the "natural" or "background" radiation to which they are always exposed. It should be remembered, however, that the reassuring adjective "natural" does not imply that radiation from minerals and cosmic rays is harmless. On the contrary, it does the same sorts of damage as artificial radiation. Radioactive potassium in sea water is just as harmful as radioactive potassium made artificially. Radium and thorium, which are naturally present in small quantities in coal, are released into the air when coal is burned and pose a radiation hazard of their own.

In other words, man-made radioactivity once released is simply an *increase* of a hazard already present. Those setting radiation standards generally seem to feel that a new risk of about the same size as the risk which has always been around is acceptable.

The second widely-accepted principle is that of balancing benefits against risks. This is the approach which has been taken by the Federal Radiation Council, a cabinet-level committee which advises the President on radiation standards. Despite the fact that its recommendations are binding on no one, the Federal Radiation Council some years ago issued a number of standards or guides. These were at first called Radiation Protection Guides, or RPG's. Since at the time of their issuance the principal source of radioactivity was fallout from nuclear weapons testing, the RPG's were treated by the press as safe limits below which fallout was harmless. But treating the guides as safety standards was simply misleading, as they were nothing of the sort. We have already seen that there is no "safe" level of radiation exposure. What the Federal Radiation Council had done was to estimate the damage which would result from fallout in terms of increased numbers of thyroid cancers, cases of leukemia, mutations, etc., and to balance these in some fashion against the presumed benefits of weapons testing. The Radiation Protection Guides expressed the highest levels of radiation to which the whole popu-

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lation might be exposed and still receive benefits that would outweigh the damage done.

This is a far cry from a safety standard. Nor is it easy to see how any group, even a committee of cabinet officers, could carry out the procedure just described. For neither the benefits nor the risks of bomb testing could easily be translated into numbers, and even if they could, the result would not necessarily be very useful. How many dollars saved in the weapons program, or how many new bombs, justify how many cases of leukemia? Actually, the FRC was following precisely the philosophy of the AEC in assuming that an acceptable damage was one that roughly duplicated the amount of damage from natural causes already being done.

There is a growing proliferation of agencies which in some way are responsible for regulating activities having to do with exposure of the general public to radiation. On the other hand, there is no agency with overall responsibility for finding out what *total* exposures to the population are and setting standards or limits on these. The result has been the almost universal adoption of the AEC's approach.

CLEARLY A GREAT DEAL is wrong with the current state of affairs. First, there is a world of difference between "no damage" and "no noticeable damage." Reactors, X-ray machines, and even coal-burning plants are doing *some* damage; because so many people throughout the world ordinarily die from cancer, many thousands of additional cases could occur without notice. The fact that our biological knowledge or statistical techniques do not allow us to identify the small boy whose leukemia is a result of bomb testing or of the commercial use of atomic energy does not mean that he does not exist.

Secondly, the "no noticeable damage" principle is based on a simplistic and inaccurate picture of the living world. It is possible to ignore the absolute quantity of radioactive wastes being discharged into our air and water only when it is assumed that, once sufficiently diluted, the wastes have ceased to be a problem. But we have already seen that this is emphatically not the case. What we have been doing, quite simply, is to avoid killing or injuring anyone directly by spreading the damage thin over the whole environment. But that damage will not disappear; it will accumulate, slowly and inevitably, until the level of "no noticeable damage" is passed, not for a single isolated area, but for the earth as a whole.

At present, salt-water fish caught far from land contain some DDT, washed from fields to streams and to the ocean, where it is concentrated by microscopic plants and then by the fish themselves. Nearly every bite of food each of us in this country takes, adds another dose of pesticide to our bodies. Rainwater throughout the country contains a bewildering variety of chemicals, ranging from the nitrates of agricultural fertilizer to gasoline additives.

RADIOACTIVE wastes are now beginning to repeat this pattern, and in the coming years our food and water will be increasingly burdened with radiation. The first step in this new assault on the environment was taken with atomic-bomb testing, in secrecy and in almost complete ignorance. That first step having been taken, we are continuing with nuclear power plants. In other forms of air and water pollution, we had to reach the point of real disaster before beginning to think of control. This must not be allowed to happen with radioactive wastes; once they are released into the atmosphere, there is no conceivable way of retrieving radioactive gases; once entered on their winding course through the environment, radioactive isotopes are out of reach of man's control. The damage, once done, is irremediable. If we do not begin now to invest the ingenuity and the money which are necessary to prevent the release of radiation through the commercial use of atomic power, we will end by damaging the very fabric of life on this planet.

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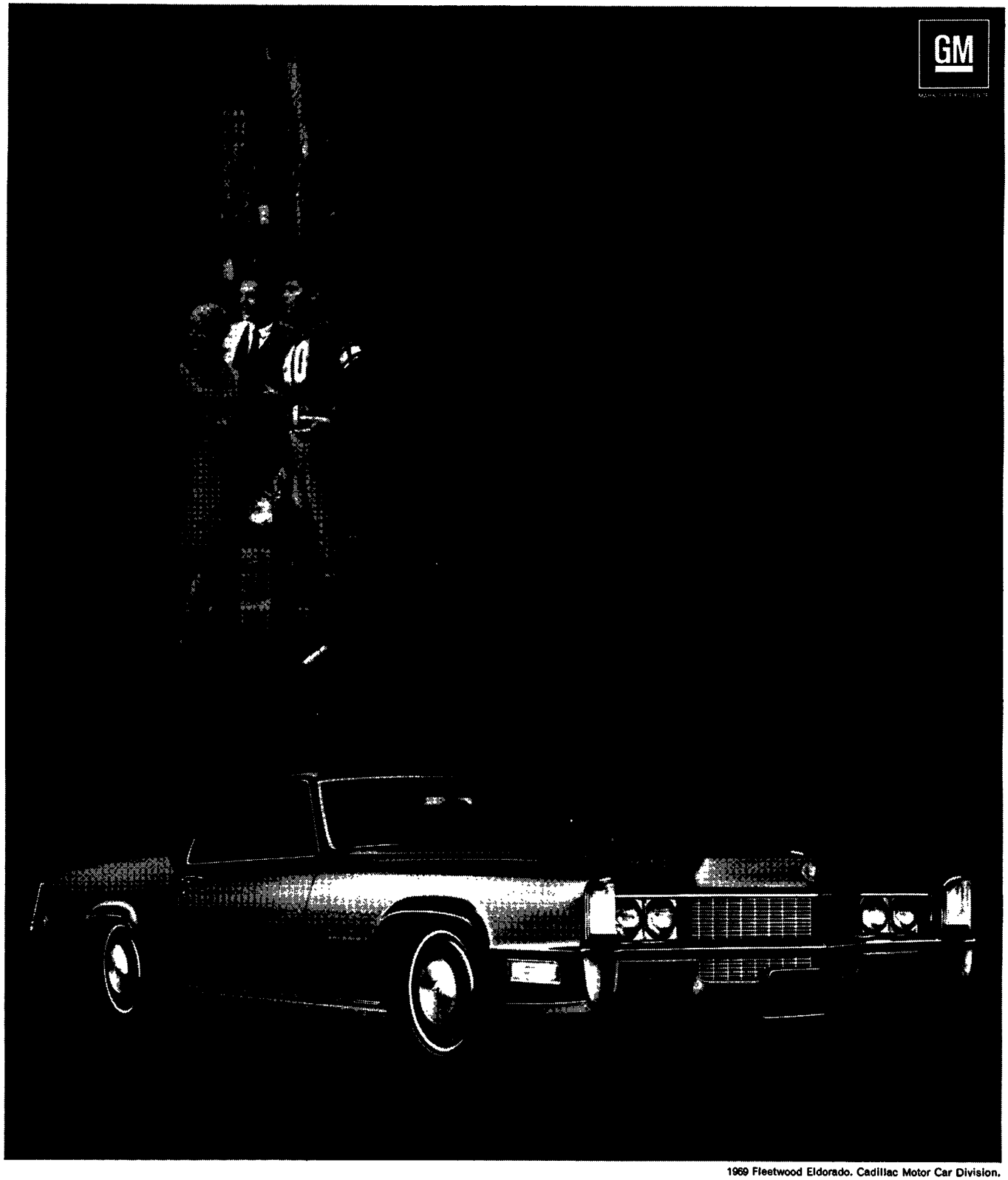

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Is Electoral Reform the Answer?

Alexander M. Bickel

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the Progressive era of sixty years ago, the American political system may be at a point of significant mutation. The Progressive era gave us women's suffrage and the popular election of senators, without which the federal government would surely now seem hopelessly anachronistic; the direct primary, which has become a domesticated household creature; and also the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, which have survived here and there, but for the most part wildly, in a state of nature, owing to lack of regular contact with humans. These reforms answered essentially to the populist idea—identified in the American political tradition with Andrew Jackson and in some measure with everyone else ever since—that the ills of society and its government will be cured by giving a stronger and more certain direction of affairs to a popular majority. Today, as earlier, this idea remains the battle cry of reform. It alone inspired the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions from 1962 onward, which may be viewed either as having inaugurated the current age of political reform or as a reflection of it; and it alone is the overt inspiration of proposals, for which the performance of the system this season has generated much support, to abolish the electoral college and the Presidential nominating conventions.

Confidence in the majority crosses class and ideological lines; nearly everyone believes that if the majority were but allowed to speak often and loudly enough, it would speak with his own voice. Even for those who would try to control the processes by which a majority is formed, and who would restrain and educate the majority before yielding to its wishes, the democratic faith is, finally, faith in the good will and good sense of the preponderant number of men. Nevertheless the populist principle in its unqualified state is simplistic and insufficient. Over time, it begets a dialectic of illusion and disillusion. Its sanguine slogans sound hollow and become terms of derision with extraordinary rapidity. "The Old Order Changeth," wrote William Allen White in 1910. In 1920, he said to Ray Stannard Baker: "What a God-damned world this is. . . . If anyone had told me ten years ago that our country would be what it is today . . . I should have questioned his reason."

The proclamation of a New Politics will also be recalled in irony later if it is given nothing but a populist content now. It is nice to think that there is an immediate majority out there which necessarily favors great good works, and which consists of persons each moving in an individual orbit, adrift from parties and other structures, and yet capable of exercising power if only every man had one vote. But the body politic is not like that. Majorities do not arise spontaneously and are not found; they must be constructed and then maintained. They are conglomerates of many groups, all of them minorities, each of which must have its share of power, some of which weigh in with intensity of feeling rather than numbers, and some of which must sometimes even be granted a veto, in order that there may be peaceable government enjoying common consent. If this is the Old Politics, it is the part which is a permanent necessity.

Unqualified populists or not, political reformers must in any case proceed with caution. James I spoke of the mystery of the King's power. The institutions of a secular, democratic government do not generally advertise themselves as mysteries. Yet they are. Their actual operation must be assessed, often in sheer wonder, before they are tinkered with, lest great expectations be not only defeated, but mocked by the achievement of their very antithesis. Defeat and mockery, to assert briefly what is common knowledge, were the partial result of the direct primary, and certainly of the referendum, the initiative, and the recall, which turned into tools of minority pressure; and defeated expectations and unwanted consequences, to assert briefly what will in time also be common knowledge, have followed from the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions.*

There are great virtues in a conservative atti-

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* See Robert G. Dixon, Jr., *Democratic Representation: Reapportionment in Law and Politics*, pp. 17-18, 21-22, 574-581.

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tude toward the structural features of government. The sudden abandonment of institutions is an act that reverberates in ways no one can predict, and many come to regret. There may be a time when societies can digest radical structural change: when they are young and pliant, relatively small, containable, and readily understandable; when men can watch the scenery shift without losing their sense of direction. We are not such a society. We are well served by an attachment to institutions that are often the products more of accident than of design, or that no longer answer to their original purposes and plans, but that offer us the comfort of continuity, and challenge our resilience and inventiveness in bending old arrangements to present purposes with no outward change. The English know this secret, and so does the common law that we inherited from them. We have, of course, many institutions and arrangements that, as they function, no longer conform to the original scheme, and we have bent most of them quite effectively to the purposes of our present society, which in all respects differs enormously from the society of nearly two hundred years ago. The Supreme Court is one such institution, and the Presidency itself is another. The fact that we have used them without modifying their structures has lent stability to our society and has built strength and confidence in our people.

The Electoral College

THE "HUMPTY-DUMPTY electoral college," as one of its critics has called it, is another old institution put to interesting new uses. Now the chief target of reformers, the electoral college was unquestionably invented to serve ends most of which we no longer care to serve, and most of which it no longer serves. Only in form does it remain what it was invented to be. Pursuant to Article II of the Constitution and the Twelfth Amendment, it still consists of as many electors from each state as the state has senators and representatives, and it still convenes quadrennially to elect a President and a Vice President of the United States. But although it was probably intended and clearly not forbidden to act independently, it has hardly ever done so, certainly not in modern times. Electors compete for the office in a popular election, but with very infrequent exceptions, which have never proved significant, they do so in complete anonymity; electors are pledged to Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates for whom, if they win by a majority or plurality, they cast their state's electoral vote.

These features of the system, unforeseen and unintended by its originators and sanctioned by custom rather than by the Constitution, have in modern times made the large, populous, heterogeneous states—where bloc voting, as by ethnic or racial minorities or other interest groups, often determines the result—the decisive influence in Presidential elections. Recently, Mr. John F. Banzhaf, III has analyzed the various possible arrangements of electoral votes, and the circumstances in which any given state could change the result of an election.* He has also calculated the chances of a voter affecting the outcome in his state, and the chances that the outcome of a national election would then itself be altered. His conclusion is that voters in "states like New York and California have over two and one-half times as much chance to affect the election of the President as residents of some of the smaller states." Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and even the lesser industrial states, are also in advantageous positions. The reason is that while a voter in a large state has less chance of influencing the result in his state (because there are, of course, more people voting) he potentially influences a larger number of electoral votes; and so, despite the apparent dilution of his vote, he actually exercises much greater control over the outcome of the national election. This power he derives directly from the electoral college system.*

What we have known to be true, then, is true. We can now establish mathematically why modern Presidents have been particularly sensitive to urban and minority interests—modern Presidents of both parties, that is to say, have been more responsive to urban interests than have other factions in their parties. And only men who can be thus responsive are generally nominated and elected. Goldwater in 1964 is something of an exception; he was nominated. Mr. Nixon in 1968 was no exception. If he made some unfamiliar sounds, that was because of the particular urban mood of the day.

IN MODERN TIMES and in most of our politics, urban interests in the big states have contended against interests that have a more rural, nativist, and Protestant orientation. The latter interests have tended to dominate Congress, the former the Presidency. Urban-rural, pluralist-homogeneous—this has been the great divide in American politics. The task of the Presidential candidate, Republican or Democratic, is to bridge it from either side. The electoral college does not guarantee the Presidency to the Democrats. Rather the system requires both parties at least to make inroads into the urban and ethnic vote in order to win. Mr. Nixon in 1968 barely did, and he barely won. But then it was a three-way race, and some of the Wallace urban vote is to be credited to Nixon, either directly or as a subtraction from Humphrey strength. In any case, the industrial states were, as ever, the decisive battleground. The big states would matter in any

* J. F. Banzhaf, III, "One Man, 3.312 Votes: A Mathematical Analysis of the Electoral College," *Villanova Law Review*, Winter 1968, pp. 303-346.

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scheme that took account of the popular vote in whatever fashion, directly or with qualifications. But the electoral college as it has evolved is so rigged that the big states count disproportionately. That is its critical attribute.

Each of our major parties is, in consequence, as James M. Burns has recently reminded us, two allied parties—a Congressional party, rural and small-town moderate to conservative in orientation, and a Presidential party, which is substantially more urban-liberal. (How often has it been true that the Republicans have lost Congress to the Democrats, and the urban liberals have lost the Democrats to Congress!) No doubt, the urban electorate is not always progressive, humane, and large-minded, and the more homogeneous rural and small town electorate sometimes is. The drift of attitudes among big city voters is nothing to be proud of just now, nor was it in the early 1950's. On the other hand, the Progressive movement of a half-century ago had deep roots in the rural West and Midwest. Still, the urban and the rural-small town outlooks and interests do generally differ. So long as that remains true, the former should properly exert particular influence through the Presidency because the latter are likely to prevail in Congress.

The difference in interest and outlook may not always obtain. The demography of the United States and its politics will not necessarily abide unaltered, world without end. The country, we are told, is increasingly urban, and TV and the other "media" are, God help us, levelling cultural and other distinctions. But urban is a term that can cover many ways of life; the ethnic and racial composition and the traditions and attitudes of an urbanized Nebraska or Georgia are still not those of New York, Chicago, or Cleveland. If there are major changes in the offing, they are not here yet, and their nature is not readily predicted.

THE PROPOSAL to abolish the electoral college that is now being actively considered emanated from a special committee set up by the American Bar Association, and it has a very great deal of bipartisan Congressional support. It has even spawned a thoroughly documented and well-argued book.* The proposal calls for a constitutional amendment providing for election of Presidents and Vice Presidents by nationwide popular vote, with a run-off in the event that no candidate attains a plurality of 40 per cent. Such a system would put a premium, not on carrying the big industrial states, but on achieving the largest possible majority in the smaller, more homogeneous ones. It would create a Presidency with little or no incentive to act as a counterweight to Congress, and as a particular spokesman for urban and minority groups.

Recognizing that the proposal would most likely achieve this result, advocates of the direct popular election contend that no counterweight is needed, or is any longer proper, in view of the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions. It was fitting—so the argument goes—for the President to be oriented toward the cities and minority groups so long as Congress looked the other way, but Congress looked the other way because of malapportionment, and malapportionment is no more. Hence the reasons, such as they were, for tolerating the undemocratic aberration of the electoral college no longer hold. It is time for the system to be ideologically pure. The Court has said that the Constitution commands equal apportionment. We should, therefore, reapportion the Presidency. In effect, we must now amend the Constitution to make it mean what the Supreme Court has said it means.

This is, in itself, an arresting argument. But its paradoxical nature is not the main thing wrong with it. What is fundamentally wrong is that it fails to take account of a whole order of very different considerations. A system of countervailing centers of power may be better for a country as large and still as diverse as ours than one in which Congress and the President represent more nearly the same constituency. Under the present system we are able to strike a nice balance in our government, and make it an instrument for achieving general consent, rather than merely for working the will of some supposed majority of the moment; therefore, instead of changing the Constitution to make it conform to the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions, we ought perhaps to work to overturn those decisions.

Even if one accepts the reapportionment decisions and their exclusively majoritarian bias, however, the trouble is that the proponents of the direct popular election wildly overestimate the immediate impact and durability of these decisions. It is, to begin with, impossible without additional constitutional amendment to reapportion the House entirely: state lines prevent. Secondly, it is foolhardy to bank on the permanence of the reapportionment decisions, just exactly as we now know them: they are subject to relitigation every decade, with every census. Third, gerrymanders, which the Court has not yet attempted to control, can accomplish all that the most sophisticated or antiquated malapportionment ever achieved. But fourth and most important, we do not know that Congress is what it is because of malapportionment. It is quite probable that in much larger measure the nature of Congress is determined by its internal methods of distributing power—chiefly the seniority and committee systems. These are very solidly entrenched. They reward length of service and expertise, as in one fashion or another all legislatures, really all permanent institutions, must. Long tenure is, in turn, most often the gift of a homogeneous district, which will tend also to liberate a Congressman from the varied concerns

* Neal R. Peirce, *The People's President*, Simon and Schuster, 400 pp., $8.95.

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of a closely-divided and diverse constituency, and thus enable him to specialize singlemindedly in a branch of legislative business. Congress, finally, may be what it is because any districted constituency will vote for a Congressman from a more restricted and probably more conservative perspective than when it votes as part of the entire national constituency in Presidential elections. Herein may lie the explanation of a certain divergence between the Senate, atrociously malapportioned and proof against reform even by constitutional amendment but elected by statewide voters, and the districted House of Representatives. All this means that in any circumstances the President is fairly bound to represent a constituency that is not the same as that of the House, but it means more plainly that Congress cannot be radically changed by reapportionment, and that the system should emphasize and preserve rather than seek to suppress the different orientation of the Presidency.

THERE IS YET another, quite discrete objection to the proposal for direct popular election, which would be sufficient in itself. This is that the monopoly of power enjoyed by the two major parties would not likely survive the demise of the electoral college. Now the dominance of two major parties enables us to achieve a politics of coalition and accommodation rather than of ideological and charismatic fragmentation, governments that are moderate, and a regime that is stable. Without forgetting that of all the mysteries of government the two-party system is perhaps the deepest, one can safely assert that each major party exerts centripetal force; that it ties to itself the ambitions and interests of men who compete for power, discouraging individual forays and hence the sharply-defined ideological or emotional stance; that it makes, indeed, for a climate inhospitable to demagogues; and that it provides by its very continuous existence a measure of guidance to the marginally interested voter who is eminently capable of casting his ballot by more irrelevant criteria. The system, in sum, does not altogether take mind out of politics, but it does tend to insure that there are few irreconcilable losers, and that the winners can govern, even though—or perhaps because—there are equally few total victories. Multi-party systems also govern by compromise and coalition; they compromise and coalesce, however, not before the election, but after, having first offered the voter his choice among pure positions. Self-contained ideologies thus take root, and become hard-edged. Accommodation is more difficult, partial, grudging, short-lived, and often impossible. Such a system makes for more mind, perhaps, and certainly less government.

The electoral college deters challenges to the two major parties, because an effective challenge must have not merely some popular appeal, but support of sufficient regional concentration to garner an electoral vote. In 1912, William H. Taft, the real third-party candidate in the extraordinary circumstances of that year, had 23.2 per cent of the popular vote and 8 electoral votes, and in 1924 Robert M. LaFollette had 16.6 per cent and 13 electoral votes. Only from a regional base can a third party penetrate the electoral college. Thus in 1948 Strom Thurmond had such a base, and Henry Wallace did not. Each got 2.4 per cent of the popular vote, but Thurmond had 39 electoral votes, 31 more than Taft in 1912, and Wallace had none. George Wallace this year also ran on about the only issue which still massively unites a region—hence his 45 electoral votes. Otherwise, his 13 per cent of the popular vote would have been as meaningless as Taft's or LaFollette's.

With popular election, non-regional interests that have failed to influence conventions would unquestionably be tempted to enter the general election in the hope of gathering enough votes to bargain with in a run-off. And enough entrants may be foreseen to insure a run-off every time. In such conditions the two major parties could not long sustain themselves. A geographically-based candidacy such as that of George Wallace would have no less incentive to manifest itself under a system of popular election than it does now. All other possible separate candidacies, ideological but not regional, would have more. Thus we would see on a national scale the kind of unstructured politics that characterized much of the single-party South in its heyday. The real election was the Democratic primary, which would draw several candidates, who then sorted themselves out between the first vote and the run-off. Two or four years thence, everything started afresh.*

Apart from a theoretical attachment to pure majoritarianism, proponents of the direct popular election of the President rely also on a parade of possible horrible consequences of the present system. Both the electoral college and the direct popular election can produce plurality Presidents, like Nixon in 1968, who come in ahead of their opponents by less than a clear majority of the total popular vote. The electoral college, however, can also bring a minority President into office—that is, one who got fewer popular votes than his runner-up. Yet putting aside an esoteric dispute in 1960 about how to apportion the popular vote in Alabama, there has not been a minority President in this century; and in an election that was not stolen, as in 1876, or thrown into the House, as in 1824, we have had only one such President in our history. But it made little difference that Grover Cleveland lost in 1888 to Benjamin Harrison even though he had 100,000 more votes; he won four years earlier, when he did become President, by only 23,000. It would have

* See V. O. Key, Jr., *Southern Politics*, pp. 406-23.

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made equally little difference if, without affecting the actual result in the electoral college, Mr. Nixon had nosed out John F. Kennedy in 1960 by 100,000 votes, or Mr. Humphrey had prevailed by a small margin in 1968. When some 70 million votes divide so closely, only an immensely dogmatic majoritarianism would insist that the so-called winner has the sole legitimate claim to office. In truth, there is a stand-off, and the question is merely of a convenient device—any convenient device previously agreed upon—for letting one of two men govern.

Unquestionably, the legitimacy of the electoral college result and the effective discharge of the office would be affected should the loser of the popular vote by a substantial margin win the Presidency. But of this, as past statistics consistently show, the risk is minuscule, and it is offset by the advantages of the electoral college in the more likely case of a close popular vote. For in the electoral college, a narrow popular victory is perceived through a magnifying glass. Indeed, even if it should put a narrow loser in office, the electoral college would probably insure greater acceptance for him than the winner by a very small margin could expect in a system of direct popular election.

BESIDE ELECTING a minority President, which it is not apt to do, the electoral college is capable of two other tricks, both of which George Wallace has badly frightened people with. Since the Constitution permits the college to act as an independent, deliberative body, individual electors may take it into their heads to behave accordingly, and should no one have a majority of electoral college votes, some uncommitted or third-party electors could certainly play a decisive role. Obviously they should not, since they are obscure men who were not elected to perform a deliberative function. This is an eventuality that should be guarded against, but it calls for perfecting the present system, not for abandoning it. The Johnson administration has proposed a constitutional amendment which would abolish the electors and their college as a physical entity, and would automatically award the total electoral college vote of each state, calculated as at present, to the winner of a majority or plurality of the popular vote in that state.

A difficulty of rather another sort, and one not so easily solved, is the deadlock. The Constitution now provides that should no one succeed in obtaining a majority in the electoral college, the House of Representatives shall elect a President; each state shall have one vote, to be cast in accordance with the wishes of a majority of that state's delegation in the House. One may think it unlikely that patriotic men, committed in virtually every other aspect of their activities to majoritarian principles, would do today what was done in 1824, and vote into office not the winner of the popular vote by a substantial plurality (Andrew Jackson), but his runner-up (John Quincy Adams). Nevertheless, the possibility of intolerable abuse exists, and there is no reason not to guard against it. One suggestion, put forward by Representative Jonathan Bingham of New York, is to have a run-off election still within the electoral college system—that is, a repetition of the previous exercise, but this time between the two top candidates. This has some of the disadvantages of the popular election proposal with its run-off, since it might also tend to make splinter candidacies more profitable and hence more likely. Another possibility, favored by the Johnson administration, is to recognize frankly that in the event of a deadlock a choice is required through a deliberative process, rather than through a process —which by hypothesis has just failed—of registering the popular wish. I shall touch presently in some detail on the coalition-making that precedes the general election in the present system. Deadlock means that it has failed and must be tried again. Coalition-making is a function for representative, deliberative institutions. Congress sitting in joint session and reaching decisions by a majority of the individual votes of its members is the best available deliberative institution for this purpose, and Congress is the institution the Johnson administration proposal would use.

The National Party Convention

ORIGINALLY, PRESIDENTIAL candidates were nominated by Congressional caucuses, but by 1824 this system had come to seem insufficiently representative and was replaced by the national party convention, beginning in 1832. Now that system, too, has come to seem insufficiently representative, and also inadequately deliberative. More and more, as the increasing incidence of first-ballot nominations plainly suggests, it merely registers the previously-expressed wishes of a constituency. What that constituency is, however, whether it is in any sense the masses of party adherents, or merely the professional party cadre, is gravely in question. And so the majoritarian reformers would substitute a national primary election for the convention.

A national primary would undoubtedly attract numerous candidates, and its decisive stage would be the run-off. Consequently, as Nelson Polsby and Aaron Wildavsky have written,* "the United States might have to restrict its Presidential candidates to wealthy athletes. No man without enormous financial resources could ever raise the millions required for the nominating petition, the first primary, the run-off primary, and the national election; and no one who was not superbly conditioned could survive the pace of all these campaigns." Polsby and Wildavsky argue also that a

* Nelson W. Polsby and Aaron B. Wildavsky, *Presidential Elections*, pp. 229 *et seq.*

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national primary would badly strain the two-party system, because in periods of the dominance of one of the parties, which of course occur, voters would be drawn to that party's primary, viewing *it* as their only real opportunity to participate decisively in the entire electoral process, and they would be drawn in such unnaturally large numbers as to threaten the other party with atrophy.

In any event, a national primary would not avoid the coalition-building function, which must be discharged, whether before or after the general election. The consequence would be merely that this function would be de-institutionalized. Between the first primary and the run-off, men would come together, without structure and without form, and sort out their support for one of the two candidates who had emerged in the leading positions. This would be the time and this would be the fashion of the coalition-forming process in each party, and, ultimately, if Polsby and Wildavsky are right, in one party alone, as—again—in the once solid South.

Of course, if Polsby and Wildavsky are right, the general election would be a formality of little moment, and we would have the least desirable of all systems of direct popular election, one that provides for no prior nominating process of any sort. It would amount to a multi-party system, in which the bargaining that is essential for constituting a government is postponed until after the election. The disadvantages that would follow have been mentioned. They are enormous. But even assuming that Polsby and Wildavsky are too pessimistic, that the two parties would survive, and that the work of making a coalition would proceed in each party between the first primary and the run-off, the upshot would be a coalition-forming procedure scarcely more responsive to an appropriate constituency than the most irresponsible convention we are likely to witness. The two top contenders would have been chosen by popular pluralities, to be sure, though their vote would likely be of the order of 20 to 25 per cent, and whatever choice between them the rest of the candidates and their managers made would require ratification in the run-off, just as convention choices are up for ratification in the election now; but subject to this constraint, which operates equally on the conventions, the candidates and the managers would make their decision in some back room, at least as free of any other constraint as the convention bosses who picked Harding in 1920. This is scarcely what the proponents of the national primary intend, yet it is what they would get—at best.

To reject the national primary is not to concede, however, that the national party convention as we now know it is acceptable. No American political institution is more visible than the convention, and none is less visibly constituted and run. An examination of the 1968 Democratic Convention, for example, reveals some rather remarkable practices, which are common, with an occasional variation, in the Republican party as well. There are states where all or part of the delegation to the national convention is appointed by the governor or state chairman (e.g., Georgia, Louisiana), or by the state executive committee (e.g., New York), which may last have been elected two or four years earlier (e.g., Pennsylvania, Maryland), or by a state convention whose members, in turn, are appointed by local party functionaries (e.g., Michigan, Illinois).

The Democratic Convention was studied in the summer of 1968 by an unofficial, privately-funded Commission on the Democratic Selection of Presidential Nominees, of which Governor, now Senator, Harold E. Hughes of Iowa was chairman. (It was brought together on the initiative of a few delegates who were members of the Convention's Credentials and Rules Committees, and it made recommendations, and issued a report from which the facts about the convention that I am here able to cite are chiefly drawn.*) Over 600 delegates to the 1968 Convention, the Hughes Commission found—approximately half the number needed to win a nomination—"were selected by processes which have included no means [however indirect] of voter participation since 1966." This is utterly unjustifiable.

A party's professional cadre should, no doubt, have a voice. The professionals are, if nothing else, a faction that deserves representation, and it is sound institutional policy to reward their services with a measure of influence. They symbolize, moreover, the continuity of the party, and play a principal role in giving it an identity. But if they lend the party its character of an "organized appetite," as Felix Frankfurter once wrote,† their appetite is sometimes keener for power in the organization than for organizing to secure the power of government. At any rate, no one need fear that the professionals will go unrepresented. Even in states where delegates are elected in direct primaries, the cadre knows how to maintain its foothold (as David, Goldman, and Bain have pointed out**). The problem in constructing a convention is not to assure a voice for the professionals, but to dislodge them from a controlling position.

* In addition to Senator Hughes, the Commission consisted of Representative Donald M. Fraser of Minnesota, who served as vice-chairman, Harry Ashmore, Julian Bond, Frederick G. Dutton, Mrs. Doris Fleeson Kimball, and the present writer. Its staff was headed by Thomas P. Alder as director, Geoffrey Cowan as associate director, and Simon Lazarus as editor. The Commission's report is entitled *The Democratic Choice*. See also Paul T. David, Ralph M. Goldman, and Richard C. Bain, *The Politics of National Party Conventions* (The Brookings Institution), pp. 249 *et seq.*

† *Law and Politics*, p. 316.

** *The Politics of National Party Conventions*, p. 243.

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Methods of delegate selection that do bear scrutiny, as appointment by the professional cadre will not, are election by a state convention to which representatives are chosen, in turn, either directly or through an additional stage of district conventions, at precinct caucuses open to all party members; and direct election either in a winner-take-all, at-large primary as in California, or in at-large and district primaries, with (e.g., New Hampshire), or without (e.g., New Jersey) an accompanying state-wide preferential poll, in which the people have a chance to vote for actual Presidential candidates.

It would be difficult and unwise to opt on a national basis for any one of these acceptable methods to the exclusion of the other ones. The winner-take-all state primary has its virtues. It is a trial heat, a shakedown cruise for candidates, and a preview for the public. It catches attention and generates interest. Politics is an educational endeavor before and after it is anything else, and in this endeavor the major state primary helps. The drama is heightened for all concerned by the winner-take-all feature; for the candidate with little support from the professionals, the attractiveness of the primary is enhanced, as for the public is its authenticity as a preview. And the winner-take-all primary injects into the convention's process of judgment a prediction that is more than a guess, and more reliable than a poll, of what the party faces in the general election. But the state-wide, winner-take-all primary as universal practice would avoid few of the shortcomings of a national primary. If a reasonably obvious national winner were turned up, the convention would merely register the choice. Or else, if the state primaries produced no conclusive winner, as would more often happen, the convention's task would be what it is today, but its composition would be most unsuited to a satisfactory performance of that task.

THERE ARE, by and large, as I have been implying, two sorts of multi-member democratic institutions: the representative, deliberative assembly, and the body meant to register a single prior decision of its constituency. Congress is the typical institution of the former sort, the electoral college of the latter. Institutions charged with registering the decision of a majority of their constituency should consist of members responsive to that majority, and of no one else. (In 1796, a Federalist voter said of a member of the electoral college: "Do I choose Samuel Miles to determine for me whether John Adams or Thomas Jefferson is the fittest man for President of the United States? No, I choose him to act, not to think.") Deliberative institutions, on the other hand, should reflect as many significant factions in the total constituency as possible. That is why all American legislatures are districted. None is elected at large, to be a creature wholly of the majority, nor does any state send to Congress an entire delegation elected on a statewide basis. It is particularly necessary to represent the minority in a deliberative assembly that, like the national party convention, sits only briefly and periodically, and has as its sole object the composition of a governing coalition. The minority must be there, quite simply in order that some portion of it may be coalesced with; or more accurately, no relevant majority exists for purposes of constituting such a deliberative assembly until the assembly's own majority-building work is done, and that work can be done only if the total or near-total constituency is present through its delegates. Thus delegations chosen in winner-take-all primaries, speaking for a majority and perhaps a plurality of a state party, are welcome as one element in the mix of the convention, not as the universal element.

Delegations selected in district primaries are likely, subject to the accidents of geography, to represent minorities as well as majorities in a state party, and so are delegations chosen at state conventions whose members were elected at open precinct caucuses—but this last will be so only if one highly important condition has been met. At many precinct caucuses, district conventions, and then state conventions, the unit rule prevails, so that at each stage minorities may be left unrepresented. This is, to be sure, not the practice everywhere, but the Hughes Commission confirmed some of Senator McCarthy's complaints that it was the practice used to his disadvantage by the Democratic party in some states; and used here and there, one may add, by the McCarthy people themselves, when they had the chance. Hence, while accepting the value of the winner-take-all primary in a few states, the Hughes Commission recommended absolute abolition of the unit rule at all levels; it also recommended abolition of any system of "direct appointment" of delegations, in whole or in part, by state party executives or other officials, and the selection of delegates by procedures that "permit meaningful popular participation" within a period of not more than "six months before the Convention itself."

Somewhat to everyone else's surprise, and perhaps also to its own, the 1968 Democratic Convention adopted the following resolution offered by a minority of its Rules Committee:

> It is understood that a state Democratic Party, in selecting and certifying delegates to the National Convention, thereby undertakes to assure that such delegates have been selected through a process in which all Democratic voters have had full and timely opportunity to participate. In determining whether a state party has complied with this mandate, the convention shall require that:
>
> (1) The unit rule not be used in any stage of the delegate selection process; and
>
> (2) All feasible efforts have been made to

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assure that delegates are selected through party primary, convention, or committee procedures open to public participation within the calendar year of the National Convention.

This is almost the whole of the Hughes Commission recommendation. In addition, as the Hughes Commission also suggested, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee was instructed to set up a special committee charged with helping the states implement these policies.

THE MILLENNIUM is not yet here. The language of the resolution is in some respects fairly specific—and means that most professional appointment and minority-exclusion practices (in non-primary states) are out. But appointment of some delegates, or in New York, by a state committee itself elected in the year of the convention, remains possible. Even where it is specific and entirely satisfactory, moreover, the policy must be implemented, and there are portions of it which call for further legislative efforts prior to implementation. One surmises from prior experience, unfortunately, that a certain gradualism is likely to characterize implementation of this new policy.

In the course of implementation, a difficult problem is bound to surface, concerning access to the party and adherence to it, or if you will, concerning the definition of the party. One aspect of this problem emerged in the loyalty-oath controversies that have bedeviled the Democratic party for a generation. The American major party is a coalition formed every four years from a center of gravity that is apt to shift every so often. The stable factor is that the center of gravity of the Republicans is generally somewhere to the Right of the Democratic one, and at any rate, always somewhat different. But each party reaches out every four years, the one usually to the Left, the other usually to the Right, and both toward the center of the continuum of public opinion and private interest, in the effort to create as large a governing majority as its centripetal force can command. Therefore, although each has a professional cadre, and although each exerts its centripetal force from a different point on the spectrum of opinion and interest, each is also something of a new coalition every quadrennium. The implications for the loyalty-oath issue, which the Democrats ultimately accepted, are that it is hardly consistent to require any group, as a condition for coming to the convention and engaging in the coalition-making process, to promise beforehand to abide by the result, even though, as may happen, it is affirmatively excluded from the coalition. The convention is the occasion of forming the party for a particular election, and no one can say with detailed assurance beforehand what kind of a party it will be. Hence, although the issue was fudged somewhat in the patchwork compromise about the Georgia delegation at the 1968 Democratic Convention, the Democrats require only that delegates promise to use their influence to see to it that the nominees of the convention are listed as Democratic nominees on the ballot in their states, not that they promise necessarily to support the nominees.

The implications for procedures of delegate-selection should be similar. It ought not to be necessary, as it is in many states, to have been a registered Democrat or Republican at some prior time in order to participate in a Democratic or Republican primary, or in party caucuses. The party ought each year to be open to all those groups which in that year wish to enter into the process of forming the coalition that will be the Democratic or Republican party. If the parties were as open as they should be, large numbers of people who had voted Democratic in the past might in 1968 have moved to form in the Republican party a coalition around Rockefeller, or Charles Percy, or John Lindsay—candidates oriented more to the Right in some respects than would normally suit them, but more satisfactory than what they foresaw as the probable Democratic nominee. Or anti-Vietnam Republicans might have helped put together in the Democratic party an alliance turning on the war issue, under such a candidate as Eugene McCarthy. But the truly open party would encounter difficulties, more serious in primaries than in local caucuses and conventions, and more serious in precinct caucuses than in state, let alone national, conventions, with their larger membership, more demanding activities, and greater exposure.

The trouble is that each party is periodically a new coalition, all right, but each is also, and ought to be, an organism with a continuous existence, particular characteristics, and a corps of permanently loyal supporters. And the two parties must compete, else there will soon be one, and then many, whether in the guise of parties or factions. What can happen when the permanent loyalists are free to float is exemplified in the few states that do allow cross-over of voters, or that might allow, as California did until just recently, cross-filing by candidates. The upshot in California in primaries for state office was the nomination, not infrequently, of the same man in both primaries. This destroyed party competition rather effectively. Nor is competition apt to flourish when there is a cross-over of voters intent on selecting the candidate most desirable from the other party's point of view, the weakest candidate, easiest to beat. The cross-over voter may also be happy with the probable (or certain, if there is no contest) outcome in his own party, and go into the other primary in search of, as nearly as possible, the same result. This is not coalition-building, but coalition duplicating. It is too nearly the same as the joint nomination of a single man through cross-filing. The two parties would not discharge their function if they did not overlap,

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or if they assumed polar positions, but though the ground on which they maneuver for differentiation is narrow, they must remain distinct in order to remain two. Party caucuses open to everyone are also subject to being captured by forces wishing to short-circuit party competition.

NOTHING IN THE resolution adopted at the 1968 Democratic Convention suggests a way out of this dilemma. The special committee to be established by the Democratic National Committee will need to grapple with it on its own. In the Republican party, any approach to a solution of this problem, as to other reforms, is even more remote. The Democratic committee will probably be inclined at first to go along with restrictive practices, which grant access to the party only to those who have in the past indicated adherence to it, or at least not registered as members of the other party. That would be understandable, but wrong. The open party, with its risks, is the prime objective. For party habits are strong, and Machiavellian cross-overs, while they occur, are rare. What is more common, and should be encouraged, is unaffiliated floating by voters who, if excluded at the nominating stage, are likely to be disaffected by the limitations of choice in the general election.

Each party should, accordingly, be open in each election year, in primaries and caucuses, to everyone willing at the time to register as a member. The registration would be largely symbolic and would not necessarily exclude cross-overs, if for no other reason than that it would be as impossible as it would be ill-advised to try to bind individuals to vote the party ticket in the general election. But the symbolism would be endowed with some consequences. Certainly it should be stipulated that a voter may participate in the nominating process of only one major party in any given year.

Minor Parties

THE SURVIVAL of the convention and of the two-party system it sustains is not a unanimously shared objective, particularly in this season. Its virtues rather than its imperfections gain for the two-party system its most implacable enemies. The moderate coalition, the sensible accommodation, the muted ideology, the politicians who strive to borrow each other's protective coloration and who jostle one another in the center—all this, the price of broadly-based government, of general acquiescence and of stability, is paid in frustration. The choice in the general election between two candidates either of whom can satisfy most people, or at least radically dissatisfy very few, always leaves some of us with no choice at all. Hence the minor party, a steady obbligato in our political *symphony. It is sometimes a regional,* and commonly an ideological, interest group, which has not been accommodated because it wants something too precise, too clear-cut, because it wants it on principle now and not later, wants all of it, wants it intensely, of course, and wants it when someone who is otherwise in a better position to bargain wants the very opposite with equal intensity.

The minor party is also a group which has summoned the courage to bring prematurely to the fore a basic issue, perhaps a moral one, that the country must face, and in time will face. The word "prematurely" is used here from the point of view of the major parties, the defect of whose virtues is that they are liable to be sluggish in addressing newly arisen fundamental issues, moral ones especially. They are too intent on power to take the risk before they have to. Again and again, minor parties have led from a flank, while the major parties still followed opinion down the middle. In time, the middle has moved, and one of the major parties or both occupy the ground reconnoitered by the minor party; or to change the figure, the major parties, as Disraeli said of Peel and the Whigs, at last catch the minor parties bathing and walk away with their clothes. So it was with the anti-slavery Free Soilers, with the Populists in 1892, with the LaFollette Progressives and even the earlier Eugene V. Debs Socialists—and, to be sure, with the Prohibitionists, who are a useful reminder that the Anti-Masonic, Know-Nothing, Thurmond States' Rights, and George Wallace Independent parties must not go unmentioned, lest small-party romanticism run away with one. But as an outlet for frustration, as often a creative force and a sort of conscience, as an ideological governor to keep major parties from speeding off into an abyss of mindlessness, and even just as a technique for strengthening a group's bargaining position for the future, the minor party would have to be invented if it did not come into existence readily and regularly enough. It is an indispensable part of the system whose beneficent chief aim is to suppress it. And its existence is at any rate constitutionally protected.

The two-party system, as the late Justice Robert H. Jackson once said in another context, is a political practice "which has its origin in custom [and] must rely upon custom for its sanctions."* Therefore, even though it is up to state legislatures under Article II, Section 1 of the Constitution to prescribe the manner in which electors who will choose a President and Vice President are themselves to be chosen, an attempt by law to secure the major parties' monopoly of Presidential power would most assuredly fail. It would founder against the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which forbids unreasonable discriminations among voters and also

* *Ray v. Blair*, 343 U.S. 214, 233 (1952), (Jackson, J., dissenting).

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among candidates—which, in other words, safeguards a right to vote free from unreasonable discriminations, and also a right to be a candidate. And it would run afoul as well of the First Amendment, as incorporated into the Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth, for the First Amendment has been interpreted to guarantee a right of effective political association, and that right would be denied by any statute making it impossible to achieve the end for which political association is ultimately undertaken.

It is true that no state actually decrees in so many words that in order to be allowed to vote or run for President or for Presidential elector a person must be a member, or submit himself to the procedures, of the Democratic or Republican party. And only Ohio has come near to saying as much indirectly. Ohio allowed no independent, non-party candidacy, and a minor party could place a candidate on the ballot only if it filed a petition signed by voters equal in number to 15 per cent of the total vote cast in the last gubernatorial election—in 1968, upwards of 430,000. Additional difficulties were also put in the way. The minor party had to organize itself through primary elections on the same scale as the major ones, and persons who voted in a major party primary at the previous election were not qualified to participate in organizing the minor party. On October 15, 1968, in the first decision of its kind, the Supreme Court held the Ohio scheme unconstitutional.* The suit was brought in behalf of George Wallace, whose name the Court ordered placed on the ballot. A federal district judge had remarked at an earlier stage of the case that the "'two-party system is not a cliché in Ohio, but a statutorily enforced fact."† It is no more.

Other states may not quite make the two-party monopoly a statutory fact, but a great many make life hard for the minor party. The requirement of signatures on a petition in a number equal to 15 per cent of the total vote at a past election, itself a grave impediment, is rare, but Arkansas imposes it also. And a number of states have distribution requirements, which also present serious obstacles. Thus in Idaho a petition must be signed by 3,000 voters, no more than 150 of whom are residents of any single county; Illinois requires 25,000 signatures, with 200 from each of at least 50 counties; and New York requires 12,000, fifty at least from each county. In Florida, where a very substantial portion of the population lives in Dade County, no more than 13.3 per cent of the total number of necessary signatures may come from any single county. Finally, a very large number of states, while they have workable provisions for getting a new ticket on the ballot, set early dates for qualification, as early as March in Pennsylvania and apparently in Alabama; April in Kentucky and West Virginia; May in Michigan and New Jersey; and June, July, and August in many more.

The legal position respecting obstacles of the kind just described is not clear. A court would be unlikely to hold that the states may not encourage the two-party system by giving a certain edge to the major parties. But it is a long way from achievement of this objective to choking off all political action that is not encompassed by the two established parties. The latter the states may not do, and the problem is to define what amounts to doing the latter. In general terms, the courts would probably agree to the proposition that laws which make it impossible for an initially small group of voters to put a candidate on the ballot through a reasonable and not prohibitively expensive effort in a reasonable amount of time are unconstitutional. A criterion such as this should work out to render unconstitutional a requirement for obtaining the signatures of anything over 5 per cent of the electorate.

Under existing analogous judicial decisions, the most vulnerable requirements are those concerning distribution. The Illinois one was upheld by the Supreme Court in 1948** but that was before the Supreme Court's more recent reapportionment decisions. Today it could be strongly argued that any distribution requirement is a form of malapportionment, a way of giving more weight to a signature in a small county than in a large one, and therefore invalid under the reapportionment cases—and, one may say in passing, invalid for better reason than malapportionment of a legislature itself.

EARLY QUALIFYING dates obviously do not in themselves present insuperable barriers. The argument against many of them would be that a state may seek to give an edge to the two established parties, and for that reason discriminate against independent candidates and persons who wish to cast their votes for them, but —administrative and housekeeping necessities to the side—it may discriminate only by means that are rationally suited to favor the two-party system. Now the important third-party movements in our history—George Wallace this year is a point-proving exception—came into being after the two major party conventions, and were enabled to come into being at that time because major party conventions used to be held much earlier than at present. In 1892, Harrison and Cleveland were nominated in June. The Populists, disappointed by the Democrats, met later and nominated a third candidate, General James B. Weaver. In 1912, Theodore Roosevelt fought

* *Williams v. Rhodes*, Supreme Court of the United States, October 15, 1968.

† *Williams v. Rhodes*, Civil Action Nos. 68-248, United States District Court for the Southern District of Ohio, Eastern Division, August 29, 1968 (Kinneary, J., dissenting).

** *MacDougall v. Green*, 335 U.S. 281 (1948); see also *Moore v. Shapiro*, Civil Action No. 68C1569, United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, Eastern Division, October 3, 1968.

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his heart out in the Republican convention in June. Having been defeated, he formed the Progressive party. Again, in 1924, Coolidge and Davis were nominated in June. The third-party LaFollette candidacy took shape in July. The characteristic American third party, then, consists of a group of people who have tried to exert influence within one of the major parties, have failed, and later decide to work on the outside. States in which there is an early qualifying date tend to force such groups to forego major-party primary and other pre-nomination activity and organize separately early in an election year. For if they do not, they lose all opportunity for action as a third party later. From the point of view of fostering the two-party system this is counter-productive. It is calculated to induce early third-party movements, like the present George Wallace party; calculated to drive people away from the coalition-building process that is the genius of the two-party system, and into a premature and more likely permanent ideological separatism, which is precisely what the two-party system successfully prevents.

Major party conventions now tend to be held in August. Any qualifying date earlier than the end of September or even early in October can hardly be supported by any practical reason having to do with the printing of ballots and the like. The only purpose of earlier qualifying dates, therefore, can be to encourage two-party action and discourage third parties. This is, to a degree, a valid purpose, but to force people to commit themselves to third-party action without trying first to influence the major parties is no way to enhance the two-party system.

It is, of course, not possible to predict just what the courts would do in detail on questions of this kind,* but since state election statutes are shot through not only with anti-third party provisions that are wrong on principle, but also with many which positively disserve the objective of protecting the two-party system, wholesale legislative reform is called for, regardless of what the courts may do.

* See *Hadnott v. Amos*, Civil Action No. 2757-N, United States District Court for the Middle District of Alabama, Northern Division, October 11, 1968, an adverse initial decision summarily reversed by the Supreme Court on October 19, 1968.

THE COUNTRY, Walter Lippmann wrote in September 1968, "has entered a period of revolutionary change of which no one can foresee the course or the end or the consequences." For, he continued, "the central institutions of the traditional life of man"—the family, the church, the territorial state, the schools, and the universities—"are increasingly unable to command his allegiance and his obedience." Naturally, Mr. Lippmann's diagnosis was that the old two-party system is shattered. This also is the conclusion of many who speak from positions rather radically to the Left of Mr. Lippmann's. For myself, I cannot deny it, but my instinct is to disbelieve it. I thought that such a figure as Robert Kennedy would have been capable even this year, let alone four years hence, of restoring a sufficiency of order to what Mr. Lippmann, quoting Erasmus, calls the "irremediable confusion of everything." Men want change, and they turn away, or to George Wallace, because the major parties are sluggish, but they do not turn in either direction inevitably or irremediably; many of those same people turned earlier to Robert Kennedy, and many even to Eugene McCarthy.

THIS IS NOT THE PLACE to speculate on whether the United States deserves a revolution, needs one, or will get one regardless. But short of a revolution, the work of politics in the United States, and the work of politics even for those who set radical social goals, is most effectively and enduringly done within the regime, not in opposition to it as such; within the system whose improvement I advocate, but which I praise. And even if the old two-party system, as Mr. Lippmann says, is shattered without knowing it, and destined to come down, it is hardly arguable that for that reason it should hasten to bring itself down with such innovations of at best unpredictable and at worst baneful effect as the direct popular election of Presidents and the national primary. Nor is there any reason why it should not reform its electoral college, its conventions, and its election laws in ways consistent with its nature and designed to advance its values. After all, the system may yet belie the jeremiads and disappoint the revolutionaries. It may persist in the mystery of survival, and against that event, it might as well improve itself.

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"Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects." Mrs. Mary Pegram

(Note: Mrs. Mary Pegram is a social worker in a large metropolitan area, with an intimate knowledge of the problems of the central city. Her views concerning the ways in which urban decay affects all of us follow:)

"As a social worker, and a black woman, I feel the agonies of second-class citizenship very deeply. Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects.

"I visit cities and walk through their streets, breathing air that's not fit for anyone to breathe; I hear the constant rumble of traffic and feel its vibrations in the soles of my feet; I see the grime caked on windows, walls, sidewalks, and parked cars and shudder as I realize that this dirt is going into our lungs; then I think that life in today's cities is no picnic . . . for anyone . . . black or white. You're a second-class citizen when you live like this.

"Passing any corner where people wait for public transportation, you can see crowds. And they're not all black.

"And I know that everybody is afraid to walk the streets after dark.

"I drive along the roads near rivers and see all the stuff that floats on the water and smell the sickening odor. It's everybody's river and it flows by luxury apartment buildings as well as slum dwellings.

"There's nothing first class about any of it, for any of us.

"If we can make our cities free of filth, free of the overwhelming problems that affect everyone, I believe we'd find a new spirit of pride and optimism in this country. And with that spirit, we'll all become first-class citizens, in every respect."

The future of our cities depends on what we do now. Today.

It's a job that must rest primarily with government. But it's a job that also needs the help of business and labor and private citizens . . . white and non-white alike.

As businessmen, we are dismayed at the economic consequences should we fail to heed this call to action. As men, we are appalled at the prospect of greater personal tragedy.

What about you? Whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help.

For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."

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Sickness

A Story

Johanna Kaplan

In books, radiators hum and sing; in my house, the radiator howls and yelps as if a baby were locked up in it, an angry baby, who though he cries and cries, still does not bring his mother running. Not that she isn't longing to. But there is an older neighbor around or an aunt maybe, and her philosophy is: He's crying? So he'll cry! And the baby in the radiator—how can he know all this? So he sends up a last, raging yowl and I am woken up.

Here, in the brief, early whitish light the march of neighbors has already begun. For even though it is barely morning of my first day home from school, the news of a sick child has shuttled through the building like steam through the pipes, and my mother's voice rises from the kitchen in bitterness.

"What's a doctor? He sits and sits studying long enough so that finally in one place his bathrobe wears out."

It is not a question now of tissues and aspirins, of swollen glands or a throat that won't swallow. This time it is serious: Lichtblau, the limping Golem with MD on his license plate has made a housecall. Dragging one heavy foot behind the other, he has announced measles and a high fever, and in a stingy mumble as dull as the one that sends black years to the Irish kids on his new Buick in the street, he has even mentioned the possibility of hospital. But this doesn't worry me because what's a hospital? One, nurses: quick-stepping, white-clad girls whose heads are all blonde and faces shiksa-silly. And two, doctors: bald, heavy men, sad-eyed and Jewish, who walk slowly on dragging legs, their bodies wrapped up in old maroon bathrobes, shamefully all worn away in one spot.

What would I do in a place like that? Where would I keep my glass of sweet, lukewarm tea that sits, whenever I am sick, like lightened liquid honey on a folding chair by my bed? Where would I put all my books? Where would I get my neighbor stories? Lying back against the pillow, my room flies up before me like an airy, pastel balloon. From the window, slats of sunlight sift in, off-spinning ballerina twins to the clumsy, elephant slats of the fire escape: the sun is playing a game of potsy on the linoleum. Hopping each time to a different cone of color, the sun has zoned my floor so that it's a country counter of homemade, fruit-flavored ice creams, or else great clean pails of paint from which I can choose new, sweet, custardy colors and order the painter to paint my room.

Outside, other children's feet thump off to school. Some are shouting: they just got to the corner, shoelaces dragging, and now, for spite, the light is changing. And some are crying: people with bad work habits, maybe they forgot their consent slips or their gym suits, and because it's too late now to go back, the crying buttons them into their stormcoats even tighter and their whole bodies knead with what's coming. But I am inside, I am home, and sickness is all pleasure.

"Some tremendous achievement," my mother says, and from the kitchen, her voice in anger and sourness closes in on itself till it's black, black as the telephone, a mother jungle—steamy from her tears and sour from her breath. If she listened to me, she'd be completely different, even wear nail polish, but if that's what I'm looking for, she says, what I better do is go out and get myself another mother. As it is, though, the one I have plucks pin-feathers out of a chicken, and because her fingers get clumsy and impatient instead of elegant and neat, the knife-point nips them so they bleed a thin, crooked trail that maps out spongy, yellow Chickenland: a bridge across the legs, a mountain pass to the wings, and all the way back through to the interior where the tiny stomach and liver lie hiding together, breathing like brothers.

"Some tremendous achievement," she tells Birdie. "To sit and sit and study and study and nowhere in the whole process is there a head that comes into it or a brain that's involved. In medical school, the big expense is in bathrobes."

Birdie is puffy-brown and stuffed, the awful splendor of a Florida suntan. Her voice too is bleached—thin and hard from the sun and sandy from cigarettes. With aqua earrings, an orange dress and two orange-painted big toes that pop out from aqua open-toe shoes, Birdie is herself a sunstroke.

Johanna Kaplan teaches in a school for disturbed children in New York. This is her first published story.

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"Let's face it, Manya," she tells my mother. "You'll never get satisfaction. A Jewish doctor is a Jewish prince."

A Jewish prince! Joseph Nasi, Joseph the prince. . . .

THE CHAMBER WAS thick with incense and plush with silken pillows. In the distance, a droning voice was chanting the name of Allah, summoning the faithful to prayer. But within the richly-adorned room not even a palm frond dared stir, for in the center, seated upon the largest and most sumptuous silken pillow of them all was the Sultan himself, brocade pantaloons loose about his legs and a gleaming scimitar at his waist. Behind him stood his fierce, mustachioed guards, before him veiled and scented dancing girls. All awaited his pleasure and command. Beneath the imperial turban, however, the Sultan's heavy brow was clouded and his darkened visage bespoke distress. Besides all this, he was very ugly, had a fat, puffy face as if mosquitoes couldn't keep away from him. With a soft rustle of silks, a graceful, veiled maiden appeared before him, bearing a silver tray of sweetmeats. But barely raising one languid hand, the Sultan sent her away. On hot days, sweetmeats probably made him a little nauseous. A richly garbed courtier bowed low before him.

"Sire," he said, "an emissary just arrived from the mighty King of Spain urgently begs that Your Majesty receive him." But bidding him rise, the Sultan merely looked away saying, "I shall receive no one." A thin, hurrying Vizier flung himself at the Sultan's feet crying, "If it please Your Majesty, a messenger stands at the palace gates with a plea of grave import from Your Majesty's heroic general now engaged with the Infidel in battle far afield." The beetle-browed Sultan sighed.

Suddenly, a great clatter was heard from without and finally even the fat, sitting Sultan started getting a little curious.

"What occasions this disturbance?" he demanded of his court.

"It is nothing, Your Majesty," replied a saber-bristling guardsman. "Nothing His Highness need concern himself over. It is merely a Jew."

"A *Jew*?" cried the Sultan hastily rising from his cushions as color flooded his features. His eyes were popping, too, and probably by this time there was even a vein twitching somewhere. "A Jew? *What* Jew?"

"Merely a Jewish doctor who calls himself Joseph."

"Joseph!" the Sultan cried out with great emotion. "All praises to Allah Who has sent him to me this day. Bring Joseph to my presence immediately."

Hustled in between two armor-laden guardsmen was a slight, bearded man of modest dress and bearing, and proud, intelligent eyes.

"Sire," he said stepping forward, carefully lowering his eyes, but not bowing his head or bending his knee, for there was only One to whom Joseph bowed. And not every other minute either because he certainly wasn't Catholic.

"O, Joseph," the Sultan called out in great agitation. "What news do you bring me? What of my son, what of my ships, and what of the terrible apparition of my nightly slumbers?"

"For your son, O great Sire, I have prepared a special salve and now the lad's eye is as bright as ever it was."

"Selim," the Sultan breathed. That was his son's name in Turkish.

"Of your ships, Your Majesty. Though one was lost in a storm at sea, the cargo of all the fleet has been rescued in a foreign port by a friend and member of my faith, one Mannaseh ben Levi. Further, he has sent a message to me with the news of a worm, Your Majesty, who through his own cunning can spin silk. He offers to send to your court as many of such creatures as Your Majesty desires in the shipment with the lost cargo."

"Allah be praised!"

"Of the apparition. It was a warning to Your Majesty of the storm at sea which distressed your ships. Now that the cargo is safe, the dreaded apparition will trouble you no longer."

"O, Joseph, physician to my body, my soul, and my coffers. How shall I reward you? What is it that you wish?"

"For myself, Sire, there is nothing I desire. But for my people, I ask that they may always live in peace within your walls, free to pursue their daily lives and to worship, harming no one, according to our age-old laws and beliefs."

"Granted, Joseph. Most swiftly and easily granted. But what of yourself? What do you ask for your own person?"

"Only that which is granted for my people."

"Then, Joseph, if you will not ask, I must bestow unrequested. And I, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan name you, Joseph, a Prince of my Domain. No longer are you merely Joseph the Jewish doctor. Henceforward, you are to be known as Joseph the Prince! Let cymbals sound and gongs strike!" Right in my ear: it is Birdie's Atlantic City charm bracelet sounding and gonging on the formica table.

"UH-TUH-TUH AND LOOK who's here!" she says smiling at me, her lipsticked lips wide and bright as a sideways orange popsicle.

Uh-tuh-tuh and look who's here. Yellow kindergarten clowns hop all over my pajamas and red spots climb through my flesh. That's who's here.

"Ketzeleh," says Birdie. "Are you hungry? Do you want some bread and peanut butter?" But I'm not sure what I want; my head is spinning off in a deadman's float all by itself and is strange to the rest of me—luggy limbs and scratchy skin.

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"Oh, Manya," Birdie calls to my mother. "Watch how your daughter spreads the peanut butter. I love the way she does it—so perfect and so exact you'd think the knife is a paintbrush. Look how she sits there with that peanut butter like an artist."

"Some artist," my mother says. "She has no hands, she's just like me. She couldn't even tie up a goose, my father used to say about me, and that's what it is—no hands."

In the back of the Siddur, in the Song of Songs, it says: What shall we do for our little sister for she has no breasts. But there is nothing in it about no hands.

"Look how she makes it smooth and how she goes over and over it. By the time she's through, it's a shame to eat it."

But my mother doesn't even bother to turn around because in her opinion peanut butter and nail polish are the exact same thing: both of them made up inside the head of Howdy Doody.

Birdie has nothing against peanut butter, though. Why should she? She chews gum, plays mah-jongg, goes to bungalow colonies and eats Chinese food. Altogether she would be a cow but for one thing—cows get the best boys and end up with the best husbands. And this is Birdie's story: she didn't. So far did she miss in this one way that even though she has been divorced for years, she still cries to my mother in the kitchen that when she wakes up in the morning she feels that there is no taste in her, and sometimes when she stands with her shopping cart in the aisle at Daitch's, everything starts to get cold, sour, and far-away. Her one son, Salem, is eighteen and goes to pharmacy school in Philadelphia; by a coincidence, an accident, the city where his father lives. Really he should be named Shalom, but from being ashamed that it was too Jewish, Birdie named him Salem and what she didn't know was that he would get called Sal—a name for an ordinary Italian hood. Still, he is very good-looking, Salem: tall, black, wavy hair, and a long, rocky face like Abraham Lincoln. Every couple of months he comes home to visit his mother, and takes back all her saved-up empty soda bottles for the deposit, pulling them along University Avenue, her shopping cart behind his long, skinny Abraham Lincoln legs all the way to Daitch's. When he's not there, I don't think she bothers about soda bottles, and anyway, when her allergies come she goes to Florida, when it's too hot in the city she goes to Monticello, in between sometimes she goes to Lakewood or Atlantic City, and for what's left she comes back to the Bronx and starts right in playing mah-jongg as if she were just a cow with other cows, her life the same as theirs.

"Sometimes that's what I wish for you most, Miriam," my mother tells me in the late afternoon when she sits drinking tea and her narrow, nervous face gets dreamy from the steam, and her worn-out angry voice gets swallowed away with the heat and sweetness in the cup. "I wish you could grow up to be a cow."

BUT IT'S TOO LATE for that by now and I know it; Donna Schoenbaum, in my class in public school is one already—and if not yet exactly a cow, then definitely a calf. Her flat, moony face tilts in the light when she raises her hand for the pass, the slow, sleepy look stays on her even in city-wide reading tests. In her father's dry-goods store, woolen underpants creep through the shelves and flannel pajamas hibernate in the window. Once, coming back from an errand for Miss Devlin, just to waste more time, I took all the barrettes and bobby pins out of my hair and stood with it just like that in the fifth-floor girls bathroom. All of a sudden, behind me in the mirror was Donna Schoenbaum, her dirty blonde hair in two fat rubber band curls on her shoulders, her face like two wide, white empty clouds that stand still, her eyes tiny and tight, and without her glasses, even dumber.

"Ooh, Miriam, you look just like a witch," she said with her high, naggy, baby cow voice. "I never saw you before with your hair down and that's what you look like. All your long, black, messy hair with your long, thin face and your *nose*. You look like a witch, I swear it."

In camp once, I learned a Yiddish song about a cow, a calf really, and this the chorus of it: *donna-donna-donna-donna*, instead of la-la-la. So, into her face in the mirror I said, "Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna." A calf, all tied up, is being led off to slaughter in a wagon. Right up above it, following along in the sky is a bird, a swallow, who flies back and forth, up and down, anywhere he wants while the cow with her dumb eyes just lies staring. The wind, seeing all this, starts laughing, keeps it up day and night, till finally the farmer driving the wagon takes pity, looks around at that stupid-eyed, tied-up calf and says: Who told you to be a cow? *Donna-donna-donna-donna.* Donna's father's store is right next door to the kosher butcher where the huge, split bodies of killed kosher cows, hanging on deliverymen's shoulders, wobble between the entrances of the two stores. Sometimes the bodies stain the sidewalk.

"You even have yellow skin like a witch," Donna said. Because I am named Miriam, my skin should be different: dark and lit up as a crayon color, polished and sunny—olive skin like Gracie D'Onofrio, who has a private house with white statues and vegetables in the front, and her father's exterminating business in the basement. Gracie is the prettiest girl in my class, and except for Marty Weintraub, the person Miss Devlin hates most. Gracie talks all the time: on line after the bell, in the lunchroom after the whistle, in the auditorium even in front of the principal,

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and in the room when she isn't whispering, she's sending notes. "If you don't know how to stop that tongue, I'll call your father and have him exterminate it," is what Miss Devlin's always threatening her. But worst of all, in Miss Devlin's opinion, is that Gracie no longer goes to Released Time, playing hooky from her Catholic lessons. Once on line in the Girls Yard, in one of her after-the-bell talkings, Gracie said, "They're all mean, and I have to get stuck with Sister Mary Joseph who's the meanest. All you have to do is talk once, and she takes you downstairs and beats you."

"It's a terrible thing that your religious education can't manage to do any more for you," Miss Devlin screams at Marty Weintraub, a person who calls out and throws spitballs. "You're a rude young man, Mr. Martin Weintraub, and the Sisters would surely know what to do with a rude young man like you."

IF I WERE in school now, the morning nearly over, where I would be, probably, is walking slowly up the back stairs on an errand for Miss Devlin. On these stairs, there is a window at every half-landing, and on the higher floors the windows, through the gratings, skip the fat, yellow brick of the Annex next door and fly straight to the Reservoir—the round, blue beginnings of a strange little country far away from the Bronx. In the fall, this little country is a colonial village settled by the Dutch: a bright, curvy shore full of tiny-roofed private houses in shapes and colors as jumbled and leaping as the changing trees, and higher than all of them one white-topped church, sunny and placid. But in the winter, when the snow sticks to the little houses beyond the Reservoir, sealing them in long after it's become slushy in all the neighborhood streets, the little country, pale, poor, and half-buried seems even further away—Russia. A Cossack horseman rides these back-stairs windows: Anton, the Custodian's helper, belted to the ledge with a pail, sits astride the sill, his stallion, and washes the windows. Pressed against the glass, his forehead is wide and empty like a Russian steppe and his cheeks are as red as my mother's were when she was a girl in Poland. From squinting in the wind, Anton's eyes get a tight, slanty Tartar tribesman look, and when he's working hard, his mouth curves down around a matchstick between his lips—a thin, sneering curve, practically Chmelnitski. . . .

Heavy, endless snows were falling, and throughout the bitter winter, the land became a lonely, frozen waste. At night, wolves howled in the dark forests and icy winds cried out through the trees. Through these trees, too, flew terrible stories: of unwary souls who ventured forth in crude wagons and were frozen to death in the deep, while landowners in fur-rugged sleighs galloped by, their sleighbells jingling. In the snow-bound countryside, the peasants (poor farmers) could carry no wares to fairground or marketplace. And in the villages within the Jewish Pale of Settlement, families sat in their bleak, chilled houses huddling closer together around the steaming samovar. Artisans and tradesmen, rabbis and scholars, lived in these villages, and not often could they voyage abroad. For as bitter as were the Russian winters, more bitter still were the cruel and unjust restrictions placed upon them by the harsh rule of the Russian Tsar. As long as they had lived with poverty and hunger, so long had these pious, simple folk lived with fear. "O Lord," they pleaded, praying to the Almighty One with fervor and devotion, "Thou Who hast vanquished our ancient oppressors, how long must we suffer under this terrible yoke?" Thus they prayed in synagogue and study house.

In such a study house, in just such a shtetl (for so these villages were called), a tailor, Mottel, and his five sons sat poring over the Holy Writ as the afternoon deepened into evening. Suddenly, amidst the dull hum of men's voices chanting the Scriptures and disputing over the commentaries, a great clatter was heard at the door, soon followed by an icy blast of chill air. It was the red-bearded beadle, a lantern swaying on his arm, as he cried in a terror-filled voice, "Brothers! Brothers! Bestir yourselves! Hide! Run! Save yourselves and your sons!"

"What is it, Beadle?" asked the tailor. "A pogrom?"

"Not that," the beadle replied, his voice still shaking. "O, hurry, brothers, hurry! It's the Snatchers, the Tsar's kidnappers and with them ride an army of Cossack soldiers."

"The Snatchers!" the cry went up in alarm, as all hurried to their homes, for these snatchers were the cruelest, most heartless measure the Tsar had ever devised. Eager to rid his lands of Jewish subjects, the Tsar, pretending benevolence, had offered first-class citizenship to all those Jews who would convert to Christianity. But the Jewish people remained steadfast, and the Tsar, even further angered by these "ignorant, stubborn wretches," sent out bands of kidnappers to those areas of his empire where he permitted Jews to live. The evil purpose of these kidnappers was to snatch little Jewish lads, not more than seven or eight years of age, tear them from their mothers and their homes, and send them to peasant Christian families in distant reaches of the Tsar's vast realm, where in hapless servitude they would daily be forced to go against the teachings of their faith. For twenty-five long years such captivity was theirs to endure, the latter part to be spent as unwilling conscripts in the Tsar's brutal army. By that time, gloated the ruthless Tsar, all ties with their heritage and origin would be forgotten.

As the tailor and his sons hurried through the darkened streets, fierce Cossack soldiers already

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crowded the pathways. Troops of burly, red-cheeked young men sat astride sturdy stallions and the mouths of these sleek beasts foamed and steamed in the frost. A wail went up throughout the village, and from one end to the other could be heard the voice of the cobbler's widow, Teibel, crying, "Please, Sirs, please! I implore you! Take pity on me! What am I but a poor, lone widow? And what is he but my one, only son and barely an infant?" But the widow's pleas were of no avail and the screaming, woebegone youth was dragged off amidst his mother's weeping.

Quickly, the tailor bid all his family hide so that when the louts arrived, they would think they had happened on an empty house. But the baby, cradled in its mother's arms under the bed, began to whimper in fright when he heard the heavy, crunching footsteps stalk through the door. Frantically stuffing a cloth a bit further into the infant's mouth, the tailor's wife suddenly gasped in horror. For her sons, hiding in the yard, began to let out terrible, piteous cries: they had fallen into the hands of the snatchers. Hurriedly crawling out of her hiding place, the anguished mother clutched her youngest son to her breast and saw that the infant in her arms had gone limp and lifeless, suffocated by the tiny cloth. Late that night, peasants of the neighborhood, emboldened by drink and encouraged by the Cossack forays, swept through the miserable village, pillaging and plundering as they went.

JUST AS THE drunken peasants are finishing off, a noise starts to come from the kitchen like a hundred toilets flushing. Ppshh, wuschsh, swishchh it comes and goes: my mother is speaking Polish with Eva the Refugee. In Poland, my mother said, it rained constantly from Rosh Hashanah straight to Simchas Torah and rained again from Purim all the way to Pesach, and that's why when people speak Polish it sounds like a rainstorm. Not that Eva the Refugee thinks so. She comes up to see my mother when she gets the feeling that she has to speak Polish. As far as I'm concerned, if she opened up an umbrella and used a little imagination it would be just as good. But there's no one else around she can speak Polish to, not even her husband, Fritz, who's so German-looking—with his glasses that have no frames and his strange smile—that he lived underground in Germany for the whole war without anyone finding him out. What happened to Eva, though, wasn't so lucky: every time she wears a short-sleeved dress, the whole building has to see the blue number on her arm and think of the terrible life she had. When she first moved in, it was this blue number that made all the other women in the building, the cows especially, keep away from her completely, but when they found out how talented she was in gossiping, all her worries were over.

In her tiny ground-floor apartment where she lives with her husband and her fat little son, Eva sits at her window which looks out on the front court and watches everything, from early in the morning when I leave for school till very late at night when all the mah-jongg games are over. And these are the things she knows: what person's daughter who goes to art school and is engaged for the second time had a big fight with her boyfriend in the lobby at one in the morning, and refused to give back the ring till he tried to pull it off her finger; what very skinny woman with no children went running down to someplace in the South and came back with a baby girl that she says isn't adopted but when you take a good look into the carriage what you see is the face of a Southern shiksa; what boy's mother got so furious when he didn't make the SP that she went to school and tried to force the principal into telling her her son's IQ, and when he wouldn't, how this person's mother carried on so much that the principal was ready to call the police; what person's children have to go running all over the building looking for televisions to watch even though there is one in their own living room, but all it gets is snow and ghosts because this person's husband is so cheap that he won't give Rappaport a two dollar a month increase for a roof antenna. There are smaller things she watches too. To my mother she says, "I didn't know your daughter was starting a new fashion with high socks—one up and one falling down all over her ankle." And to Stuie Greenzweig's mother, "In case you never thought about it, it's possible for a boy to walk out of the house every day at 3:30 with Hebrew books in his hand and where his feet take him doesn't have to be Hebrew School." So there are people who would be happier if Eva would move, just to a different apartment.

Even Dora Rappaport, the landlord's wife, begs Eva to go into a bigger apartment: every time she sits in her beautiful house in Long Beach and thinks of Eva with the number on her arm in that tiny apartment, it makes her nauseous. But Eva isn't interested. To Rappaport and anyone else who asks, she says that she and her husband are saving up for a house on the Island. But the truth is that if Eva ever had to give up her ground-floor front courtyard windows, she would have no place to put her talents.

Anyway, what Eva really wants has nothing to do with apartments or houses, it doesn't even have anything to do with watching people from windows. What Eva really wants is a baby daughter, and what it has to do with is the blue number on her arm. Once, a long time ago in Europe before the Nazis came, Eva was married to someone else, not Fritz, and had two little daughters. When the Nazis came around and started taking people away, they told everyone that they just needed people to do work, and that they would put all the children in special nurseries so that

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the mothers, who were working, wouldn't have to be bothered. But when they got to Eva's older sister Anzhia, who was beautiful, with long red hair, and played the flute like a bird, she refused to be separated from her children, and what happened to Anzhia was that she and her three children were shot with a gun right then and there. When Eva saw this, what she should have done is hide—quick, one, two, three, with her two little daughters under the bed, and then be very careful about how she stuffed cloths. But what she did do was let her children be taken separately, and because she never saw them again, what she would like to have now is a daughter.

What she *does* have now is a son, Stevie, who's almost five years old, with a fat, pink face, blonde hair and a tooth in the front that got broken by Jeffrey Bugatch one time when Stevie pushed Jeffrey's baby sister Sherri off her bike, and then, for good luck, stepped on her finger. Because of his habits with younger children and because he looks so much like his father, people call out "the Nazi's here" when they see him coming, and all the mothers in the neighborhood can't wait till Stevie goes to kindergarten, where if he gets the morning session with Miss Callahan, Nazi activities will definitely be over. But that's not why Eva can't wait till he gets to school. She tells everyone around that she doesn't care how many children get into SP's, Bronx Science, or walk off with fantastic scholarships; she is convinced that as soon as the teachers in public school get a taste of her Stevie, every other smart child they ever taught will immediately drop right out of their heads. In the meantime, she dresses him in perfect clothes, and any time he goes near the sandbox or forgets to put a napkin under his ice cream pop, she screams out, "Stevie! Stevechen! Daddy doesn't let!" If Eva were a little more perfect with her own clothes, maybe she wouldn't have a smell of so much refugee perspiring that I don't even like to stand near her. But I wouldn't get out of bed to stand near her now anyway. Right this minute, for all I know, she could be telling my mother that the reason I got sick is that there were days last week when I didn't button my top button, or that I almost never wear my gloves except when I leave in the morning. I have no way of knowing, though, because the sounds from the kitchen are still Polish. Swischhh, plishch, chwushh they go, slower and slower, so sleepy a rain that I only know it's over when I hear the bell ring.

DR. LICHTBLAU'S NAME means light blue, but the way he rings the bell is gray, heavy, and nervous. In his whole life put together, he said only one funny thing, and even *that* was only because I asked him a question. I wouldn't have asked it either, but I was sitting in his office waiting for him to fill out my medical form for camp, and all he did is stand by the window in his white coat and peek out through the venetians to see who he could catch sitting on top of his car. Outside children were skating and screaming, upstairs someone was practicing the accordion, but inside Dr. Lichtblau's ground-floor office, there was such a strange, snowy quiet that I looked at the medical form and said, "What's St. Vitus Dance?" "St. Vitus Dance, hah!" Dr. Lichtblau said to me. "With the camps your mother sends you to the only dance you'll ever have to worry about is the Horah." And then, because I gave him a dirty look, "Not that I have anything against Zionism. I wouldn't want you to think so. As a matter of fact, and this is the truth, somehow, somewhere, distantly by marriage I'm related to David Ben Gurion." It's not David Ben Gurion's fault if in a big family some distant cousin somewhere goes out and marries a moron.

In my room, seeing the books in my bed, Dr. Lichtblau says, "What are you reading there—Nancy Drew?"

"No."

"What then? Sue Barton? No? What?"

What I am reading is this: It was a warm, sunny day in Dusseldorf, Germany, in the year 1809, but the gray, stuffy classroom held no hint of the lovely spring morning without. Throughout the long rows small, diligent heads were bent over the copybooks on the desks, and over the sound of busy, scratching pens only a clock ticked. Occasionally, one of the bolder, more daring lads would stealthily look about him, hoping that his raised head had not aroused the stern eye of the severe Prussian schoolmaster, for stiff, exacting discipline was the unquestioned standard of this sunless room. In the back, however, in the row closest to the windows, sat a pale, thin youth whose dark, brooding eyes turned not to his copybook but to the green, budding world beyond the window. He stared longingly, his gaze seeming to fix on a point so distant that only he could see it, and suddenly as a wave of light burst across his gentle face, he grabbed his pen and began to write furiously. But before he knew it, a dark figure was looming over him, snatching the very paper from his hand.

"Ah, and what have we here?" said the schoolmaster, lifting his pince-nez as he glared mercilessly at the dismayed youth. And as the titters of the class rose, the schoolmaster, his voice harsh and mocking, read aloud: "'*Du bist wie eine blume*—You are like a flower. So pretty, pure and sweet.' You are like a flower indeed! How dare you scribble such twaddle in my classroom? Heinrich Heine, explain yourself!"

He doesn't, though, so finally I tell Dr. Lichtblau, "What I'm reading is a story with a poem inside it."

"As far as my daughter is concerned," the doctor tells my mother, "Nancy Drew is the one and only. Not that she's such a big reader, Andrea,

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but when it comes to Nancy Drew, she even has trouble eating if she didn't finish it."

"Andrea," my mother says very slowly, her mouth making it sound as round and ridiculous as a clown who flops around on TV shows. "She must be in Junior High by now, your daughter. How does she like it in Mt. Vernon?"

"As a matter of fact, right now she's in Miami with her mother, but what their schools are like down there nobody told me."

"Such an adorable child," my mother says. "All 95's in Florida-going and her mother the same in mink wearing."

When the Lichtblaus lived in the building, before they moved to Mt. Vernon, Andrea's mother used to come back from Alexander's and Loehmann's with so many packages that she had to take a taxi. These taxi-takings were counted up by Eva, but could be seen by anyone who was outside. Sometimes Andrea was in on them too, but most of the time she wasn't, because in the whole neighborhood Andrea was a girl who was famous for always being busy. Once she was busy trying to be very smart so badly that she went to the library every single day after school, looking so hard for smartness that she forgot to see if she was getting good books. Then she decided to be a brilliant pianist, and practiced "Spinning Song" day and night, till people in her father's waiting room got dizzy and complained. Then she tried to be a brilliant Girl Scout, but not many people in the building had sympathy for her cookies because they knew that where the Girl Scouts met was the Catholic Church. Finally, just before she moved she tried to be very religious, waiting around for Jewish holidays to come and crying because her mother wouldn't send her to Hebrew School.

After she moved, I saw her only once and that was in Alexander's on the Girls-Wear floor, where my mother was bending over a counter of marked-down polo shirts and picking out the ones in my size, saying, "I know it says seconds, Miriam, but they're only polo shirts and besides I can't find any imperfections." "I can," I said. "They're all ugly and how much more imperfect than that can you get?" Just as she was starting to tell me what a bitterness I made of her life, Andrea's mother, her arms so full of packages that she needed a taxi on the spot, came running over and without even bothering to say hello, immediately said, "I don't know how I'm ever going to get out of here. With all the building that they're doing and the banging and hocking, you can't get anywhere near an escalator."

"What?" my mother said. "You mean they're expanding again? God Almighty, I can remember when Alexander's was only a lousy little Sephardi dress shop."

"I'll never make it to the elevator with all I'm carrying," Andrea's mother said. "And even if I could find the stairs, how can I manage when I'm so loaded down?" All the time she was saying this, Mrs. Lichtblau kept going up and down on her tiptoes, looking around her in the same nervous way her husband does when he's worrying about who's standing on his car. And all of a sudden, right in the middle of Alexander's, Andrea's mother started crying. Andrea, whose hands were also all full of packages, was standing on the opposite side of the polo shirt counter, and as soon as her mother started crying, she moved about two baby steps away from her so that she was facing me almost exactly. Except that she was taller and had different glasses, I couldn't see that there was any new and special Mt. Vernon feeling about her.

"HIYA MIRIAM," she said. "Are you still so smart or did you get a little dumb yet?" Especially since her mother was crying I didn't think it would be nice to tell her that anyone who could think up a question like that had to be on the dumb side herself, so I only said, "You got new glasses."

"They're not new," Andrea said. "It's just that I don't live in the disgusting Bronx any more so you don't know what things I have."

"What things do you have?"

"A bra, for one. And as a matter of fact I needed to get a bigger one so badly that we had to come straight to Alexander's. I don't think you'll need anything like that for a couple of years at least." This immediately made me start worrying about the Song of Songs: What shall we do for our little sister for she has no breasts? If she were really only a *little* sister, naturally she wouldn't, but what if they were just being polite and she wasn't so little any more?

"What else do you have?" I said.

"Gorgeous underpants. And I just got a whole bunch of new ones that are even more gorgeous." Although you're not supposed to open up your packages in the middle of the store because if they see you they might think you haven't paid yet, Andrea tore open one of her top bags and pulled out a whole pile of underpants that were all exactly the same: white nylon with two bright red hearts stitched on in the middle. Holding them up nearly over her face, Andrea said, "If you think they'll run, you're all wrong. It only happens with the cheap kind." Because it seemed to me that these nylon underpants with two little hearts dancing over the crotch were the most ridiculous things I had ever seen in the whole of Alexander's, I began to stare at Andrea and the underpants as she held them to her face, and suddenly I got the idea that if Andrea had underpants with two hearts embroidered on them, maybe if someone ever got a good look at her heart, they would find two little pairs of white underpants stitched on it. Though it's not exactly a medical question, it's something I still wonder about whenever I see Dr. Lichtblau and think of

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Andrea. But Dr. Lichtblau is not very talkative. Finally, as he's getting ready to leave, he turns to my mother and says, "She looks a lot better to me today than she did yesterday. I'm not saying that she still doesn't have the measles, but between yesterday and today there's a difference between a very severe condition and an ordinary case running its course."

"Between yesterday and today," my mother says before he's even slammed the door, "he either looked up a medical book or else called a doctor. Or who knows? With a man like him it could simply mean that he won't make any more housecalls." Still, she closes the venetian blinds as he told her to and warns me about no more reading.

"When I think of how my older sisters were blind for days and days when they had scarlet fever," my mother says. "And who ever thought they would be able to see again?"

"What I have is the measles," I tell her. "Nobody gets scarlet fever any more besides."

But she isn't listening to me; the look on her face is all Poland. "They just stayed there in the bed, all three of them together, till they couldn't walk and they couldn't move and if you looked at their faces you could see they were burning up, and if you looked at their tongues, what you saw was strawberries. I couldn't stay with them in the room any more even though it was my room, too, so I used to stand outside and watch them lying in the bedclothes. The room was so dark they thought it was always night, and they would cry out such strange things, things that didn't make any sense to me till I started to think that everything in the room was black—the windows, the air, the bed, the blankets, and even my sisters. When they couldn't even see any more, something had to be done, so my mother decided to give them castor oil, but because of the terrible taste, they twisted and turned in the bedclothes and wouldn't take it. As sick and weak as they were, my sisters, they simply fought her off. And all day long, the same thing went on till my mother became frantic. Finally, very late that night, my father came home and without saying anything, he pulled out from his pocket an orange. How he managed to get it, he never told us, all I can tell you is that it was the biggest orange I have ever seen in my life—a Jaffa orange from Palestine. Of course Palestine was nothing then—no country, no people, hardly even a place, but even at that time they had Jaffa oranges, and they were so big that just to hold it for a minute, I had to use my two hands. I can still tell you how it felt: very round with a thick, bumpy skin and a strange smell—deep and sweet and very distant, the first fruit God created on earth. My father went right in with it to my sisters and gave it to them with the castor oil, and I stood at the door and watched them eat it, and because I was foolish I stood there and wished that I could get sick too."

"Oranges get caught inside your teeth and make your fingers sticky," I tell my mother, but she doesn't answer me because I'm a prima donna and there's nothing that pleases me. She keeps standing by the window, though what she can see there I don't know; with the venetian blinds drawn, I hardly know if it's night or day. All I'm sure of is that it's after school: from downstairs you can hear Mindy Simons practicing the piano, playing "Fuer Elise," and Richie Lazaroff with his cheap and noisy trumpet playing "Malaguenia."

BECAUSE IT'S SO DARK in my room and I can't read, I decide to tell myself my favorite story in the book, the story of Chayim Nachman Bialik, another one who sat around in school all day just staring out the window, and then after that turned out to be a poet. Not that he was like Heinrich Heine who couldn't wait and had to rush into writing a poem the second he saw a flower. Chayim Nachman Bialik had it much worse: his dreaming in school got so bad that he practically couldn't learn how to read and because of that, the rabbi used to beat him. His trouble was that every time he saw a Hebrew letter, it would look to him like a person—a man chopping wood or a woman washing clothes, and in his head he would make up stories about whatever person the letter made him think of instead of just reading the letter aloud the way it was. And not only in that way did he have it worse: his family lived in a tiny town in Russia and was very poor, and the only thing he really liked was running around in the fields outside the town. His father worked in a tavern and hated his job so much that he used to sit there reading the Talmud while he was pouring out drinks. Meanwhile, Chayim Nachman Bialik sat upstairs in his room, and when he heard the noises from the tavern—the screaming, the yelling, and the horsing around, he got terrified.

Things did not get better—his father died and he and his mother had to move to another town. When this happened, he felt so miserable that all he did was think about the field he used to run around in and wish himself back into it. Naturally, this didn't do him any good, he wasn't Mary Poppins. Besides, by this time they were even poorer. His mother tried to make some money by doing little things around in the village, but she had no luck. She used to get up so early and work so hard that every time he looked at her, her hands and face seemed so thin, weak, and tired that he was afraid she would get worn away. Because he was suffering so much, he started to spend a lot of time thinking about it, and it began to seem to him that all his mother's suffering and his own were like all the years of suffering of the Jewish people, and the more he thought about it, the whole thing from beginning to end made him sick. He wished that the Jews would

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snap out of it and get back to the good things they had going for them in the time of the Bible.

One day while he was sitting around dreaming as usual, he fell asleep and had a real dream. In this dream, he was in a land so strange and desolate that it could have been another planet or even the middle of the moon. All there was around him was a desert—terrible, hot empty sands, orange-brown and wasted. Occasionally there was a squat, ugly palm tree and sometimes a rock. Vultures were screaming somewhere or maybe jackals. Above, the sun was so hard, yellow, and unending that it wore away the sky and left you with nothing to look at. After a while, he realized that there were people walking through this desert—a bunch of hideous, broken-down old men. They all had beards, long cloaks and staffs, and kept walking and walking in a slow, sickly way as if they were blind or didn't know where they were going. He tried to call to them, but they paid no attention and when any of them came closer they were so old and disgusting, with sour phlegm on their beards, that it made him sick. The old men walked away, but the sun kept burning and draining him like a fever or a terrible sickness, and he lay stretched out in the sand helpless with thirst and with sweat. Suddenly, from the slow pull of my legs and the sweat running through my body, I realize that I've been sleeping, too, and cannot tell whether this was all the story's dream or my own. I get up and look around my bedroom, but there are no hints. Through the wall next door, Stuie and Arlene Greenzweig are watching Howdy Doody, and outside, past the venetians, the last of the sun is getting itself together over all the roof antennas in the Bronx. A thick, orange globe, it floats in the sky like a bumpy Jaffa orange, a streaky, golden desert, the land of Israel itself.

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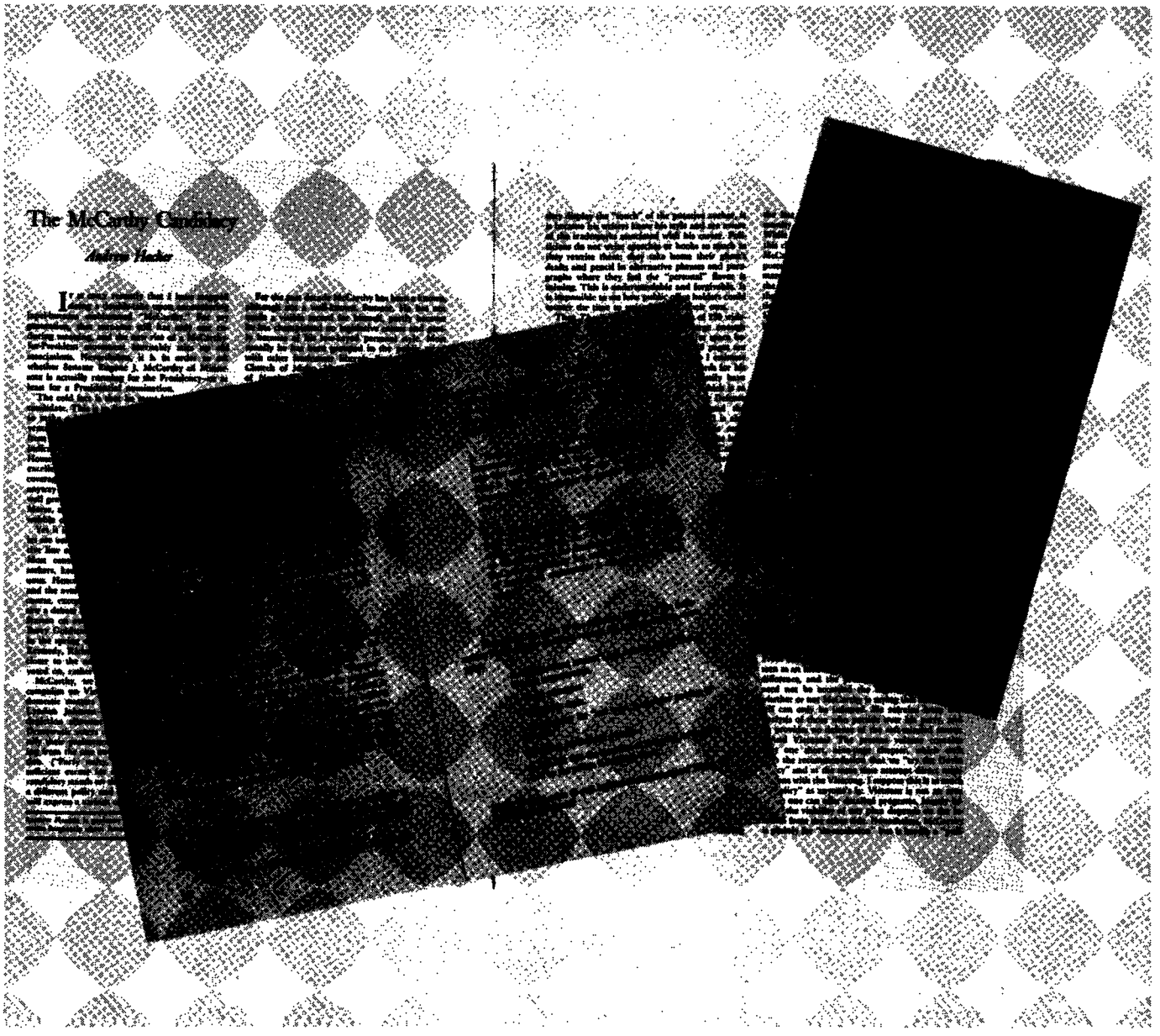

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Race, Rage & Eldridge Cleaver

Jervis Anderson

UNTIL TWO OR THREE years ago, not many people knew who Eldridge Cleaver was. Almost the only people who had heard of him were those who read *Ramparts,* where some of his writings had been published, or those in touch with the radical literati, black and white, who had known for some time about this uncut literary diamond, this "talented black nationalist cat writing some really beautiful stuff out of a jail in California." Time and tide and politics and the mass media have all taken care of that. Today Cleaver is nationally known as the author of *Soul on Ice,** a widely read book of essays, as Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party in Oakland, as a defendant in an upcoming trial for parole violation (which may make him, like his colleague, Huey Newton, a *cause célèbre* among black nationalists and New Left radicals), as candidate for President on the Peace and Freedom party ticket, and as a literary idol of the black nationalists. His face shows up frequently on national television, his statements are widely reported in the press, he is important enough to have inspired the distaste and opposition of Governor Ronald Reagan, and Maxwell Geismar has called him "one of the new distinctive literary voices."

All of this, for Cleaver and the rest of us, is a long way from 1954—when James Baldwin was still serving a hard apprenticeship in Paris, when mainstream American politics had nothing more radical to fear than perhaps the liberal Democrats (the Old Left having ceased to constitute a serious threat), when Presidential candidates were, by and large, as American as cherry pie, and when the civil-rights movement was still considered the last best hope of black Americans. As Cleaver reports in the opening paragraph of his book, 1954 was also where everything began for him: "Nineteen fifty-four, when I was eighteen years old, is held to be a crucial turning point in the history of the Afro-American—for the USA as a whole—the year segregation was outlawed by the US Supreme Court. It was also a crucial year for me because on June 18, 1954, I began serving a sentence in state prison for possession of marijuana." In saying that, it may not be Cleaver's intention to point to any irony between the course of the Afro-American struggle since the school desegregation decision and the course of his own life since he entered prison. Yet given what became of both in the twelve years between 1954 and 1966, we are entitled to see a kind of irony here.

But before moving on to that, let's hear his second paragraph: "The Supreme Court decision was only one month old when I entered prison, and I do not believe that I had even the vaguest idea of its importance or historical significance. But later, the acrimonious controversy ignited by the end of the separate-but-equal doctrine was to have a profound effect on me. This controversy awakened me to my position in America and I began to form a concept of what it meant to be black in white America."

This awakening turned him away from America with "horror, disgust, and outrage." His politics began when he joined a group of black prisoners who were in such total rebellion that they cursed everything American, including baseball and hot dogs. He read Tom Paine and he became an atheist. He read economics and then Rousseau and Voltaire "to add a little polish" to his growing iconoclasm. From Marx, he learned of the injustices of capitalism. Lenin, he says, led him toward socialism, and he took Bakunin and Nechayev's *Catechism of the Revolutionist* for a bible, incorporating its principles into his everyday life, and employing "tactics of ruthlessness in my dealings with everyone with whom I came into contact." He had in the meantime discovered within himself a powerful love-hate obsession with white women, and when he was released on parole he began "consciously, deliberately, willfully, methodically" to rape them. "Rape," he says, "was an insurrectionary act. It delighted me that I was defying and trampling upon the white man's law, upon his system of values, and that I was defiling his women."

In no time, of course, he was back in prison—

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* Introduction by Maxwell Geismar. McGraw-Hill, 210 pp., $5.95.

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most likely, though he does not say, for rape. But deciding now to take a new look at himself, he realized that in becoming a rapist he had degraded, not the white man or his women, but himself. "I lost my self-respect. My pride as a man dissolved and my whole fragile moral structure seemed to collapse, completely shattered." And that is why, he says, he turned to writing: to save himself.

But his education was far from over. He now read as much literature as his jailers would make available to him. He learned about Baldwin, Mailer, Wright, and Ellison. From news of the black struggle that filtered through to him from the outside, he became totally disgusted with "the hat-in-hand approach" of those leading the struggle. He joined the Black Muslims and fed voraciously on the teachings of "the Hon. Elijah Muhammed." Growing sick eventually of this diet, he went along with Malcolm X when the latter broke with Elijah. He fell under the influence of an inspiring and Christ-like prison teacher named Lovdjieff, whom he later turned against. And he met and fell in love with a warm, compassionate, and "revolutionary" white California lawyer who had become interested in his case and was interceding with the authorities for his release. The letters he wrote to her while still in prison were to form some of the most beautiful and the only tender passages of his book. All of this and more took place in three prisons over a period of twelve years.

Soul on Ice, published early this year, is a biography of Cleaver's spiritual, political, and intellectual growth during those years. It puts us in touch with an intelligent, fertile, and arrogant mind, one capable of profound and disturbing insight but also of dazzling and ingratiating oversimplifications; it is written in a clear, strong, cutting prose style; and it contains some of the most passionate and irreverent essays on race, sex (on both sides of the racial curtain), and American society ever written by a black American. They all, in one respect or another, express the profound alienation from America which black nationalists feel and the extreme political and cultural view of its future which they take.

But let us look at what, in the meantime, had happened to the Afro-American struggle since it was propelled upon a new and promising course by the Supreme Court's desegregation decision of 1954. It had gone on to become one of the greatest mass protest movements in American history, had attracted such a powerful coalition of groups that the federal government was obliged to legislate more vigorously than ever before in behalf of desegregation and voting rights, which were particularly useful in the South. By 1966, however, the movement had been overtaken by crisis, a crisis of success, so to speak. While it had not done all that some people had mistakenly thought it would do, the civil-rights movement accomplished all that street marches and demonstrations reasonably could. That is to say, it could fight for and achieve legislation in behalf of integration, but it could neither enforce such legislation nor make integration work. And while it could raise questions concerning poverty and economic deprivation, it could not as a protest movement affect the country's economic institutions. Thus, although middle-class blacks did benefit from desegregation and consequent opportunities in education and employment, the masses in the ghettos discovered that integration even when enforced was less relevant to their problems than they had believed, and that, in any case, they were still locked in poverty, joblessness, and slums. At this point, aided by the indifference of the liberal coalition which was by now mainly preoccupied with the Vietnam war, the movement bogged down and splintered in different directions. Once monolithically dedicated to nonviolence and integration, the movement was now a chaos of ideologies: some turning to black nationalism and separatism, some calling for violence, some preaching the necessity for a black economy and black power, and some remaining faithful to the old strategy and objective of nonviolence and integration.

It is an irony worth noting, then, that 1966 was not only the year the civil-rights movement faltered and started to disintegrate, the year the demands for separatism and black self-determination started growing in stridency, but it was also the year Eldridge Cleaver came out of prison proclaiming himself in one of his essays "a full time revolutionary in the struggle for black liberation," and declaring in another that "we shall have our manhood . . . or the earth shall be leveled in our attempts to gain it." As an especially vocal advocate of the idea that blacks should go their own way in America, Cleaver has now emerged as one of the leading reapers of the wave of frustration and disillusionment that followed the demise of the old civil-rights movement which had been set upon a course of such great promise in the crucial year of 1954.

II

TODAY WE ARE not so impressed as we once were that convicts of whom we had ceased to expect anything worthwhile manage to transform and make something of themselves in prison. As a recent reviewer of *Soul on Ice* observed, prison has after all been the traditional finishing school of revolutionaries, and even, by now, of a fair number of writers. Nor does it seem that the prisoners themselves are any more impressed, judging from Malcolm X's remark in his *Autobiography* that prison is just about the best place to go if a man wants to do

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some serious thinking. However, if we are not concerned with the place where Cleaver did his thinking, we can scarcely avoid considering the kind of man he has become, the kinds of views he now holds, and the bearing they have on what may become of politics and race relations in America. It cannot be a matter of indifference that Cleaver now preaches total contempt for the value of cooperation with white Americans except where that relationship serves the immediate self-interest of black nationalism—as evidenced by the expedient collaboration between the Black Panthers and the Peace and Freedom party; that he is interested mainly in mending and institutionalizing the walls between black and white America; that while espousing the cause of black pride and manhood, he cannot see the world and its other problems except as they all represent an enormous conspiracy against black people; that he detects no difference between the struggle of the Vietcong and the struggle of black Americans and in fact advocates a linking of both; that he believes armed rebellion may be the only means by which blacks can secure their objectives in America.

But he speaks better for himself on some of these and other related matters. On black prisoners:

> Rather than owing and paying a debt to society, Negro prisoners feel that they are being abused, that their imprisonment is simply another form of the oppression which they have known all their lives. Negro inmates feel that they are being robbed, that it is "society" that owes them, that should be paying them, a debt.

On rebellious white youth:

> What has suddenly happened is that the white race has lost its heroes. Worse, its heroes have been revealed as villains and its greatest heroes as arch villains. . . . It is among the white youth of the world that the greatest change is taking place. . . . The "American Way of Life" is a fossil of history.

On sublimation:

> But there is an aspect of the crystal of our nature that eschews the harness, scorns sublimation, and demands to be seen in its raw nakedness, crying out to us for the sight and smell of blood.

On cooling riots:

> The stupidity of the Uncle Tom cool-out reached perhaps its most grotesque incarnation when, after Negroes rioted and burned in Harlem, the black friends of the white power structure issued a pamphlet with the headline *Cool It, Baby!*

On *Vietnam* and the black struggle:

> The American racial problem can no longer be spoken of or solved in isolation. The relationship between genocide in Vietnam and the smiles of the white man toward black Americans is a direct relationship.

On ownership of property:

> Out of their hatred for the system, blacks are seriously questioning the sanctity surrounding the idea of private property. . . . Blacks in America see that the deed is not eternal, that it is not signed by God, and that new deeds can be drawn up making blacks the owners.

Finally, on the black revolution:

> The black man has already come to the realization that to be free it is necessary for him to throw his life—everything—on the line, because the oppressors refuse to understand that it is now impossible for them to come up with another trick to squelch the black revolution. The black man can't afford to take a chance. He can't afford to put things off. He must stop the whole show NOW.

THESE ARE NOT meant by any means to represent the full range and tone of Cleaver's thought; they merely convey the essential flavor of his political outlook. The passages reveal, however, how much of what Cleaver regards as truth rests merely upon its urgency and usefulness as agitation and upon the sheer throb and sensation of language. It is true that his rhetoric is cleaner and sparer than that which we are used to encountering in political discussion and exhortation, yet it is anything but disinterested, and only the utmost of critical vigilance on the reader's part can prevent it from smuggling in halftruths or untruths under his very nose. Like much of the language of the "now" political generation, one of its main characteristics is that it either tends to subvert rational judgment or makes such judgment seem dull, reactionary, or downright square.

But this is simply one of its main tendencies, for Cleaver is also able to express ideas, states of mind, and perceptions in a way that fuses with brilliance and illumination—though almost always self-servingly—the perceptions of imagination, reason, and emotion. It is this ambiguity of tone, however—imaginative on the one hand and openly agitational on the other—which makes many people suspect that his ideas derive as much from racism as from legitimate insights into the nature of the racial situation and a commitment to the cause of black freedom.

Cleaver, to be sure, denies that he is a racist. He finds that "there is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect . . . a rare event in the foul annals of American history." And he says, "If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself and other former Muslims can change, if young whites can change, then there is hope for America." Yet it is certainly not possible to invoke one's humanity at the expense of

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the humanity of others and still manage to avoid hating and despising others. It is certainly no more possible for the Black Panthers to disclaim an interest in racial hostility than it is for the Ku Klux Klan, whose politics and program would equally seem to start at the mouth of a gun, to do the same. And it is no more possible for Cleaver than it is for George Wallace (who also denies being a racist) to preach to the exclusive interests and fears of whites and blacks without encouraging or reinforcing racism.

The reply that will be made to all of this, of course, is that it is one of the traditional strategies in America to stigmatize as black racists those who choose the most militant means available to assert their pride and win their freedom; that since, in such a struggle, it is the interests and attitudes of the whites which must be opposed, one cannot resist these and yet not appear to be fighting whites. It is an argument with some appeal, but it more accurately describes the dilemma of those working for radical reform in America than those trying to trigger race war.

The black American struggle, being that of a minority group, is unique among the struggles of colonials or other non-white majorities around the world. And unless the objective of the struggle here is to set up a separate state—which scarcely seems possible on this continent—or to return to Africa, it imposes upon those who lead it rather unique burdens. One of those burdens is to maintain a militant and vigorous advocacy of black freedom without falling into an appeal to latent racist passions. It is not always clear if those pursuing the struggle—and Cleaver is a good example—are interested in whether or not they cross this delicate line: whether they are working within the essential spirit and purpose of humanism and freedom or merely seeking to enter into and further the historical cycle of hate and vengeance.

III

As a writer-activist Cleaver also bears a very important relation to the style and tradition of Negro writing, one not quite so controversial as his relation to nationalist agitation. Norman Mailer describes style as "manners meant to keep out all intrusions from what we want to say to each other." In this sense, Cleaver is the essential stylist of the new black generation, not only in the direct and irreverent manner in which he expresses feeling and attitude, but also in the way those qualities mark his writing. To the militant black intelligentsia, Cleaver is the kind of man and the kind of writer who most clearly expresses *them*, what they want to say now to America, and how they want to say it.

Thus Cleaver's style as social advocate and writer illuminates both the sense of itself which the militant generation now has and the ways in which Cleaver differs from the majority of Negro writers who preceded him.

First, his relationship to what the young blacks feel of themselves. As he puts it in *Soul on Ice*, American style is "a perverse national modesty that reveals us as a nation of peep freaks who prefer the bikini to the naked body, the white lie to the naked truth, Hollywood smiles and canned laughter to a soulful Bronx cheer." Some of this is true, and, to the degree that it is, it has had the effect of placing an embargo on the feel which black Americans have of their own expression, has suggested that such an expression is in some ways inferior to the one preferred by the majority culture. And Cleaver's own distaste for the prevailing national style lends support to the demand which the black intelligentsia are now making on their people to "dig" themselves: the meaning of that demand being that they should trust their own sense of life and reality, speak in their own voice, make an estimate of their own worth and abide by that estimate.

Of course, while such a demand may be more vociferous and resonant today, it is by no means new; older black writers made the same demand in the past, insisting on the distinct nuances of the black American sense of reality and expression. In pressing this point, the older writers and intellectuals were calling attention not only to the legitimacy of a black subcultural view but also to one of the obstacles that stood in the way of their ability to bear true witness to the nuances of that view. And they brought a deeper sensitivity than Cleaver and some of his contemporaries have shown to the tension between the majority view of American reality and the shadings and tonalities of their own.

Such distinctions aside, what is important is that all Negro writers have had to wrestle with the subtle embargo which the conventional national outlook places on their own sense of reality and their style of expressing it. To read what a few of them have had to say about it is to see how accurately it can translate into the everyday psychological dilemmas of most black Americans. Richard Wright was at one point distressed that Negro novels and poems were almost forced to be "decorous ambassadors who went abegging to white America." Ralph Ellison found that the "greatest problem of the Negro writer was the problem of revealing what he truly felt, rather than serving up what Negroes were supposed to feel and were encouraged to feel. And linked to this was the difficulty . . . of depicting what really happened within our areas of American life." James Baldwin's difficulty was that "I was in effect prohibited from examing my own experience too closely by the tremendous demands and the very real dangers of my social situation." And in *Soul on Ice*, Cleaver finds it necessary to say "it may

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be that I will be harmed for speaking this way, but I do not care about that at all."

WHILE Ellison, Baldwin, and Wright later succeeded in breaking through the prohibitions upon their own way of describing and examining their experience, they were able to restrain or contain their impulse to agitation and propaganda within a sense of their vocation as artists. Thus the tone of each, while strong and independent, spoke to the social and moral quality of American life rather than to the imperatives of racial ideology and political action. And it is at this point that Cleaver as well as a writer like LeRoi Jones depart from the main tradition of Negro writing. They have become not only spokesmen for political rebellion and revolution but also active partisans in these activities. With Cleaver it is his position in the Black Panther party. With Jones it is his stridently anti-Semitic writings, his deification of blackness, and his call to the black masses to pick up guns. One cannot recall any other prominent black American writers to have been so engaged, except perhaps Wright, who worked for a while with the Communist party and then broke with it, or W.E.B. Du Bois, who joined the party shortly before his death, and then mostly as a gesture.

When one attempts to look for influences upon this new activist direction in Negro American writing, one can scarcely look beyond the figure of Malcolm X, for his life and ideas have played a large part in shaping not only the racial and political consciousness of Cleaver and Jones but also new tastes and new expectations of literature in the young black intelligentsia. There are other influences, to be sure, ranging from Lenin to Fanon to Guevara, but none has left as powerful a stamp on the consciousness and sensibility of the young militants as Malcolm X.

Particularly after his death. It was then that people began to respond to the legacy of his voice: a voice that had called for new assessments of the black condition, new strategies of struggle, more radical notions of freedom and self-determination, a linking of the black revolution with the revolution of the third world, a rejection of the conventional idea of black American citizenship, freedom by any means necessary, and for intellectuals to take their place in the pit of the struggle.

Among those who chose to relate such an outlook to the nature of literature, particularly those who had by then read Fanon, there was a reconsideration of the work and role and importance of such writers as Wright, Baldwin, and Ellison. It suddenly became important to observe how detached these writers were from the black revolutionary struggle. It became important to ask such questions as: where did they live, who were their friends, whom did they write for (blacks or whites), how much money had they made on their books, and why did the "white establishment" publish their work if they were telling the truth about black thinking and black life? Baldwin had once said that the artist's proper place is above the struggle. Among his black readership, even during a less militant period, this had always been contested; but now, among the new militants, it amounted to heresy (for which in his later work Baldwin did penance). The degree of the black writer's engagement with the struggle of his people became the only reliable guide to whether or not he was for real, whether or not he could be trusted—whether or not he was selling himself out, or, worse, selling his people out.

Except for the scores of relatively unknown writers who have emerged from this new climate, the only two who fully pass the test are Cleaver and Jones. And it may not be long before the unknown ones make it too—those who now stage their plays in the streets of black communities, who evangelistically chant their poems to the needs of black audiences, and who otherwise inject sermons of blackness and revolution into their stories and their songs.

The futility of judging such work by ordinary literary standards ought by now to be evident, though to say it is futile does not mean it is unnecessary. It is, of course, necessary to point out that much of this work is a leaden echo of the dismal cult of proletarian literature in the 30's, and that the value of literature no more lies in its agitational intent today than it did then. Nevertheless, it is still futile to say these things to the militant black writers today since they have disowned any interest in such judgments.

IV

AS AN ESSAYIST, Cleaver is less vulnerable to such criticisms than the black novelists and poets of similar bent. Moreover, he is gifted enough as a prose stylist and powerful enough in his impact upon how blacks perceive the current state of their life in America to stand with the most prominent of our black literary intellectuals. Of these, it is Baldwin to whom Cleaver is closest in sensibility, which perhaps explains why Baldwin bothers Cleaver so much.

As Wright condemned the work of some of the black writers who preceded him, as Ellison refused to be bound by the literary ancestry of Wright alone but insisted on defining a more varied and complex ancestry, and as Baldwin denounced Wright partly to sever the umbilical ties he so clearly felt, so now does Cleaver launch a brilliant but mean and unfair attack upon Baldwin in *Soul on Ice*. He tries to make it appear that his attack is an attempt to avenge Baldwin's treatment of Wright; but it is an essay of such sustained nastiness that one suspects it was really Cleaver's way of demolishing Baldwin in order

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the more sensationally to announce his own arrival upon the scene.

Whatever Cleaver's motives, he could hardly have found anything more sensational to say about Baldwin than to attribute what he considers quirks or failures in Baldwin's work and outlook to homosexuality. Thus, for example, he asserts that Baldwin attacked Wright out of fear of Wright's masculinity. Along with this goes the charge of self-hatred. "There is," Cleaver sums up, "in James Baldwin's work the most grueling, agonizing, total hatred of the blacks, particularly of himself, and the most shameful fanatical, fawning, sycophantic love of the whites that one can find in the writings of any black American writer of note in our time." The absurdity of this characterization places it beneath serious discussion.

To read so complex a writer as Baldwin in this way is to display a sensibility so reductive and so steeped in formula that it can see nothing —not even sex—except in the crudest political terms, and that accordingly will not hesitate to dictate the form in which emotion must be expressed.

All this reflects one of the pervasive attitudes of black nationalist writing: the idea that race and racial consciousness are absolutes in themselves, immune to the influence of history and personal experience, and exempt from the faults and frailties common to all things human. It reflects also one of the essential differences between Cleaver and the older Negro writers, a difference to be detected in other terms between the old radicalism and the new: the old, trained and rooted in a tradition of ideas and maintaining a reasonable tension between moral complexity and political imperative; the new, marked by an impatience with ideas, a distrust of complexity, and a certain arrogance of rhetoric, feeling, and personal style.

V

One of the questions that liberal intellectuals are being forced to consider by the challenge of writers like Cleaver is whether the broad principles of humanism to which they have historically been committed are still relevant to the most pressing of contemporary issues. On the issue of race particularly, they are being asked to make up their minds as to whether Cleaver and others are right in seeing their blackness as an absolute, in rooting all their judgments about this country, the world, human beings, and the universe itself in the singular fact of their color. The temptation to agree that blackness is an absolute in this sense seems to be strong in certain intellectual circles, though full agreement is perhaps inhibited by the knowledge that if blackness is accepted as an absolute, then whiteness must also be—an idea which liberal intellectuals are not heard to express, at least in public. But there appears to be a way of evading the whole problem. Thus in a review of *Soul on Ice* in the *New Republic,* Richard Gilman writes:

> The Negro doesn't feel the way whites do, nor does he think like whites—at the point at least when feeling and thought have moved beyond pure physical sensation or problems in mathematics. . . . Negro suffering is not the same as ours. Under the great flawless arc of Greco-Roman and Judaeo-Christian traditions we have implicitly believed that all men experience essentially the same things, that birth, love, pain, self, death are universals. . . . Imagine how it must be to know that you have not the right to feel that your birth, your pain, your joy or your death are proper, natural elements of the human universe but are, as it were, interlopers, unsanctioned realities, to be experienced on sufferance and without communal knowledge. . . . *Soul on Ice* is a book for which we have to make room but not on the shelves we have already built. . . . His [Cleaver's] is a Negro perspective, sight issuing from the "furious psychic stance of the Negro today," and in its victories of understanding, its blindness and incompletions, its clean or inchoate energies, its internal motives and justifications, his writing remains in some profound sense not subject to correction or emendation or, most centrally, approval or rejection by those of us who are not blacks. . . . We want to be able to say that such and such a Negro is a bastard or a lousy writer. But we are nowhere near that stage and in some ways are moving farther from it as polarization increases.

This is a surprising statement. It presupposes in the first place that Negroes could have lived in this country for so long, some since the founding of the Republic, without being shaped by the same "Greco-Roman and Judaeo-Christian traditions" as white Americans. Yet the truth is that there are millions of Negroes who consider themselves no less legitimate heirs to these traditions than whites. And even those who do not yet feel justified in considering themselves fully American are, in their struggle, drawing heavily upon the moral and ethical principles of these traditions. Nor do Negroes have any notable difficulty in feeling that their birth, pain, joy, and death are "proper, natural elements of the human universe." Indeed, to have had the kind of experience they have had in this country is to feel an additional nuance of these universals: *their* birth, *their* joy, *their* death, and *their* selves. Gilman asks us to imagine what it must be like to know that one is denied the "right" to feel these things. The question is really how anyone related to the "flawless arc" of the traditions he mentions can have acted as though birth, pain, joy, death, and self were not in fact universals. And, in any case, why Negroes especially? Why not the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the Okies, the hippies, the Indians, and even the soldiers in Vietnam?

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But even if it were true that we lack all intuitive knowledge of what others feel, we have always been able to understand the articulation by others of precisely what they feel. On this basis alone, what Cleaver or any other Negro writes is accessible and subject to the judgment of any reasonably intelligent white. And neither the fear of granting approval nor perhaps the greater fear of having to withhold it should deter anyone from finding that an individual Negro is "a bastard or a lousy writer." To be thus deterred is both to be patronizing and to fail in a serious critical responsibility. We judge foreign literatures by the standards we know. Why now do we need separate standards by which to judge writing by black Americans?

IT SEEMS THAT if a liberal critic in good standing—whatever exactly that may be today—were to find that Cleaver is a "bastard or a lousy writer" he would place himself in danger of being thought less than sympathetic to the militant struggle—than which, God knows, there are few worse things to be thought today in liberal circles. On the other hand, he might find that Cleaver is neither a bastard nor a lousy writer, in which case, especially if he is white, he would be obliged seriously to re-examine and even reject a good many of the assumptions and values which Cleaver calls into question and to which he himself may be attached—than which, at any time, there are few more difficult or disagreeable things to do. All of these painful choices are avoided by the simple strategy of pleading ignorance, saying that Cleaver is after all writing for blacks and not for whites.

Yet suppose Cleaver were writing only for blacks. Are the problems which concern blacks a mystery to everyone but themselves? Are blacks not concerned about the quality of American life, about the moral quality of American society, about dignity and opportunity, about poverty, slums, powerlessness? How then can an address to the needs of blacks be incomprehensible to whites? Do not both groups share an experience of the uneven standard of American conduct?

MY OWN view is that Cleaver is neither a bastard nor a lousy writer. He is an immensely talented essayist, one of the best in America at the present moment, who at the same time is lacking in certain fundamental moral qualities. His urgent concern for the humanity of black people —his demand that their morale and manhood be restored after centuries of humiliation—does not translate into a concern for the humanity of all people. His vision is so narrow and racially determined that it is incapable of accommodating the tragic sense or of displaying any interest in what we are used to calling the sadness and ambiguity of the human condition. Writing, to him, is a weapon he has discovered to take on the world, not a key to the understanding and exploration of the problems of experience. Though a powerful and in some ways a commanding writer, he has a mind which is neither broad, complex, nor compassionate enough to be really interesting. His passion takes him to the peripheries of hate, a tendency or a temptation that succeeds only in reducing the beauty which passion, anger, and outrage can take on in writing that is controlled by the moral imagination.

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Adlai Stevenson in Retrospect

Joseph Epstein

"MADLY FOR ADLAI" read a campaign button from the two Eisenhower-Stevenson Presidential campaigns, and it has since become apparent that those who wore it meant it. One might like Ike, but if one was for Stevenson, one was for Adlai madly. Not since William Jennings Bryan had a Presidential candidate found so devoted a following; not since Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson had a national political figure so thoroughly captured the fancy of American intellectuals. The quality of this appeal was extraordinary, as, in many ways, was Stevenson's whole career. He possessed the very reverse of "charisma," a term first hauled into the arena of political discourse to denote the magical capacity of leaders to mold large crowds, or even whole nations, into a passionate community of the faithful. Hitler had charisma; Ghandi had it; Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt each had a touch of it. Stevenson's magic was of a different order; his appeal was of a subtler kind. In what did it consist? Except for those fortunate few to whom politics is an unending string of moral certitudes, this remains a puzzle, as does Adlai Stevenson himself.

There is, however, no doubt that he did manage to evoke an astonishing degree of adoration. The aura of special feeling that enveloped John F. Kennedy only after his death in Dallas, surrounded Adlai Stevenson for a substantial stretch of his adult life. Alongside the warmth and determined elegance with which his friends and admirers have written about Stevenson, the eulogies to President Kennedy read as though spoken by a clergyman who did not know the deceased while he lived. Nor can there be any doubt that Stevenson's personality had a profound effect on the people who knew him; he seemed to elevate all of them and somehow make them feel good. As for the rest of his admirers, it is already a cliché to say that he struck a chord of affection in people in a way few other American political figures have ever managed to do. As Hans J. Morgenthau, not a notably sentimental man, has written: "His promise was ours, and so was his failure, and the tears we shed for him we shed for ourselves."

Adlai Stevenson's personality was always at the center of his political career and now, only three and a half years after his death, the career is beginning to recede and the personality to take over altogether. Stevenson was a politician—his admirers would insist on the word "statesman"—whose influence appears to have outweighed his achievements. Moreover, what he had to say seems in many respects to be a good deal less striking than the way or the time he chose to say it. Because of these and other factors, interest in Stevenson as a political figure has already begun to evanesce. Yet the meaning of his political career seems to offer so many clues to the riddle of American political life, to raise so many important issues and problems, that it is worth examining that career more closely before Adlai Stevenson is permanently laid to rest in the Westminster Abbey of the American liberal consciousness.*

ADLAI STEVENSON was born in 1900 into a family that, if it was not excessively wealthy, seemed to want for very little. They summered at Charlevoix, Michigan, then the Midwest version of Newport, Rhode Island, and Adlai's sister was able to study in Switzerland under Carl Jung. Stevenson was said to have had an almost Confucian regard for his ancestors, and in his case such family piety was

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* There is now a growing literature on Adlai Stevenson's career. An "authorized" biography by John Bartlow Martin, the journalist and diplomat, is in the works; Walter Johnson, a historian and a close friend of Stevenson's, is in the process of editing the Collected Papers; and the inevitable *The Stevenson Wit* has been out for some time. *As We Knew Adlai*, a collection of twenty-two personal reminiscences by friends and associates—in Stevenson's case, the distinction between the two was usually nonexistent—was published in 1966. And last year there appeared *The Politics of Honor* by Kenneth E. Davis (Putnam, 543 pp., $10) and *Adlai Stevenson: A Study in Values* by Herbert J. Muller (Harper & Row, 388 pp., $6.95). In both these books, the two most ambitious studies to date, the critical spirit is held well in rein (though somewhat less so in Mr. Davis's case than in Mr. Muller's); but the positive tone ought not to be too surprising, for as Murray Kempton put it: "To write [Stevenson] off is somehow to say that you have surrendered hope." More recently, Richard J. Walton, in *The Remnants of Power* (Coward-McCann, 255 pp., $5.95), has undertaken a critical study of Stevenson's years at the UN.

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not without justification. His paternal grandfather, the first Adlai Ewing Stevenson, was Vice President of the United States during Grover Cleveland's second administration; his grandmother, Letitia Stevenson, played a prominent part in the founding of the Daughters of the American Revolution. But the most important influence on the young Stevenson, according to friends and biographers, was the memory of Jesse Weldon Fell, his maternal great-grandfather. Fell is credited with having suggested the idea for the Lincoln-Douglas debates; he was Lincoln's floor manager at the 1860 Republican Convention; and he later served as an Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court as well as the executor of Lincoln's will.

Stevenson's boyhood in Bloomington, Illinois, seems to have been essentially tranquil. Since his father was active in national Democratic politics and for a brief time served as Secretary of State of Illinois, the pleasures of small-town life were occasionally heightened by an important political visitor. In 1912, for example, his father introduced Stevenson to Woodrow Wilson, who was later to become one of his political heroes. In the same year, the tranquility of Stevenson's life was interrupted, catastrophically. At a party, a gun he was playing with went off and killed a female cousin—an incident that doubtless would have unstrung a less finely balanced boy. (In later years, commentators with a taste for psychoanalysis attempted to make something of this sad incident, but without much success.) In school Stevenson seldom rose above a Gentleman's C, favoring the social and extracurricular life. In fact, after a rather mediocre record in the public schools of Bloomington and Springfield, he failed the college board examinations for Princeton. In preparation for a second try, it was arranged for him to attend Choate, where "habits of efficiency and industry" were instilled along with an "understanding of the enduring values and of the spirit of public service."

Finally admitted to Princeton, Adlai Stevenson proceeded to achieve the kind of success there that F. Scott Fitzgerald dreamed about. Moreover, he achieved it in the best patrician manner: quietly, casually, without seeming to strive for it. He became an officer of Quadrangle, one of the school's most desirable eating clubs; managing editor of the *Daily Princetonian*; and a member of the prestigious Senior Council (class of '22).

PRINCETON HAD A lasting effect. It can plausibly be argued that a good part of the Stevenson style, as well as many of his important political decisions—or, as the case may be, indecisions—derived from Princetonian notions of good form. Princeton also enabled Stevenson to set out his first lines to the cultivated and politically powerful East. Later, his Eastern connections, like a letter of credit, were there for him to draw on when needed. In the spring of 1946, for example, when Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. resigned as head of the American delegation to the UN, Hermon Dunlap Smith, Stevenson's longtime friend, launched a campaign to secure the post for him. Since Truman promptly appointed Warren Austin to the job, that effort came too late, but the manner in which it was begun is of some interest. "The group I was able to approach," Smith wrote in a memoir of his late friend, "was augmented by the fortuitous circumstance of my going east to my twenty-fifth Harvard reunion, where, in the locker room of the Essex Country Club, I solicited the support of three classmates who represented an incredible combined circulation and influence: Roy Larsen, executive of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune*; John Cowles, of the Cowles newspaper-magazine family; and Ralph Henderson of *Reader's Digest*." This is not what the boys at ward headquarters would call grassroots support.

After Princeton, Stevenson attended Harvard Law School but he did so with less than enthusiasm, for his mind was not yet set on a definite career, and he found Harvard not at all to his tastes: "Everything is concentrated, work, play, exercise." Toward the end of his second year there, upon the death of a relative who had been the publisher of the Bloomington *Pantagraph,* a newspaper owned in part by the Stevensons, Adlai returned home to work as an editor and to look after his family's interest in the paper. Two years later, however, he returned to law school, this time at Northwestern University, where he took law more seriously, earned his degree, and passed the Illinois Bar. In the summer of 1926, before settling down to practice law, he set off on one last journalistic fling. Having secured the credentials of a foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Herald-American,* he sailed with two friends for the Soviet Union. There he hoped to acquire a scoop of sorts by interviewing Grigori Vasiliev Chicherin, then Foreign Minister of the USSR and an extremely inaccessible man. Though he failed to get his interview, he was to remark in later years: "I've always been very thankful for that trip. After what I saw there, I could never believe, as so many did in the early 1930's, that Soviet Russia's way was a good way for any state to go."

Upon returning from the Soviet Union, Stevenson became, through a Princeton connection, a law clerk in the old and prestigious Chicago firm of Cutting, Moore, and Sidley. He moved into a bachelor apartment along the City's fashionable Gold Coast, and from there conducted a life commensurate with his social position and by now well-developed gregariousness. Although he was said to be putting in a 50-hour week at his law firm, there was time in the summer to play tennis, shoot, and ride in the lush suburb of Lake Forest; during the winter, there was the Harvard-Yale-

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Princeton Club, squash, and a regular round of dances and parties. In 1928, Stevenson married Ellen Borden, the daughter of a wealthy Chicago real-estate man. After a honeymoon in North Africa, the couple moved into another apartment along the Gold Coast. Single or married, Stevenson's life during these years was extremely circumscribed, spent almost entirely among the well-born and the well-to-do.

NEITHER THE KIND of life he was leading nor his first-hand experience of the Soviet Union was calculated to prepare Stevenson for any involvement in radical politics. And the 30's, whatever they may have meant to most Americans, were to be an extremely good decade for Stevenson. He was neither unaware of, nor insensitive to, the ravages of the Depression, but he was not hit hard by it personally. He retained his interest in the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, and after his mother's death he came into real-estate holdings. While his active social life continued after his marriage—vigorous sociability was to be a hallmark of his life—he now also began to take an interest in civic affairs around Chicago. He became interested in Jane Addams's Hull House, of which he was later to become a member of the board of trustees, and he joined the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, of which he was later to become president. After Roosevelt's election in 1932, Stevenson, along with a great many other young lawyers, found himself caught up in the excitement of the New Deal, and a few months later he went to Washington to work as a special assistant to the General Counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. (A fellow staff member at the AAA, who was later to prove of consequence in Stevenson's career, was Alger Hiss.) For a brief time, he was also with the Federal Alcohol Administration.

Returning to Chicago in the fall of 1934, Stevenson was appointed government member of the code authorities of two different industries—wine and flour. The following year he was made a partner in his law firm. Branching out now, he became president of the Legislative Voters League in Illinois, finance director of the Democratic National Committee during the 1936 Presidential election campaign, and Illinois chairman of the National Council of Roosevelt Electors. He was beginning to acquire a modest but solid reputation.

After turning down several offers from Washington, all for jobs considerably more glamorous than those he had held earlier, Stevenson did return to the capital in 1941 to serve as personal assistant to Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox. Knox had been impressed by Stevenson for some years, especially by the latter's work as chairman of the Chicago chapter of the William Allen White Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies—a job which required courage in the heavily isolationist Middle West. Stevenson was similarly impressed by Knox, who had ridden with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who was strongly opposed to the New Deal, and who in his late sixties nevertheless accepted a strenuous bipartisan political assignment that he must have known was destined to shorten his life. There began to be talk of Stevenson's running for the Senate in 1942, but Pearl Harbor put an end to that. Instead, he continued to work for Knox until the latter's death in 1944, with time out only for a brief stint as head of an emergency mission to Sicily and Italy for the Foreign Economic Administration.

By now, Stevenson had begun to develop a reputation as an expert on international affairs. Less than a year after leaving Washington, he was called back once more, this time to work with Archibald MacLeish, then the Assistant Secretary of State with responsibility for postwar international organizations. During this period, Stevenson served as press spokesman for the American delegation to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. Later, he was a member of the American delegation to the UN Preparatory Commission meeting in London, and when Secretary of State Stettinius fell ill, Stevenson was appointed chief of the delegation. This was the first government assignment which allowed him to shed his anonymity, and everyone who witnessed his performance agreed that he handled things masterfully.

YEARS LATER, with what had by then become characteristic resignation, Stevenson would say that he was "doomed" to a political career. For the time being, however, he chose to forestall that doom. After his stint with the American UN delegation in London, he turned down, among other offers, embassies in South America, the chairmanship of the Securities and Exchange Commission, and an Assistant Secretaryship of State. Personal considerations may have played a part in Stevenson's reluctance to continue in government service: He was now forty-seven years old, his three sons were growing up, and it was an open secret among his friends that his marriage was going badly. More likely, he was thinking about the Senate. He certainly made what sounded like senatorial noises when he spoke, inevitably on foreign policy, to various organizations around Chicago—the Council on Foreign Relations, the University of Chicago audience for the 1946 Walgreen Lectures, the Jewish Welfare Fund Campaign. Asked about his ambitions for the Senate, he told a Chicago reporter: "There is no sense being disingenuous about these things. My mind is open. Naturally, I'm interested." This may be the closest he ever came to candor about his interest in political office.

As it turned out, of course, Stevenson was

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placed on the 1948 Democratic slate as the party's gubernatorial candidate. The reason he was denied the chance to run for the Senate was that the Republican incumbent, one C. Wayland ("Curly") Brooks, had a distinguished war record, and the Illinois Democratic machine felt that a senatorial candidate was needed who could match Brooks battle for battle. The man it came up with was Paul H. Douglas, who in his fifties had enlisted as a private in the Marines. It did not matter that Douglas was an expert on state financing and was said to be interested in the governorship; nor did it matter that Stevenson's one abiding interest was foreign affairs and that his only governmental experience had been at the federal level. The smart money had spoken, and Stevenson, after agonizing over the decision in a manner that was to become habitual and greatly intensified in later years, finally chose to listen.

This was Stevenson's first encounter with the Democratic machine in Illinois, and it illustrates, all too unhappily, R. H. S. Crossman's contention that "American liberalism . . . is still sundered, both emotionally and practically, from the everyday world of machine politics." Stevenson never felt altogether comfortable among the Democratic party pros, and his relationship with the Democratic machine was characterized by a kind of political schizophrenia. On the one hand, he required the machine's support on a number of occasions; on the other hand, his career seemed to hold out the hope that maybe one day the machine, with all its parochialism and lack of idealism, might be smashed. That hope was, of course, to prove naive.*

For the most part, Stevenson campaigned for governor on a bipartisan platform of good government against a Republican incumbent who had finally scandalized even the scandal-hardened Illinois voters once too often. Stevenson won by the largest plurality in the history of the state.

On balance, Stevenson proved a good governor. It is true that he failed to achieve the three items to which he himself had assigned special priority: a revised constitution, a network of bills to improve the quality of criminal justice in the state, and a Fair Employment Practices Commission. But he did make every effort to cut down on the corruption endemic in Illinois, and in good measure he succeeded. There were only three minor scandals during his governorship—the most flamboyant involved the discovery that horsemeat was being used to adulterate hamburgers—and these, comparatively speaking, were mere pigeon droppings in the Augean stables of Illinois politics. Moreover, before he agreed to run for office, Stevenson extracted from the party pros the promise that he would be entirely free to make his own major appointments, including, if he so chose, Republicans and independents; and he did in fact bring men of exceedingly high caliber to state government. (Three of the better-known among them today are W. Willard Wirtz, William McCormick Blair, Jr., and Newton Minow.) He also doubled state aid to education, streamlined the state's financial system, improved the quality of its welfare programs and mental institutions, and launched an extensive road reconstruction program.

But Stevenson's real distinction lay in what he refused to do. He registered more vetoes of appropriations bills than any Illinois governor before him. To the extent that he felt he had the political muscle to do so, he refused to go along with the state's patronage system, and the most decisive damage he did to this system was to remove the state police force from political control and to subject it to the merit system. His most notable refusal came with his veto—during the ascendancy of Senator Joseph McCarthy—of the Broyles Bill, an extremely moronic piece of legislation that would have imposed an anti-Communist loyalty oath on all candidates for public office, all public officers, and all state employees, including teachers. Stevenson vetoed the measure on precisely the right grounds: "I can see nothing but grave peril to the reputations of innocent people in this perpetuation of rumors and hearsay. . . . I must, in good conscience, protest against any unnecessary suppression of our ancient rights as free men. . . . We will win the contest of ideas . . . not by suppressing those rights, but by their triumph."

The major casualty of Stevenson's years as governor was his marriage; late in 1949 Ellen Borden Stevenson sued for divorce on grounds of incompatibility. Reporting the news of the divorce, the Chicago *Daily News* noted: "Mrs. Stevenson never made any secret of the fact that she considered a political campaign disrupting of home life and that she found political banquets boring." The failure of his marriage lent support to the view of Stevenson as a tragically lonely figure, for it now appeared that he had paid for his devotion to public life with the shattering of his private life. In any event, from this point on, an aura of the sad conflict between the public and the private life clung to his career, investing it with an extra dimension of poignancy.

IT IS NOT easy to determine precisely when Stevenson began to be considered for the Presidential nomination. In his *Memoirs*, President Truman contends that Fred M. Vinson, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was his first choice. After Vinson demurred, Truman began canvassing the country for possible

* Its full naiveté was brought home once again with crushing—and heavily ironic—force in February of this year, when Adlai Stevenson III was denied a place on the Illinois Democratic slate of candidates, presumably for expressing the most minor reservations about Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy.

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candidates. His criteria were certainly straightforward enough: "Now if we can find a man who will take over and continue the Fair Deal, Point IV, Fair Employment, parity for farmers and consumers protective policy, the Democratic Party can win from now on. It seems to me that the Governor of Illinois has the background and what it takes. Think I'll talk to him."

On the night of January 23, 1952, Truman and Stevenson met for about two hours. According to Stevenson's account of the meeting, he told Truman he was honored by his consideration, deeply honored, but that he was not interested in the nomination at this time because he very much wanted to complete the ambitious program he had launched in Illinois. In Truman's account, Stevenson was "apparently flabbergasted" by the offer. The story of their meeting was leaked to the press, and the following day there was speculation that Truman had in fact offered Stevenson his support for the nomination. Shortly thereafter *Time* picked up on the rumor in a three-page cover story on Stevenson. In February an independent group was organized as the "Illinois Committee, Stevenson for President," whose hope, in the words of Walter Johnson, one of its co-chairmen, was "to set fire to the Stevenson talk around the country." These were but the first steps in what would prove to be one of those rare occasions when a Presidential candidate was really drafted by his party—it had happened only twice before, with James Garfield in 1880 and Charles Evans Hughes in 1916. And it was to be the first such draft in which private citizens without official assignment exercised a major influence.* In a sense, it was all out of Stevenson's hands.

But only in a rather restricted sense. Later, Stevenson remarked that both the Democratic nomination and the office of the Presidency were "unwanted" by him and that he felt "no sense of adequacy." In fact, however, he could have stopped the draft movement on his behalf any time he chose to. All he had to do was follow General Sherman's example and say he would not run even if nominated. Despite his protestations, his feelings of inadequacy, his proclaimed ambitions for Illinois, Stevenson refused to make a statement of this kind; he said everything else *but* that. He said he was a candidate for re-election in Illinois and could not in good conscience "run for two offices at the same time." He said he would discourage anyone from trying to gain the nomination for him, and he attempted to do so, writing to Walter Johnson: "I do not want to embarrass you and I am grateful for your good will and confidence but my attitude is utterly sincere and I desperately want and intend to stay on this job [the governorship], with your help I hope." Right up to the point of his actual nomination he insisted he *could* not run for the Presidency, but he never said he *would* not.

In retrospect, it seems a bit much to believe that the sole reasons for Stevenson's hesitancy were his sense of inadequacy and his desire to be re-elected governor of Illinois. One underrates him as a politician if one does not assume that he also must have sensed that the Democrats had very little chance of electing a President in 1952. They had been in power for twenty years; an unpopular war was being fought in Korea; the Truman administration was beset by charges of corruption; and finally there was the extraordinary popularity of Dwight D. Eisenhower, who looked, as he later proved, unbeatable. In the summer of 1964, Stevenson was to remark to Lillian Ross of the *New Yorker*: "Both times I ran it was obviously hopeless. To run as a Democrat in 1952 was hopeless, let alone run against the No. 1 War Hero."

IT WAS LARGELY due to the events surrounding the 1952 Convention that Stevenson became subject to the charge of indecisiveness. It was a charge that greatly bothered him. "The more decisive you are in not seeking an exalted office," he told Miss Ross, "the more they say you're indecisive." Even today, many of his friends and admirers are sensitive about this point. Yet all attempts to explain away Adlai Stevenson's indecisiveness pretty quickly run aground; more interesting are the attempts to explain it. Beyond doubt, it was connected with Stevenson's relationship to power, which was ambiguous at best. Hans J. Morgenthau has cited Stevenson as the very opposite of the Machiavellian politician whose first concerns are the attainment and the maintenance of power; he considers him one of that rarer breed, in the tradition of the biblical ideal of the good ruler and of Plato's philosopher-king, who is willing to subordinate his "pursuit of power to transcendent intellectual and moral values." After Stevenson's death, Morgenthau wrote about his last years as UN ambassador: "What could already be discerned in 1952, 1956, and 1960 now became almost pathetically obvious: the conflict between intellectual and moral awareness and the pursuit of power, spoiling both."

Plato remarked that the philosopher-king was always hesitant to accept power, but Stevenson carried hesitancy to the borders of the ludicrous. He was the exact antithesis of Bismarck, who, upon being sent with relatively little training to serve as Prussia's delegate to the German Federal Diet in 1848, commented: "I shall do my duty. It is God's affair to give me understanding." In his acceptance speech to the 1952 Democratic Convention, Stevenson evoked the Lord in very different terms:

> I have asked the Merciful Father—the Father of us all—to let this cup pass from me. But from

* The best account of Stevenson's nomination in 1952 is in Walter Johnson's *How We Drafted Adlai Stevenson*.

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such dread responsibility one does not shrink in fear, in self-interest, or in false humility.

So, "If this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done."

Among those who took exception to these remarks was General Eisenhower, whose initial regard for Stevenson was such that he claimed he would never have gone into politics if he had known that Stevenson would be the Democratic nominee. The General listened to the speech while he was on a fishing trip with friends. "Then it *happened*," Eisenhower later recalled to Emmet John Hughes. "He got to that part. . . about having debated with himself about the nomination—and 'wishing that this cup might pass' from him. Right there I snapped off the TV set and said: 'After hearing that, fellows, I think he's a *bigger* fake than all the rest of them.'"

Notwithstanding the General's reaction, Morgenthau is certainly justified in attributing a keen appreciation of the responsibilities of power to Stevenson. It is also true, however, that Stevenson had an equally keen propensity for self-dramatization, of which the acceptance speech in Chicago was but one example. Another came after he had won the nomination: Back in Springfield, he went off by himself to spend an hour of contemplation in Abraham Lincoln's home. Again, after the drubbing he took in the 1956 election, he told John B. Oakes of the New York *Times*: "The responsibility of being Chief Executive of this country is humbling and frightening. I have often wondered how a man can presume to seek from his party so exalted a position. . . . To say to your party, . . . 'I am the best man to be President,' seems to me inconsistent with the grandeur of the office, and I've never quite made the reconciliation in my mind."

One might, of course, argue that such remarks betray less of self-dramatization than of self-deprecation, and there is no doubt that the latter quality was very much an element of Stevenson's personal style. But it went along with a very precise idea of his own worth. When scanning the list of potential candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1960, for example, he found himself hard put to come up with anyone who was better suited than himself. Like a good many American patricians before him—Henry Adams, a man of incomparably greater intellect, comes to mind—Adlai Stevenson was a strange mixture of arrogance and humility.

IT NOW APPEARS evident, as Stevenson himself was to note, that not even the Messiah could have beaten Eisenhower in 1952. Stevenson's only hope lay in the possibility that the General, through a series of monumental blunders, would defeat himself. On more than one occasion, Eisenhower came close to obliging. No one will claim that the '52 Presidential campaign set new marks for heightened political dialogue. As Richard Hofstadter was later to write, "Stevenson's hopeless position might more readily have been accepted as such if the Republican campaign, in which Nixon and McCarthy seemed more conspicuous than Eisenhower, had not struck such a low note as to stir the will to believe that such men must be rejected by the public." In this context, many came to see Adlai Stevenson as the best of men in the worst of times.

His attraction to his followers, however, went deeper than the immediate political context. For one thing, his urbanity seemed especially appealing, and—in contrast to the terse style of Harry Truman and the bumbling clichés of General Eisenhower—well suited to America's preeminent position in the postwar world. That Stevenson was a patrician who also could sound like an intellectual when the occasion called for it, was even better. His wit endeared him to many, even while it may have cost him more votes than any single stand he took during the campaign. There was also a nostalgic element to his candidacy; Stevenson's obvious and fundamental decency, as well as his insistence on appealing to reason, had something of the 19th century about them. Finally, he was, as Irving Howe has pointed out, "The first of the liberal candidates in the post-Wilson era who made no effort to align himself with the plebeian tradition or with plebeian sentiments." And therein, perhaps, lay the greatest single attraction of all—Adlai Stevenson seemed simultaneously to be in politics and above politics. His insistence on good form, which was not only a matter of style but also a matter of temperament, set him apart from the hustlers and operators, the wheelers and dealers, who have given American public life its dominant tone. It was also, in part, what finally brought Stevenson down.

But in 1952, there were still reasons for optimism. Despite repeated Republican claims that Stevenson was a "captive candidate," no one in recent times has gone into a Presidential election owing fewer political obligations. While it is difficult to believe that Stevenson's indecisiveness about accepting his party's nomination was a deliberate strategy, it nevertheless had a definite strategic advantage. Owing his nomination to no one, not even to the incumbent President, Stevenson could afford to be his own man.

Despite this enormous freedom, Stevenson's 1952 campaign did not signify much of a substantive change in Democratic politics. During the Convention, Walter Lippmann noted: "Governor Stevenson's position is unique in that he alone is not certain to alienate any of the major factions of the party." Nor was Stevenson about to do so in the course of the election campaign. It was not his way to swim too far out of the mainstream; however distant he may have felt from Democratic machine politics, he did not really make any waves within the party.

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In reviewing the 1952 campaign, one is easily led to the conclusion that in an America with a saner political life Adlai Stevenson might have led an eminent government of enlightened American Tories—a government characterized by a mature conservatism, a serious regard for the importance of tradition as well as change, and a strong sense of decency. One is tempted further to fantasize that such an administration might have included George F. Kennan as Secretary of State, George C. Marshall as Secretary of Defense, and Douglas Dillon as Secretary of the Treasury. Stevenson's own rather special conception of the role of tradition in the Democratic party does no damage to this fantasy:

> The strange alchemy of this [tradition] has somehow converted the Democrats into the truly conservative party of this country—the party dedicated to conserving all that is best, and building solidly and safely on these foundations. . . . Our social security system and our Democratic party's sponsorship of social reforms and advances of the past two decades are conservatism at its best. Certainly there can be nothing more conservative than to change when change is due, to reduce tensions and wants by wise changes, rather than to stand pat stubbornly, until like King Canute we are engulfed by relentless forces that will always go too far.

There was little in the 1952 campaign, surely, to contradict the image of Stevenson as the mature conservative. His campaign resembled his governorship in being distinguished less by any strong originality than by what he refused to do. Most admirably, he refused to be cowed by Senator McCarthy and Richard Nixon. In a speech on "The Nature of Patriotism," delivered before the American Legion, Stevenson said: "The tragedy of our day is the climate of fear in which we live, and fear breeds repression. Too often sinister threats to the Bill of Rights, to freedom of the mind, are concealed under the patriotic cloak of anti-Communism."

One is reminded of the extent of this climate of fear when one rereads another of Stevenson's speeches, "The Hiss Case." To reinforce their charge that Stevenson was soft on Communism, Nixon and the McCarthyite wing of the Republican party used against Stevenson the fact that in the spring of 1949 he had testified in behalf of Alger Hiss. Stevenson's testimony, Lord knows, had been innocent enough. All he had said was that during the time he had worked with Hiss—in 1933 in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, between 1945 and 1946 at the State Department, and in the fall of 1947 at the UN—his reputation, as far as Stevenson knew, was "good." He had not testified on Hiss's innocence or guilt, and indeed he never doubted the verdict of the jury that convicted Hiss. In "The Hiss Case," Stevenson struck back at McCarthy, at Nixon, and at Eisenhower, who, despite his pretensions of running a Crusade, stood by while this sort of muck was being spread on his behalf. Angry and really lashing out for the first time in the campaign—the speech was delivered less than two weeks before the election—he said in his peroration: "For I believe with all my heart that those who would beguile the voters by lies or half-truths, or corrupt them by fear or falsehood, are committing spiritual treason against our institutions. They are doing the work of our enemies."

Although Stevenson was a staunch enough anti-Communist—not an unreasonable thing to be while Stalin was still alive and the Communist world gave the impression of being an indestructible monolith—he was also perhaps the first major American political figure of the 50's to talk about the Soviet Union as if its leaders and people were of human, rather than demonic, proportions. By informing the American people of the inevitable attraction of Communism to the underdeveloped countries, he fulfilled his pledge to talk sense to them. He did no less by informing them also of the hard truth—hard for a people whose tastes in such matters were attuned to complete and unconditional victory—that coexistence was the only feasible foreign policy for America.

Most other aspects of Stevenson's campaign were quite conventional. It was, surely, conventional for him to select Senator John Sparkman of Alabama as his running mate, and for the standard reason of balancing the ticket with someone palatable to Southern voters. Apart from Stevenson's greater efforts to placate business, his domestic program called for no more than a continuation of the New and Fair Deals. It would be good to be able to report that on civil rights he spoke as forcefully in the South as in the North, but, alas, he did not. In "The New South," a speech delivered in Richmond, Virginia, he extolled the virtues of the South, with special praise for its political genius, before finally getting around to Topic Number One, the Negro. When he did get around to it, it was on tiptoe, referring to it ever so delicately as "the problem of minorities—a problem which I have had occasion to think about a good deal, since my own state also has minority groups." In one passage he even explained the "problem" away and predicted its imminent demise:

> The once low economic status of the South was productive of another—and even more melancholy—phenomenon. Many of the lamentable differences between Southern whites and Negroes ascribed by insensitive observers to race prejudice, have arisen for other reasons. Here economically depressed whites and economically depressed Negroes often had to fight over already gnawed bones. Then there ensued that most pathetic of struggles: the struggle of the poor against the poor. It is a struggle that can easily become embittered, for hunger has no heart. But, happily, as the economic status of

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the South has risen, as the farms flourish and in the towns there are jobs for all at good wages, racial tensions have diminished.

Attacking this fragile statement would be like taking a sledgehammer to an egg.

BUT LET US pause for a moment to consider the phrase "hunger has no heart" in the above passage. Stevenson's speeches are filled with such elegant little touches. Before he was drafted as a Presidential candidate, he told a friend that the only way he would possibly run would be on his own terms, with everything he said and did bearing his own imprimatur. That imprimatur consisted largely of his style. Stevenson had the usual corps of speechwriters—though unusual in distinction, including as it did John Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Bernard DeVoto. Although he tended to deprecate it publicly, he obviously had a high regard for his own prose style, and is said to have detested the idea of ghost-writing. The various writers on his campaign staff have conceded that those speeches Stevenson did not write himself he more or less made his own by editing them generously, or even by rewriting them.

It was on the basis of his speeches in 1952 that the cult of Adlai Stevenson went national. In large part, their appeal was due to Stevenson's deliberate intention to eschew pomposity and condescension. He had set out, it will be recalled, "to educate and elevate the people." What is more, it is doubtful he ever said anything he wholly disbelieved. "For years," he wrote in the introduction to the collection of his *Major Campaign Speeches,* published after the election, "I have listened to the nauseous nonsense, the pie-in-the-sky appeals to cupidity and greed, the cynical trifling with passion and prejudice and fear; the slander, fraudulent promises, and all-things-to-all-men demagoguery that are too much a part of our political campaigns." Although his own speeches avoided all these traps, they also avoided greatness; they were certainly better said than read; and they do not, as some have claimed, stand alongside those of Edmund Burke, John Stuart Mill, Disraeli, Abraham Lincoln, or even Woodrow Wilson as political oratory of the highest order. Read today, Stevenson's campaign speeches have an oddly familiar ring, and this familiarity has little to do with one's having heard them before. For the Stevenson style, refreshing though it may have been when first brandished in the early 50's, has by now come to seem quite stale.

More is involved in this than the mandarin flourishes, though these are certainly in frequent evidence. If "hunger has no heart," Stevenson, never one to let a good thing go, would later remark of Communism that it cannot "satisfy the hungry heart." He seemed incapable of enunciating the word "world," preferring on various occasions "this shattered globe," "this blood-soaked, battered globe," "this small vulnerable planet," or even "our little spaceship, earth." In an elegant aside, Stevenson could say of the migrant labor problem that "it certainly invites our compassionate attention." He could also be a master of the rhetorical fast switch, seeking support for a foreign policy "which recognizes the principle of compromise and rejects the compromise of principle." With this statement we are, of course, only a short hop from "ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country," and the Great Society cannot be far behind. As Richard Goodwin noted after Stevenson's death: "It is hard to overstate the extent to which he helped shape the dialogue and hence the purposes of the New Frontier and then the Great Society." One of the reasons Stevenson's style seems so stale today is that it has become the dominant official liberal rhetoric.

The style, it is said, is the message. But in the case of Adlai Stevenson, the style seemed sometimes to persist in the absence of any clear message whatsoever. He preached sanity; he preached reason; his very person seemed to exert a pull toward decency in public affairs. Yet there is little evidence in any of his speeches or writing that he had a very precise idea of how American society was, or ought to be, organized. His understanding of the American political process was less than perfect, as can be seen from his predilection for the bipartisan approach to so many of the issues of his time. One might almost say that Stevenson tried to set up shop as a modern, disinterested Pericles, but that he failed to realize that the America of the 50's was a long way from the Golden Age of Athens. It is unjust to dismiss Stevenson as a utopian liberal, as some have done, but his general view of politics was indeed hopelessly utopian to the extent that it did not allow him to take into account the great role of vested interest in American life, and it prevented him from realizing with sufficient clarity that some conflicts among men are not reconcilable by reason alone. Nor did he ever succeed in overcoming a kind of gentlemanly distaste for the practice of politics itself. In the 60's, assessing the political career of his son, Adlai III, he said: "I don't know whether he's got the stomach for the crudities of politics."

THE OUTCOME of the 1952 election could not have done much to improve Stevenson's own stomach for politics. Toward the end of the campaign, he apparently came to believe that he stood a chance of winning. Senator Sparkman has told how, on election eve, on their way to deliver a final television broadcast, Stevenson began to discuss possible members for their prospective cabinet. And Kenneth Davis reports that in a private pool among his immediate campaign staff Stevenson predicted he would win by an electoral vote of 381 to 150. When the returns were in, of course, Eisen-

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hower had defeated him by a vote of 442 to 89.

But Stevenson's admirers put the 1952 election defeat—and, indeed, all his setbacks—to good use. In their view, losing only seemed further to ennoble him. Americans are said to be preoccupied with success; but they also have a taste for failure if it takes place on a grand enough scale. As a testament to this rather special taste, Stevenson received a great many letters congratulating him on his campaign. As he noted, "Thousands even wrote gracious, flattering letters, after the election, explaining why they did *not* vote for me."

One letter to Stevenson—printed in The *New Republic*—came from John Steinbeck, and the fulsomeness of its praise might have brought a blush to the cheek of Mao Tse-tung. "You have given us a look at truth as a weapon," Steinbeck wrote, "at reason as a tool, at humor as a method, and at democracy as a practical way of life. We would be crazy if we let you go." Urgently pleading that Stevenson remain in public life, Steinbeck ended on a note which brought the Adlai myth into full flower:

> We offer you the highest gift of the people—work beyond your strength, responsibility beyond your endurance, loneliness to freeze you, and despair and vilification. Quite contentedly, we propose to take from you most of the sweet things of a man's life—privacy and companionship, leisure and gaiety and rest. We offer to cut your heart out and serve it up for the good of the nation. And the terrible thing is—I don't think you can refuse. Your greatness is the property of the nation, but to you it is a prison.

AFTER HIS DEFEAT, Stevenson remained the leader of his party, and in that job he was eminently successful. By extensive speaking engagements, he eliminated the debt acquired by the Democratic National Committee during the campaign and his efforts were instrumental in bringing about the Democratic election triumph of 1954, which enabled the party to attain a majority in both houses of Congress as well as a number of new governorships. When the subject of the 1956 Presidential election arose, he expressed the inevitable hesitancy about running again—there was talk about his returning to private life. Yet later, when he found himself opposed by Estes Kefauver, and thereby forced to run in primaries, Stevenson was openly resentful, intimating to friends that he felt the party in effect owed him the nomination.

After finally deciding to run in 1956, Stevenson also decided that this time he would stage a much different campaign. He had become convinced "through rather sad experience," as he put it, "that real issues cannot be developed, nor even effectively presented, during a political campaign. They must be sharpened and clarified largely through the legislative process between elections." At first it seemed that Stevenson was in a stronger position in 1956 than he had beeen in 1952. He was no longer hampered by any admiration for Eisenhower, an admiration that had been one of his stated reasons for his reluctance to run in 1952. Nor was he any longer hindered by having to defend an incumbent Democratic administration; this time he could go on the attack against the party in power. Finally, there seemed to be in Stevenson a new determination to win. "I'm not going to run again for the exercise," he said. "I've had all that kind of exercise I need. Another race like the last one and I will *really* have had it."

In point of fact, 1956 turned out to be worse than 1952 in every respect. In a wretched piece of luck for Stevenson's candidacy, Eisenhower suffered a heart attack in September 1955, thus forcing Stevenson into a moratorium on criticism of the sick President. Then Stevenson found himself not only strongly opposed by Kefauver in the primaries, but also by Harry Truman at the Democratic Convention. Announcing for Averell Harriman, Truman called Stevenson a "conservative," charging him with following the "counsel of hesitation" and with lacking the "kind of fighting spirit we need to win." Far from having the nomination thrust upon him as in 1952, Stevenson now had to engage in a certified struggle to achieve it.

Fatigued from his efforts during the primaries and the Convention, Stevenson was vastly overscheduled for the regular campaign. This took its toll. His indecisiveness, formerly reserved for grand decisions, now intruded upon petty matters. Crowds of supporters and important politicians would be kept waiting at airports, while Stevenson's plane circled aloft, the candidate within endlessly touching up his speech. Among his campaign staff, according to James A. Finnegan, his campaign manager, the politicians insisted on acting like intellectuals and the intellectuals like politicians. The result was that on substantive issues Stevenson tended to be vague, ambiguous, sometimes even contradictory. Thus he came out for a reduction in the draft, when it would have been more in keeping with his attacks on John Foster Dulles's reliance on massive nuclear retaliation to call for a build-up of conventional forces.

Admirers who would salvage something from the debacle of 1956 point to Stevenson's proposal to end nuclear testing, which, they hold, came to fruition with the nuclear test-ban treaty of 1963. There is an element of truth in this, but one must add that Stevenson was more than a little unclear about how to effect a cessation of testing. At different times, he spoke about America's undertaking the action unilaterally, about its leading the West into taking such an action collectively, and about its taking the initiative in persuading the Soviet Union to enter into a joint treaty.

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There was also a certain amount of sheer carelessness involved in the 1956 campaign. For example, Stevenson attacked the Eisenhower administration for extending financial help to the Peron regime in Argentina—when, in fact, it was the Truman administration that had done so. But the lowest point of the campaign was saved for the end. On election eve, in Boston, Stevenson made an issue of Eisenhower's health: "I must say bluntly that every piece of scientific evidence we have, every lesson of history and experience, indicates that a Republican victory tomorrow would mean that Richard M. Nixon would probably be President of this country within the next four years." On the next day, Stevenson was defeated even more crushingly than in 1952. He won 73 electoral votes to Eisenhower's 457.

EVEN TODAY, many people view Stevenson's two defeats as symbolic of America's rejection of the intellectual in public life. Such a view, however, is far from accurate. It is extremely doubtful whether Stevenson's two Presidential campaigns augured a distinct change in the substance of American politics but it is beyond doubt that they inaugurated a new *tone* in public life. Writing after the 1958 Congressional elections, Karl E. Meyer called this change "The Triumph of the Smooth Deal." By Smooth Dealer—a term meant to be descriptive rather than pejorative—Meyer had in mind those civilized moderates who came to national prominence from 1952 on. These were men who were not ashamed of their breeding, who had a certain amount of gentlemanly learning, and who were notable less for their passion than for their reasonable, if somewhat bland, manner. Joseph Clark, Eugene McCarthy, Frank Church, Clifford Case, Henry Jackson—the difference between the Republicans and the Democrats among them was negligible—such men began to appear in the Senate and as governors in ever greater number after Stevenson's emergence on the national political scene.

Meyer was premature in hailing the triumph of the Smooth Deal in 1952, for its ultimate victory came only in 1960 with the election of John F. Kennedy, the smoothest of the smooth. Ironically, this final triumph also meant the gradual eclipse of Adlai Stevenson. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who switched over from Stevenson to Kennedy in 1960, marked the watershed. Comparing the two men in *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger noted: "Kennedy was in the school of Roosevelt. He did not wish cups to pass from his lips. He displayed absolute assurance about his capacity to do the job; and he had a hard and sure instinct about how to get what he wanted. . . . One watched the changing of the guard with a mixture of nostalgia and hope."

An even greater irony is involved in the fact that John F. Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson, the two political figures most intensely admired by American liberals over the last two decades, were far from attractive to one another. Their first confrontation, if it could be called that, came at the 1956 Democratic Convention, when Kennedy opposed Estes Kefauver for the Vice-Presidential nomination. Although it was customary for the Presidential nominee to name his running mate, Stevenson chose not to do so in 1956, preferring instead to allow the Convention delegates to make the choice on their own. Kennedy, of course, lost a close contest to Kefauver, and it seems doubtful that he appreciated Stevenson's Periclean stance above the battle. Whatever its other virtues, the Kennedy family has never been noted for its keen appreciation of disinterestedness.

A confrontation of a more direct kind began to take shape with the approach of the 1960 Presidential election. Kennedy wanted Stevenson's support. "He is the essential ingredient in my combination," he remarked to Schlesinger in May of 1960, "I don't want to have to go hat-in-hand to all those Southerners, but I'll do that if I can't get the votes from the North. . . . I want to be nominated by the liberals." It was not yet clear, however, whether Stevenson himself wasn't seeking the nomination—or, to be more precise, a draft for the nomination. In December 1959, he had declined to say he would refuse a draft. "I hope I will always do my duty to my party and country," he commented, somewhat ambiguously.

After the Oregon primaries, Kennedy stopped off for a visit at Stevenson's Libertyville farm. He asked Newton Minow if he should offer Stevenson the post of Secretary of State in exchange for his support, but Minow told him this would be a mistake. Stevenson described his meeting with Kennedy as satisfactory, though he later wrote Schlesinger that Kennedy "seemed very self-confident and assured and much tougher and blunter than I remember him in the past." Toughness and bluntness were not complimentary terms in the Stevenson vocabulary, and on more than one occasion he made it clear to friends that he thought Kennedy a brash young man. For his part, Kennedy found the meeting with Stevenson less than satisfactory. Stevenson told him he intended to remain true to his pledge not to come out for any candidate before the Convention, adding that he would not participate in any stop-Kennedy movement, or do anything to encourage the various draft-Stevenson movements then underway around the country. On the plane back to Boston, according to Schlesinger, Kennedy said to William Blair, Stevenson's longtime associate, "Guess who the next person I see will be—the person who will say about Adlai, 'I told you that son-of-a-bitch has been running for President every moment since 1956'?" Blair answered correctly, "Daddy."

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As the Convention drew nearer, Stevenson's friends split in their advice. Some told him to announce for Kennedy, others to announce his own availability for the nomination. He would do neither. The ambiguity of his position grew daily; it reached extravagant proportions in the course of an interview on the television program, *Face the Nation*. Asked whether there was any way he could be made to say he was a candidate, Stevenson replied, "If they want me to lead them, I shall lead them. I have indicated that many times. I don't see why it is so complicated . . . for one to say he will not seek nomination, who has enjoyed the greatest honors that his party can accord to anyone, not once but twice, to step aside and say, 'Now it is time for someone else,' and likewise to say that if called upon I will serve."

Adlai Stevenson's inability to get his tongue around the phrase "I want it" finally made the nomination unavailable to him. At the Convention, he hedged and squirmed and quoted Robert Frost and made sad little jokes—and must have felt something go dead inside him as he realized he was saying too little too late. It was becoming clear that there was no stopping Kennedy. At the eleventh hour, Stevenson nonetheless tried to do just that by telephoning Richard J. Daley, whom he had helped elect as Mayor of Chicago and who now headed the Illinois delegation. Daley at first avoided answering. When he finally did, Stevenson said that he hoped that the Illinois delegation wouldn't take the fact that he had not actively sought the nomination to mean that he didn't want it, or that he wouldn't campaign against Richard Nixon with everything he had. (The latest poll of the Illinois delegation was 59½ for Kennedy, 2 for Stevenson.) According to Theodore H. White, Stevenson then asked "whether he had no support period, or whether he had no support because it was the delegates' impression he was not a candidate. Daley replied that Stevenson had no support, period."

With Kennedy's election as President, Stevenson's life began its final—and saddest—phase. Relations between the two men seem permanently to have soured. It is said that Kennedy lost all respect for Stevenson's political acumen because of the latter's behavior before and during the 1960 Convention, and shortly before the election Stevenson told William Attwood, now editor-in-chief of *Look*, "How could I ever go to work for such an arrogant young man!" Nevertheless, he campaigned vigorously for Kennedy, and it is clear that he wished to be asked to serve as Secretary of State. But that was out of the question: Kennedy intended to supervise his own foreign policy; and besides, he owed Stevenson nothing. It was evident that he preferred someone whose gifts were more clerical than rhetorical; a good gray type like Dean Rusk was adequate.

Yet Kennedy obviously needed to find a place for Stevenson, who was therefore sounded out on the jobs of attorney general and ambassador to the UN, and said he preferred the latter. The UN ambassadorship was especially padded for Stevenson: it was raised to Cabinet rank and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Stevenson's longtime friend, was made liaison between the White House and the UN Mission in New York. "I have satisfactory assurances from the President-elect and the new Secretary that I shall have an adequate voice in the making of foreign policy," Stevenson announced after accepting the appointment. At first it seemed that service at the UN was in every way ideal for Stevenson. There he would be above the petty squalor of domestic politics and deal exclusively in international relations, the field he loved most; there he would work for world peace, the goal that had long been the name of his desire.

After less than three months in the job, however, Stevenson learned that the U.S. was planning to sponsor an invasion of Castro's Cuba by Cuban exiles trained and armed under the direction of the Central Intelligence Agency. He was said to have been dismayed by this news, to have thought the plan an egregrious mistake, but since the decision had already been made, he agreed to defend it as best he could. From this point on, however, he was not kept very well informed about the invasion. He thus denied on the floor of the UN that the United States was responsible for the attack on three Cuban airfields on April 15, thereby swallowing the CIA cover story that the attacking planes were manned by pilots defecting from Castro's air force. After the Bay of Pigs invasion of April 17, he found himself unable to deny the charge, leveled by the Cuban delegate at the UN, that the invasion was "by a force of mercenaries organized, financed, and armed by the government of the United States." All he could offer in rebuttal was the lame reply that no American troops were directly engaged. He had in effect lied to the UN and been caught at it. He felt that his integrity was partially destroyed, and that his stature had been cruelly exploited. Yet any impulse he might have had to resign then and there was tempered by the fact that Kennedy himself had been badly misled by the CIA and his own military advisers.

But the Bay of Pigs was only the first in a long chain of humiliations endured by Stevenson at the UN. There was, to name but one other, the annual indignity of having to lead the fight to keep Red China out of the UN—this must have been especially painful since Stevenson had previously been a prominent advocate of a reexamination of our China policy. To humiliation was added insecurity. One of the aftereffects of the Bay of Pigs debacle was Kennedy's radical revi-

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sion of the Chief Executive's decision-making machinery, a revision that involved greater influence for the White House staff and tighter State Department controls over foreign policy. Many saw in this a diminution of the status of Stevenson's Cabinet rank. Henceforth his UN speeches were read in advance by State Department men, who saw fit not only to question their substance but also—much to his irritation—to tamper with their style.

Increasing both the insecurity and the humiliation, there was the vigorous gossip being pedaled back and forth between the White House and the UN Mission in New York. Herbert J. Muller reports that Stevenson found out that Kennedy referred to him as "my official liar." Conversely, it turned out that many of the less than flattering remarks Stevenson made about Kennedy were somehow getting back to the White House. In his biography Kenneth Davis reports that Stevenson told his sister: "It's something like Orwell's *1984*, if you please. Big Brother is watching you. Informers seem to be everywhere."

This and other aspects of his experience at the UN led Stevenson in 1962 briefly to consider running for the Senate in Illinois against Everett Dirksen. Chicago's Mayor Daley had queried him about the possibility. When Stevenson mentioned it to Kennedy, the latter initially acted as if he couldn't care less, though later, when the idea of Stevenson's leaving the Kennedy administration got a bad press, Kennedy did announce that he was "delighted" Stevenson had decided to stay on at the UN. But Stevenson was said to be hurt by Kennedy's initial response; his vanity seemed to rise as his personal prestige fell.

It was, however, the Cuban missile crisis that most undermined Stevenson's prestige and confidence and served to cloud even further his relationship with Kennedy. When informed of the presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba, Stevenson sent a note to Kennedy stating that the U.S. could not "negotiate with a gun at our head," but adding that it must be made clear "that the existence of nuclear bases anywhere is negotiable." At the White House meetings called to determine the U.S. reaction to the missile crisis, Stevenson argued his case for the political moves the U.S. ought to be prepared to make in addition to its military plans. He suggested the U.S. be prepared to withdraw from Guantanamo and that the Jupiter missile bases in Turkey and Italy might also be used for negotiation. He was at once attacked by the hard-liners in the room; and later, in writing out his views, he eliminated the Turkish and Italian bases as bargaining counters, but retained Guantanamo.

After this, it seems that Stevenson was not altogether trusted to present the American case about the missiles to the UN. In any event, Kennedy called in John J. McCloy to aid Stevenson in New York. Arthur Schlesinger maintains that he did so to give the UN presentation a bipartisan flavor, but this appears less than credible. It is belied by, among other things, the account Schlesinger offers of the instruction he received from Robert Kennedy before leaving to join Stevenson. "We're counting on you to watch things in New York," Kennedy told Schlesinger. "We will have to make a deal at the end, but we must stand absolutely firm now. Concessions must come at the end of negotiations, not at the beginning." Stevenson, however, was very staunch at the UN, especially when he said to Ambassador Zorin:

> You are in the courtroom of world opinion. You have denied they [the missiles] exist, and I want to know if I understood you correctly. I am prepared to wait for my answer until hell freezes over. And I am also prepared to present evidence in this room—now!

Many people remember this as Stevenson's finest hour at the UN. He himself, however, had doubts, for he did not fancy himself as UN District Attorney, and he was fearful his prosecutor's tone had destroyed his objectivity in the eyes of the Russians.

SHORTLY AFTER the missile crisis, Stevenson underwent a new personal crisis, when an article, written by Charles Bartlett and Stewart Alsop and published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, accused him of having advocated a Caribbean Munich. Since Bartlett was known to be a personal friend of the President, it was natural for Stevenson to believe that Kennedy had planted the piece. He thereupon told Schlesinger that if Kennedy wanted to get rid of him, he needn't go about it in so tortuous a manner. In Schlesinger's account, Kennedy denied having anything to do with the article, claiming—with plausibility—that if he wanted to get rid of Stevenson he could find a less obvious way of doing so. Kennedy told Schlesinger to tell Stevenson to keep cool, and that the whole matter would die down in forty-eight hours. He also issued a statement expressing full confidence in his UN ambassador. "If not a forty-eight hour wonder," Schlesinger notes, "the furor died away in the next few days." But it is hard to believe it ever died in Stevenson's mind.

Perhaps the most telling effect of the off-and-on battering Stevenson's ego suffered under the Kennedy administration came in connection with Stevenson's trip to Dallas in the fall of 1963. While there, he was booed, spat upon, and struck over the head. "Are these human beings or are these animals?" he asked about the Dallas mob that attacked him. Afterward he warned Schlesinger against Kennedy's visiting Dallas four weeks hence, as planned. "I was reluctant to pass on Stevenson's message," Schlesinger has written, "lest it convict him of undue apprehensiveness in the President's eyes. In a day or so Adlai called again to ask whether I had spoken to the

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President and expressed relief when I said I had not." The point worth making here is not that Stevenson could have prevented Kennedy from going to Dallas—it is unlikely that he could have—but that Stevenson's confidence was at this stage so badly shot that he was rendered incapable even of warning the President that his life was in danger.

Stevenson's personal relations with Johnson were considerably smoother than with Kennedy. When Johnson became President, he made it clear he wouldn't hear of Stevenson's resigning. His flattery was persistent and vociferous. Yet, under Johnson, Stevenson had even less influence on foreign policy than under Kennedy. If during his time with Johnson, Stevenson rethought any of his old ideas on foreign policy, he kept the fact to himself. The word on him from his days with the Kennedy administration was that he was "soft" on Communism, and he was not about to do anything to lend credence to this charge. To his friends he might quibble about various aspects of Johnson's handling of foreign affairs, but he resented the charge that he was saying anything on the floor of the UN that he didn't really believe.

Lillian Ross has left an account of Stevenson's social life during his last years that seems—though it undoubtedly was not intended as such—a veritable portrait of self-destructive vitality. He had always been extraordinarily active, but now, according to friends, he was overeating, his drinking had increased, and he played tennis with a ferocity that was madness for a man in his middle sixties. His death in London on July 14, 1965, came as a shock; but that he died of a heart attack should have surprised none of his friends. Harry Ashmore, a member of his campaign staffs and a friend, noted that it was somehow appropriate that Stevenson died in London, for London, the most civilized city in the world, became him. But it is depressing to recall that he was there to make an appearance on the BBC program, "Panorama," an appearance the State Department hoped would reduce the force of the teach-ins against American involvement in Vietnam then being conducted at Oxford. Style and substance have rarely been further apart.

A SPECIAL FEELING continues to surround Stevenson's name even after his death. His claim to be remembered as more than a period politician surely rests on the striking effect he has had on a large segment of the American electorate. Stevenson is inextricably tied up with the aspirations of a great many Americans for a better world in which America will have an honorable place—and rightly so, for these were also Adlai Stevenson's aspirations. He was a fundamentally decent man in a political climate where decency was a rare commodity. Yet these same qualities, because unalloyed with any strong political vision or original political program, finally ended in crippling him. Plutarch's epithet for Aristides the Just might stand as Adlai Stevenson's own:

> But Aristides walked, so to say, alone on his own path in politics, being unwilling, in the first place, to go along with his associates in ill-doing, or to cause them vexation by not gratifying their wishes; and, secondly, observing that many were encouraged by the support they had in their friends to act injuriously, he was cautious; being of the opinion that the integrity of his words and actions was the only right security for a good citizen.

This was the same Aristides whom the citizens of Athens were supposed to have ostracized because they finally grew tired of always hearing him called The Just.

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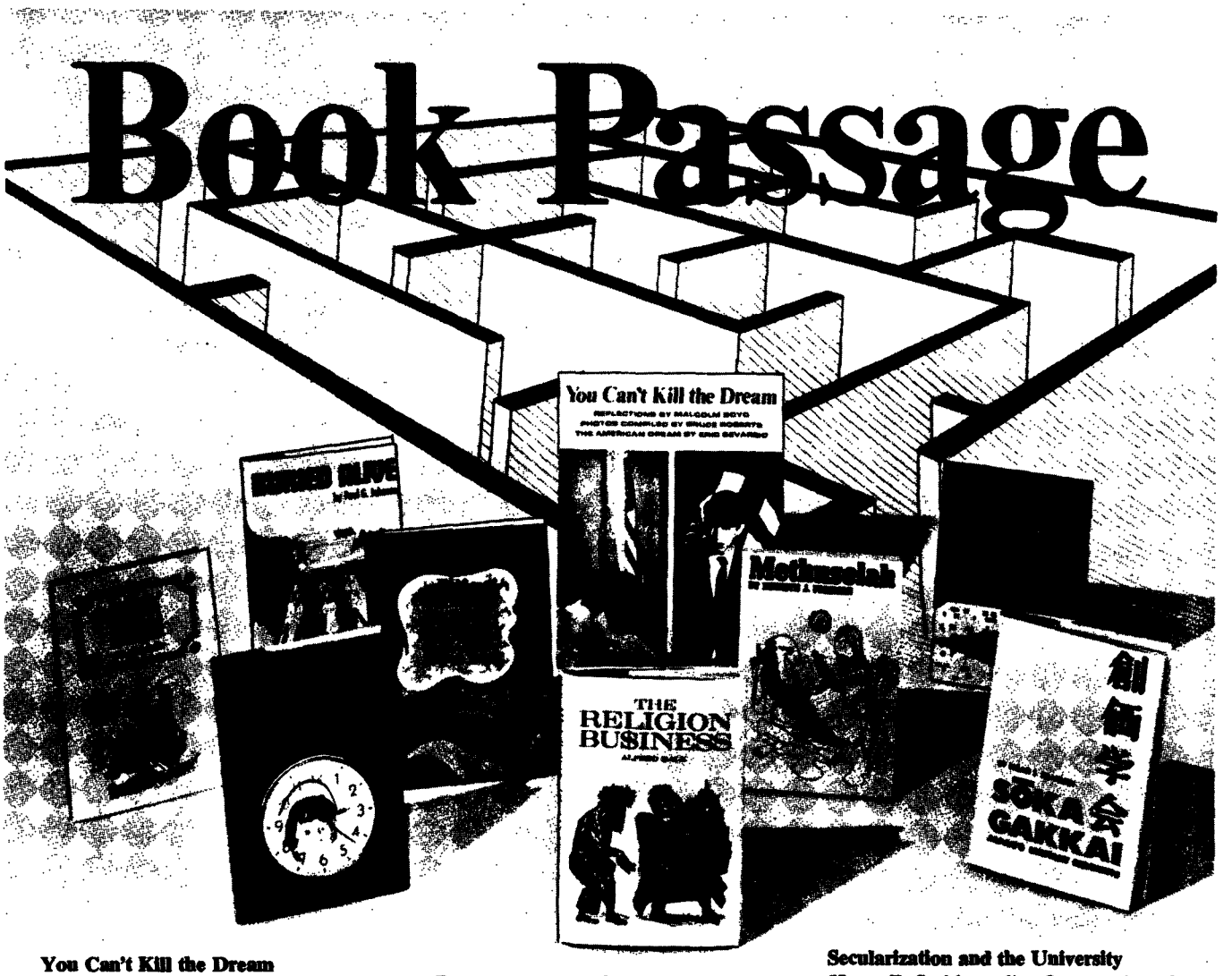
Book Passage



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Explaining American Jews

Lucy S. Dawidowicz

THE PAPERBACK EDITION of *"Our Crowd,"* Stephen Birmingham's book about the Jewish banking families of New York, sold 550,000 copies in a single week not long ago. In three months, the paperback edition of *The Chosen*, Chaim Potok's best-selling novel about two yeshiva boys in Williamsburg, went through three printings for a total of 900,000 copies. Sam Levenson's autobiographical *Everything But Money* reportedly sold over 850,000 copies in its first three months of paperback publication. In this decade only cookbooks (in the long run) and middlebrow pornography (in the short run) apparently sell better than Jewish books. Before *The Chosen*, there was *The Fixer*, and, before that, *Herzog*. The 60's are also the decade of Herbert Tarr's chaplain and Noah Gordon's rabbi, of Isaac Bashevis Singer and, to go from dybbuk to detective, Harry Kemelman.

Robert Gutwillig, of New American Library, noted some years ago that publishers appeared to be "taking dead aim at the Jewish audience." This was not, he felt, "a healthy situation for American readers or writers, let alone publishers." Healthy or not, however, it is a situation which raises certain questions. What exactly is this "Jewish audience" at whom the publishers are "taking dead aim"? Are the "Jewish" books that emerge with such rapidity from the presses written and produced mainly to make money? Or are they written out of love, conviction, or commitment and published in response to a serious need?

I have before me three such books, all of them new. Perhaps they can shed light on these questions. All three are about American Jews today, yet they could not be more dissimilar. Each author brings to the subject his own intellectual baggage, his own sense of what it is to be a Jew, and each writes on a different level for a different audience.

JEWISH AMERICANS: *Three Generations in a Jewish Community*, by Sidney Goldstein and Calvin Goldscheider,* is what used to be called a highbrow book. It is the first in a planned series about ethnic groups in American life which Professor Milton M. Gordon, the general editor of the series, hopes will aid the American public "to understand more fully what it means to live in a multi-ethnic society." Prentice-Hall set itself a somewhat more modest goal for *Jewish Americans*; according to the jacket blurb: "In addition to its importance to professionals in sociology and the academic pursuits, this book forms a valuable reference work for professionals in Jewish education, community work, and the clergy."

Both authors are sociologist-demographers, Goldstein at Brown and Goldscheider at Berkeley, who have chosen to combine professional interest and Jewish commitment. In 1963 they conducted a study of the Jewish population of Providence, Rhode Island, on behalf of the local Jewish community organization. Nearly 5,000 Jews, about one quarter of the whole Jewish population, were interviewed and the usual demographic and socio-economic data gathered. In addition, questions were asked about Jewish affiliation, membership in synagogues, attendance at services, home observance, Jewish education, and the use of Yiddish. *Jewish Americans* reanalyzes those data in terms of generation change, from immigrant through second generation (native born of foreign parents), to third generation (native born of native parents). The authors hope that this "longitudinal" approach to the data, disclosing changes and the direction of further change, will compensate for the regrettable fact that Providence is not a particularly characteristic Jewish community.

Goldstein and Goldscheider tell us, in many tables and in prose admirably clear for sociologists though too arid for my taste, largely what we already know. Most Jews are native born and about half of these are third generation. Third-generation Jews are better educated, are more likely to hold higher-status occupations and to live (owning their own homes) in the newer urban or suburban areas than their immigrant grandparents. The Jewish family still remains more stable than the non-Jewish one, with a smaller proportion of people divorced, separated, or married more than once. A slightly higher rate of divorce is found among the more acculturated—suburbanites, the better educated, Reform Jews. Intermarriage is more frequent among the third generation than among the immigrant generation, but the rate of conversion to Judaism by the non-Jewish partner is higher among the third generation than the second.

Nearly all identify themselves religiously. (Jewish ideological secularism is dead.) In a finding that will astonish no one, the study shows the immigrant generation to

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LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ *is the author of* The Golden Tradition, *a collection on Jewish life and thought in Eastern Europe. Her article, "On Being a Woman in Shul," appeared in our July 1968 issue.*

* Prentice-Hall, 274 pp., $5.95 (cloth); $3.50 (paper).

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be largely Orthodox, the second generation largely Conservative, and the third generation increasingly Reform. Synagogue membership reflects religious self-identification. Synagogue attendance and home observance have declined from immigrant through third generation so precipitously that one might think they had been outlawed. Though 10–15 per cent of all three generations never attend services at all, and about 25 per cent go only for the High Holy Days, about 40 per cent—and this finding *is* surprising—go four to eleven times a year. The specific practices with strong adherence are those involving children, where the ritual is family oriented, and where there is strong community pressure, Jewish and non-Jewish, for conformity. Finally, though the trend toward secularization—from Orthodoxy to Reform—is strongest among more educated Jews, it is not necessarily assimilatory, out of the Jewish community or beyond its reach.

As FOR JEWISH education, more Jewish children now than in the past get a Jewish education. (This is largely because Jewish girls now go to Hebrew or Sunday schools. Jewish education—studying Torah—once used to be a male prerogative; girls were just supposed to learn how to keep a Jewish home.) Second-generation Jews had less Jewish education than their parents, but their children have more than they. Furthermore, the quality of third-generation Jewish education may be better than that of the earlier generation.

The authors conclude that while today's Jews may be less Jewish than their grandparents in the traditional ways of Jewish expression, they remain Jewish in different modes, adjusting themselves to America and trying to create a balance between being Jewish and being American. The new form of religious expression among third-generation American Jews, the authors say, "reflects the acceptance of external symbols that identify the Jew as Jew in conformity with the patterns of religious identification stressed by the larger American community."

In sum, Goldstein and Goldscheider have given Prentice-Hall a useful, informative book to market among the people who need it. In their own modest way, the book, and ultimately the series it introduces, attest to the widespread acceptance today of the realities of group differences and of intergroup relations. It is fitting that the first book in the series should be about Jews, since they practically invented intergroup relations as a subject.

A MORE BUOYANT treatment of the American Jewish community is Judd L. Teller's *Strangers and Natives: The Evolution of the American Jew from 1921 to the Present.** Part reminiscence, part history—a kind of participant-observer journalism—the book undertakes to tell how the immigrant Yiddish-speaking masses became affluent, acculturated, self-assured elites. Teller himself, a trilingual journalist (English, Yiddish, Hebrew) who has written frequently about Jews and Jewish affairs, is a product of that transformation, having come to the United States from Poland as a child.

Teller tells his story not by generations, but by periods: immigrant (1920–1930), transitional (1930–1948), and acculturated (1948–1967). He writes mainly about New York, somewhat more representative of the Jewish experience than Providence. What he lacks in formal structure and orderliness, he makes up for in animation and vividness. This is a book with the breath of life in it.

Teller begins with the old East Side and the tensions between the *yahudim*, the German Jews, and the *yidn*, the East European Jews.† He continues with a multitude of anecdotes, vignettes, sketches about the immigrant Yiddish press and theater, about writers, orators, ideologues, and radicals. Teller then shifts to Orthodox customs and characters, from which he veers to a portrayal of Jewish occupations, especially odd ones. From the trivial he moves to the serious and recalls the oppressive decade of the 20's—anti-Semitism and discrimination in the United States and worse troubles in Poland, Russia, and Palestine. I enjoyed this omnium-gatherum approach.

In his middle section, "Catastrophe and Triumph," Teller chronicles the decline of the *yahudim*, the emergence of second-generation Jews in the entertainment world and in fiction, the rearrangement and deployment of rabbinic and congregational strength from old Orthodox to Reform, Conservative, and neo-Orthodox. When he confronts the rise of Nazi Germany and the failure of America and America's Jewish leadership, his narrative takes on intensity and passion. This was an era cursed by unprecedented problems, and a mediocre Jewish leadership unable to cope with them. That is how Teller sees it; I think he is right for the most part. His version of the struggle for Palestine, internal Zionist politics, and the roles of Peter Bergson, Ben Hecht, and the Irgun in putting the story on the front pages of the American press is not the whole story. But since Teller is not presuming here to write history, we must be satisfied, despite its limitations, with his passionate eyewitness account.

AS HE ENTERS on the third period, "The Native and His Ancestors," Tellers starts cool. He describes suburban Jewry, new Jewish occupations, the congregational life of the Jewish community, the place of Jewish writers in American literature, and finally, politics, anti-Semitism, and intergroup relations—Jewish-Catholic and Jewish-Negro. Despite the upbeat tone of much of this section—the will to be Jewish persists, Jews have become more confident in their validity as Americans and in their right to be Jews—Teller, discussing relations between Jews and Negroes, closes with a warning of a possible "catastrophic crisis": "The Jew has been the traditional scapegoat in the struggle between an oppressed Christian minority and an oppressor Christian majority. In the past

* Delacorte, 308 pp., $6.95.

† *Yahudim* is a corruption of the Hebrew *yehudim*, "Jews." German Jews used to define themselves not as *Juden*, but as *yehudim*, in the sense of "Hebrews." It is likely that Russian Jews, mimicking German pronunciation, broadened the first syllable to "ya," and thus *yahudim* became a contemptuous term for German Jews. *Yidn*, Yiddish for "Jews," was used by East Europeans to distinguish themselves from *yahudim*.

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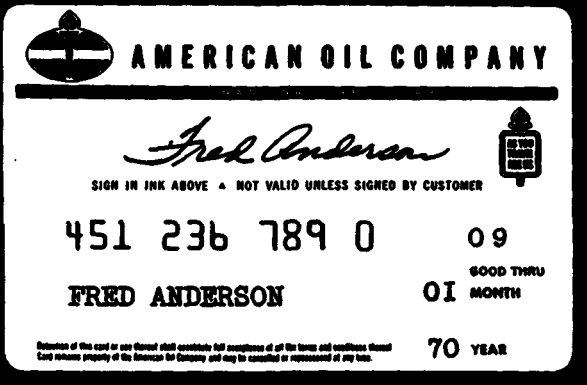

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2. ק
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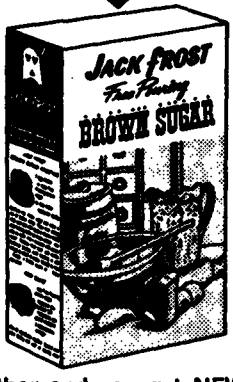

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the differences between Christians were ethnic or denominational, in America today they are racial."

In the section on this era, too, Teller is critical of Jewish leaders, charging a failure of communication between the majority of American Jews and the established organizations that are supposed to speak for them or represent their interests. His bleak pessimism about Negro-Jewish relations seems justified to me. For one thing, some Jews and Jewish groups have so completely identified themselves with the Negro cause that they have neglected to notice that right and justice are not always all on one side. For another, after a quarter of a century during which it was considered gauche if (nothing more) to be openly anti-Semitic, nowadays Negroes are making anti-Semitism *salonfähig*.

Teller's book is a Jewish insider's book. Dedicated all his life to Jewish service, Teller obviously wrote out of a wish to evoke that intensely exciting period of American Jewish history in which he himself took part, to tell it like it was (Ranke put it more elegantly—*wie es eigentlich gewesen*). Will this book be a big money-maker? Does Delacorte expect it to be? The book, its author, and its potential audience converge at the Midcult level. Considering that Jewish educational attainment is high, Jews are more likely candidates for Midcult than for Masscult books and that may augur well for Teller. I hope so.

OUR THIRD SPECIMEN, James Yaffe's *The American Jews*,* is closer to Mass- than to Midcult. Yaffe, a novelist of modest accomplishment, has even more modest credentials for a book about American Jews. He attended a Reform Sunday School for five years, where, by his own admission, the teachers failed to teach him "the meaning of those oddly-shaped Hebrew letters." Unlike Teller, an insider in Jewish life, Yaffe is an outsider who put his book together mostly with information skewed and distorted from interviews with 200 Jewish insiders. (A Navaho family, the old joke went, consisted of a father, mother, children, and an anthropologist.

* Random House, 338 pp., $7.95.

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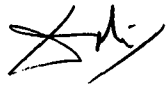

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How soon before every Jewish family has an interviewer of its own?)

Yaffe sets out to explain what he sees as "deep contradictions within the American Jew," by which he means the conflict between assimilation and the preservation of Jewish identity. He begins with a bit of history, a description of how anti-Semitism accounts for the ambiguity of Jewish attitudes toward gentiles and gentile society. The next part, "Praying," consists of his notions about how Jews are organized as a religious community. In part three, "Joining," he surveys the other Jewish organizations (fund-raising, philanthropic, Zionist and anti-Zionist, communal and social), and in part four, "Living," he takes on Jewish socio-economic status, educational attainment and occupational success, social characteristics, family life, and politics. In all of this, what he doesn't get wrong, he makes boring.

Besides not knowing "those oddly-shaped Hebrew letters," Yaffe is innocent of Jewish history, customs, and traditions, and none of his two hundred informants appears to have introduced him to the mysteries of Judaism as practiced in the synagogue. He thinks the Torah is read daily in the synagogue (it is read Mondays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and holidays); he thinks a man given an *aliyah* reads the Torah himself (he recites a blessing at the reading); Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, he says, come "about a week apart" (he loses three of the Ten Penitential Days); he thinks the Talmud is a book (it is a shelf of books); he thinks a large number of Jews affiliate with more than one synagogue (Jews may be rich, but not that rich); the artist, he says, is "almost always" a mystic, but the Orthodox Jew "almost never" (I recommend to him Gershom Scholem's *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism*); he thinks Orthodox ladies join the Pioneer Women (not likely; it is a secularist, Labor Zionist organization). In a chapter on rabbis, Yaffe informs us: "There are no female rabbis." This reminds me, naggingly, of the German Jew who came here to study American Jewish life. After a while, he wrote back home: "There are many Jewish hospitals in America, but the Jews do not have to go to them."

SUCH MISTAKES and misreadings (and there are many more) no doubt could have been corrected, had Yaffe or his editor bothered, but nothing, I fear, could have been done about his misunderstandings of events and trends. The real trouble with Yaffe is that he is a modern man, *ca.* 1923 or 1878. He has gone to college and he knows that Judaism, especially in its Orthodox modes, is absurd. He is as up-to-date and as enlightened as Nikita Khrushchev, who, in earlier, happier days, instructed his astronauts to try to locate paradise in outer space. At the very time that opium or an equivalent contemporary hallucinogen has become the religion of the elites, Yaffe still believes that religion is the opiate of the masses. Apart from his conviction that Judaism is merely backwardness and superstition, Yaffe dislikes it for its divisiveness. Religion separates people and groups from each other, and prevents them from uniting in a universal togetherness.

In the last part of his book, cruelly called "Dying?," Yaffe pontificates that so long as Judaism's "universal ethical values" are preserved, there is no real justification for the survival of Judaism. Commending the Jew and gentile who intermarry ("Who else has taken more seriously than they the central idea of monotheism, that all human beings are the children of one God and are equal in His sight?"), Yaffe predicts that young Jews today will move toward a synthesis of Judaism and Christianity, a consummation he devoutly desires. Yet his great messianic vision seems to deflate to a kind of Rotarian Unitarianism, with his intermarried couples joyfully celebrating Passover and Christmas with the appropriate meals.

A few Jews are, to be sure, doing exactly what Yaffe admires. Some years ago, in Indianapolis, a retired Reform rabbi and a Methodist minister officiated at a wedding ceremony held in a nonsectarian chapel. Last summer the granddaughter of a Yiddish-speaking socialist and Workman's Circle member was married to a non-Jew by (another) retired Reform rabbi,

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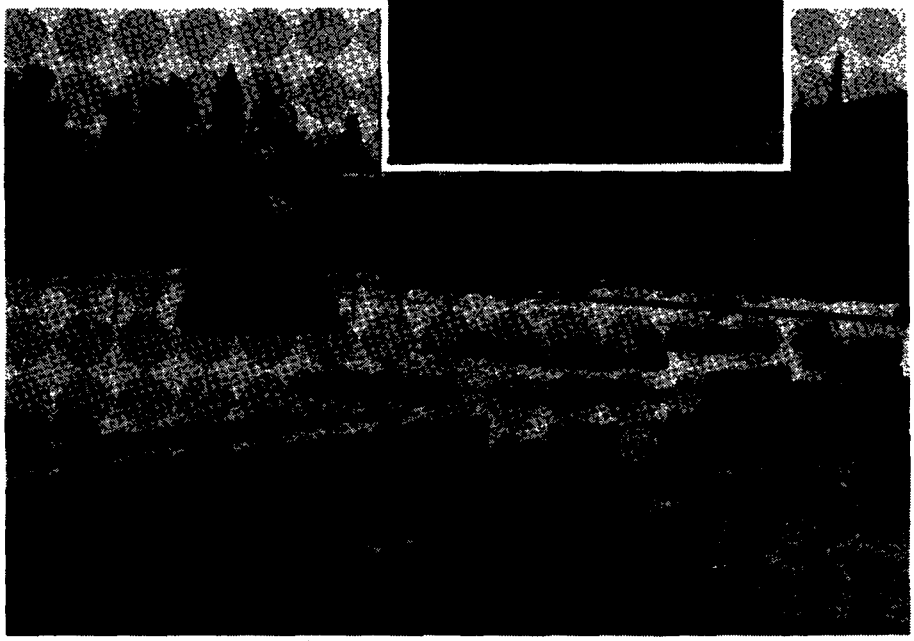
SIMCHAS

In Israel

It's a visit to Jericho, revered in Jewish history since the days of Joshua! A popular tourist attraction is shown here, the remains of an ancient palace which was built centuries after Joshua, of course. But it rests on a site near Jericho, where the Israelite army might have encamped the night before they trumpeted down the walls of the city.



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while the benediction was pronounced by a Congregational minister. Then there was the case of a couple that was married first by a Reform rabbi in a Jewish center and then by a Congregational minister in a church. Perhaps these odd syncretic (or promiscuous) ceremonies are intended only to please or appease parents or grandparents; perhaps they are meant to be the religion of the future.

Unlike Yaffe, I do not believe such ceremonies or philosophies will create a new universalistic breed of man. America is not any different from Germany, Hungary, Poland, or Russia in the historic progression of unresisted assimilation: Jewish→secular→universalist →Christian. Recently the granddaughter of a prominent American Jewish labor leader was married to a non-Jew. The grandparental background was Jewish secular, socialist-labor, universalist, but the wedding ceremony, described as nondenominational, was conducted by an Archbishop of the Old Catholic Church in America. How universalist can you get?

Yaffe's anti-traditionalism is, of course, part of a long Jewish tradition of anti-tradition, molded by Jews who believed that Judaism thwarted their emancipation, obstructed the road to modernity, brotherhood, and universalism. Much of modern Jewish history can be told by such case-records. Just lately, Albert Memmi, a Tunisian Jew, described the same process in *The Liberation of the Jew.* He felt imprisoned in his Tunisian ghetto (Jewish, not Negro), alien to French (Christian) culture, yet too modern to believe in Judaism. Neither Arab nor Frenchman, he was a reluctant Jew, who regarded Jewishness as entirely external, imposed by the oppression of a hostile world. In search of an authentic Jewish identity, Memmi found a way out of his dilemma. Assimilation, he felt, must be considered a legitimate way out for anyone who desires it, but he himself opted for Jewish identity through Israel. The existence of a Jewish nation, he believes (along Koestlerian lines), at last permits the disappearance of Jewishness.

When reading Memmi, I was struck by another kind of universality—the universality of the Jewish encounter with modernity. Now Yaffe is doing something of the same kind, though less thoughtfully and without that poignancy or inner disquietude which authentic tension between survival and assimilation would generate. When Yaffe argues for "new forms and rituals" which will bring people "closer to their fellow-men and which will encourage their drive toward being themselves," I am a little skeptical. This somewhat doctrinaire plea for assimilation seems artificial to me. Marshall Sklare, distinguishing between the American Jewish experience and the European, once remarked that in America we have had no assimilationist Jews, only assimilated ones. Reality, in other words, has superseded ideology. Yaffe, I suspect, is not really an ideologue of assimilation, though he is assimilated. His philosophy is more likely a synthetic product created to give to his book "significance."

IN THIS DECADE, some Jewish books—brash, vulgar, or simple-minded—have been highly successful: Leon Uris's *Exodus,* for instance, Max Dimont's *Jews, God, and History,* and Noah Gordon's *The Rabbi.* But Yaffe differs from these writers in one basic respect. Uris, Dimont, and Gordon appealed to Jewish pride, glorying in and glorifying the Jew; Yaffe's book is grounded in ignorance and self-hate. If, then, *The American Jews* should find a larger audience than, say, Teller's *Strangers and Natives,* we will have learned something about the nature of the public which buys Jewish books in America today.

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The Conventions, 1968

MIAMI AND THE SIEGE OF CHICAGO. By NORMAN MAILER. *World (hardcover), 242 pp., $5.95; Signet (paperbound), 224 pp., $.95.*

Reviewed by PETER SHAW

NORMAN MAILER is above all a novelist in this book of reportage because in it he writes, as always when at his best, about things that he has not yet made up his mind about. Once he lets his ideas get fixed, he seems unable to use them creatively and becomes instead their polemicist. When this happens, his prose flattens out as well, and the reader is left with Mailer's rather leaden notions about cancer, architecture, or sex.

Perhaps that is why the two-week book is so well-suited to his gifts. Writing at high speed, he has time only to comprehend people and events imaginatively, in the novelist's way. As it turns out, in the frenetic form of his last two books, Mailer has found for himself a way to approximate the accomplishments of the classic American writers. They too had much to fear from giving a subject too much thought. Brooders like Hawthorne, Melville, and Mark Twain knew that they could destroy themselves and their work with too much intellection, and Hawthorne took that danger for the theme of many of his stories, in which excessive brooders destroyed their own works of art and even their loved ones.

When we think of the great achievements in American writing we tend to think of symbolism and fantasy, of the romantic and the farfetched: the white whale, the dream world of Huckleberry Finn and Jim on the magic river, Hawthorne's dark, puritan forests of symbols. But the other side of the American imagination has been just as important in its very different function of dealing with facts in order somehow to illuminate them. Mailer is not the first American novelist to revel in the role of reporter, gatherer of facts. I am thinking not only of Stephen Crane and Ernest Hemingway, but of the other side of *Moby Dick* and *Huckleberry Finn* themselves, where not fantasy but *things* reign. Even more to the point, for Mailer's is a book about Chicago and about hotels, is Dreiser, who also could breathe life into the dross of America's gilt existence.

What, after all, is Mailer's subject in his coverage of the Republican and Democratic conventions but the petty doings of petty men, hack politicians, and second- and third-raters like Nixon, Humphrey, and Agnew? What are his settings but their hotel lobbies and crepe-paper-and-balloon-decorated convention halls ("a union had charged 33 cents to blow up each single balloon," Mailer reports)? It is true that some of the genuinely imposing personalities of *The Armies of the Night* are here, and its army of youth, too, but they are this time less prominent and less convincing than the men at work, the dealers and hangers-on of the two parties. This time, significantly, Mailer saw few of the intellectuals and missed most of the spectacular action in Chicago and all of it in Miami, much to the benefit of his book, I would say.

In the first part of *The Armies of the Night* the ever-present protagonist was referred to as "Mailer," but the second part was a straightforward account of the night of police clubbings of demonstrators on the Pentagon steps in which Mailer attempted to see the events in their larger context, and in which, since he had not been present, he had to imagine the scene into fictional reality.

Miami and the Siege of Chicago is continuous with "The Battle of the Pentagon," as that second part was called, in having Mailer himself, though present most of the time, decidedly less on review; it is continuous also in its attempt generally to make sense of things by extrapolation rather than by introspection. This time Mailer is "the reporter," still the bundle of contradictions—cockiness and self-distrust, garrulity and incoherence—of "Mailer," but a reporter on assignment, too, botching the job of course but saving the book. The reporter would have the reader believe that he saved himself by a series of gestures similar to his arrest at the Pentagon: this time, a speech to the protesters and the watching National Guard delivered on the last night in Chicago, a momentary arrest for baiting a Guardsman, and a punch in the nose by a kook minutes later, for which he was again arrested and again released. But actually his salvation, or at least the salvation of the book, is the Republican and Democratic parties.

The best moment in Chicago turns out not to be Mailer's arrest but the low point of both conventions, Humphrey's acceptance speech. Mailer here directs at Hubert Humphrey that contempt reserved for one's own that so many disaffected liberals have heaped upon him. (Johnson somehow kept his opponents' feelings pent up, perhaps because his presence inspired an almost physical fear.) But incontestably the most devastating of all is Mailer's comparison of Humphrey with "a sales manager in a small corporation,"

> who takes a drink to get up in the morning, and another drink after he has made his intercom calls: the sort of man who is not proud of drinking; and so in the coffee break, he goes to the john and throws a sen-sen down his throat. All day he exudes odors all over: sen-sen, limewater, pomade, bay rum, deodorant, talcum, garlic, a whiff of the medicinal, the odor of Scotch on a nervous tum, rubbing alcohol!

This may be more willed than observed, but after it Humphrey

PETER SHAW *is an associate editor of* COMMENTARY.

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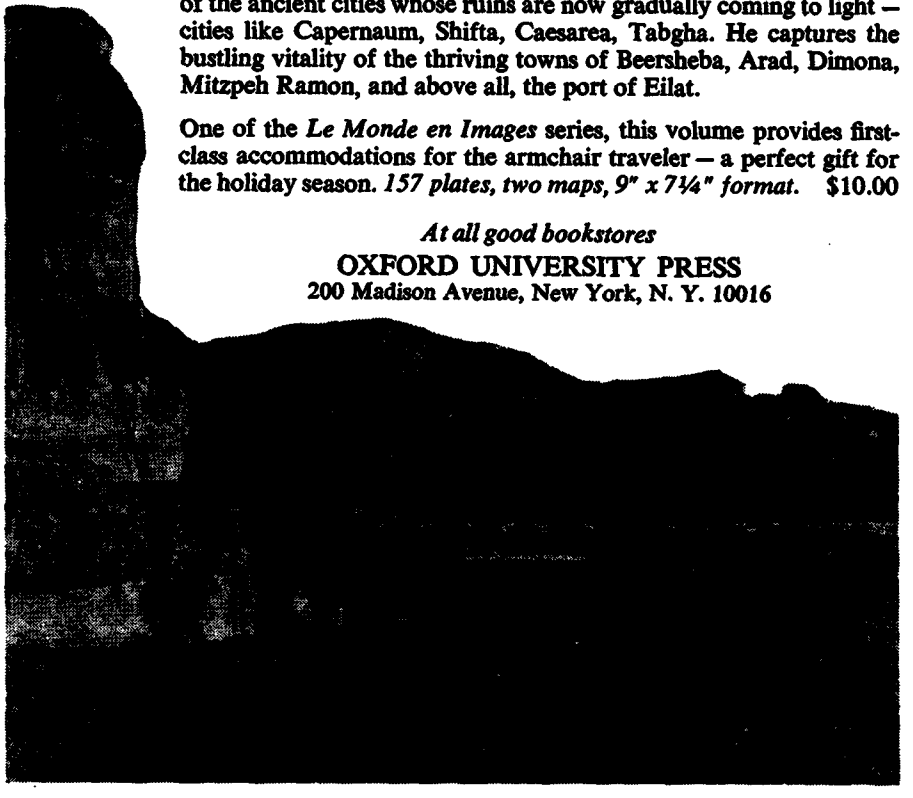

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can never seem the same. The sensen is its most revealing touch—sensen, that twenty years ago was one of those terms the mere mention of which by a radio comedian automatically triggered a laugh. And that is just the point about Humphrey: he is ridiculous in an anachronistic way, as the Republicans have always been. This time Mailer was lucky to be covering two events which were best understood in terms of the immediate postwar period, the time that he probably knew best, as one always knows best the style and language of his young manhood.

"THE SIEGE of Chicago," as the second half of the book is called, leads up to the police atrocities by opening with a passage on the influence of the stockyards on the style of Chicago. Yet, though the violence predictably moved Mailer most as a man, it was the shenanigans of the Democrats and Humphrey that moved him most as an artist. He seems to have sensed this, for despite a mounting guilt, he found himself missing the beatings in favor of the convention (even if he could watch it only on television).

Allaying that guilt and coming to terms with the moral authority of the demonstrators, take up an important part of "The Siege of Chicago," but the personal quest is this time exactly that, personal merely, and lacking what redeemed it last time—the representative quality of Mailer's posturings even at their most ludicrous. I should confess that I found the accounts of his speeches tedious in both books, along with a good deal more of what was personal—in this book we have his immediate reaction to the death of Bobby Kennedy, guilt feelings toward his wife, and suspicions of personal cowardice at not joining the demonstrators. He writes of one speech that "It was as good a speech as he ever made." Probably. Only he does not seem to realize how excruciatingly and embarrassingly bad he is as a speaker, what a bundle of conflicting poses he is, or that he is just a modest man trying to be outrageous and succeeding only in being tedious. But Mailer's real achievement lies

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in his treatment of those speeches and proceedings still more tedious than his own. In the previous book the demonstrators, having his sympathy as one of their own, needed to be criticized, needed the author's critical distance if he was to make them come alive. But the politicos at the center of this book—absurd, grotesque, insensitive—called for the more fruitful novelistic act of sympathy to be comprehended. Not to say that Mailer doesn't write well about the Chicago demonstrators, only that his treatment could have been equaled by others. But no one else has been able to write of "the sort of improvement" in Richard Nixon,

> that comes upon a man when he shifts in appearance from looking like an undertaker's assistant to looking like an old con seriously determined to go respectable. The Old Nixon, which is to say the young Nixon, used to look, on clasping his hands in front of him, like a church usher (of the variety who would twist a boy's ear after removing him from church). The older Nixon had finally acquired some of the dignity of the old athlete and the old con.

Surely this is less spectacular than what Mailer had to say about Humphrey. But I believe that his sympathetic projection into a man whom he sees as having made a comeback, politics aside for the moment, will prove more lasting than his demolishing of Humphrey, about whom he had come closer to making up his mind.

In the end Mailer determines to vote for neither candidate, but he has gotten inside them, or rather re-created them for himself and in the process shown us that Nixon may not be as bad as we and he had thought. In the meantime his Nixon, conceived of as undertaker's assistant and church usher, takes us back to the atmosphere of the Goldwater convention where Mailer began developing the view of the Republicans now brought to fruition. In a passage that might have been written in the 50's, Mailer describes a receiving line for Nixon as,

> a pilgrimage of minor delegates . . . who owned hardware stores

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or were druggists, or first teller in the bank, proprietor of a haberdashery or principal of a small-town high school, local lawyer, retired doctor, a widow on tidy income, her minister and fellow-delegate, minor executives from minor corporations, men who owned their farms, an occasional rotund state party hack with a rubbery look, editor of a small-town paper, professor from Baptist teachers' college, high school librarian, young political aspirant, young salesman. . . .

In Miami Beach Mailer also slipped into a Ronald Reagan reception; here he was mistaken, he believes, for a guard or secret service man, just as Professor F. W. Dupee recently reported having rushed onto the closed Columbia campus among a gang of plain-clothesmen who took him for one of their own. As the police infiltrators learn to look like hippies, the intellectuals are imagining themselves as cops. It is an old dream of Mailer's—later he thinks of himself as a general inspecting troops—a dream of the tough-guy intellectual 50's, before there came in the heroic pacifism which these last two books try so hard to comprehend. Now, as the couples file into the reception Mailer stands watching them like an alert security man, observing that,

> Most of them were ill-proportioned in some part of their physique. Half must have been, of course, men and women over fifty and their bodies reflected the pull of their character. The dowager's hump was common, and many a man had a flaccid paunch, but the collective tension was rather in the shoulders. . . .

There is compassion here for the right wing of the Republicans, giving more evidence that Mailer's gift from the beginning has been to feel the emotions of the Right. When he chooses to devote himself to its fascist types the effort seems to me not so useful, but when he gets at the Republican party he can bring news not to be found anywhere else, as when he speaks of "the muted tragedy of the Wasp—they were not on earth to enjoy . . . they were here to serve. . . . In San Francisco in '64 they had been able to be insane for a little while, but now they were subdued, now they were modest." Here the mind of the novelist creating its own reality comprehends more than its subjects' own thoughts about themselves. Yet it wouldn't surprise me if, in both receptions, Mailer was not right about a single undertaker, schoolmarm, or lawyer, but was really looking in turn at an abortionist, a Madam, and an athletic coach. He would still be right. And so would he still be right about the Democrats among whom "you needed a score card to tell the trade-union from the Maf."

And Mailer is right as well in the long introductory section on Chicago's stockyards with their primitive slaughtering methods, which he makes into epitomes of the hardness of the city. The smell of the yards hovers over the rest of the narrative, reminding us that the beatings of the demonstrators and the strong-arm methods at the convention taking place right in the stockyards area are both versions of Chicago violence. But Mailer again is twenty years out of date: The stockyards are now hardly in use—Armour and Swift moved out of Chicago from 1952 to 1957—and animals are now tranquilized before they are slaughtered.

THE BRILLIANT COCKINESS and disregard for accuracy that serves Mailer so well is only the well-placed arrogance of art; as a man, he has in the year since the march on the Pentagon evidently *himself* become more subdued and modest. Once only too happy to explore the violence, the fascist in himself, he has now done something far more intellectually demanding: he has confronted his own conservatism, and even—still worse!—his own creeping liberalism. He suddenly realizes that he is tired of the Negro revolution, that he is not sure how much he is willing to give up in the fight against America's excesses of the 60's, that for intellectual reasons he is no longer spiritually linked with the demonstrators. Finally, he pays tribute to the liberals he was so hard on at the Pentagon but who marched off with candles from the Convention hall toward a hostile neighborhood on their way downtown to protest the police violence: "Was it remotely possible," he writes, "that they possessed more courage than himself?" All of these dilemmas are expressed as fears that are later supposed symbolically to be released by his confrontation with the police. Undoubtedly this is the way it worked for Mailer in Chicago, but in the book the dilemmas seem less like fears than intellectual conundrums, and they do not so easily disperse. The result is a far more thoughtful book than the last.

What happened to Mailer in Chicago, I believe, was that the hippies acted out the furthest extremes of his own imagination. They stood for total opposition to the cancerous society he had belabored for years and for the total release of the instinctual man for which he had also spoken and written. But what he saw he could not like; he realized that he was—and he had the courage to put this down—as divided a man as the divided liberals. He admitted that his own life, like all civilized life, subsisted on compromises, even hypocrisies. At the end there is some retreat from this admission, but, more importantly, it casts over the whole of *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* a new kind of reasonableness for Mailer which I find an achievement larger even than that of his last book.

Bureaucrats & the Ghetto

PRELUDE TO RIOT: A VIEW OF URBAN AMERICA FROM THE BOTTOM. By PAUL JACOBS. *Random House. 298 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by LEONARD CHAZEN

THERE IS, by now, a standard form for writing about violence in the ghetto, and with "riot" in its title and Watts as its subject, this book gives every appearance of belonging to the genre. It begins, appropriately enough, with the author receiving a face full of spit from a young Negro

LEONARD CHAZEN *teaches law at Rutgers University.*

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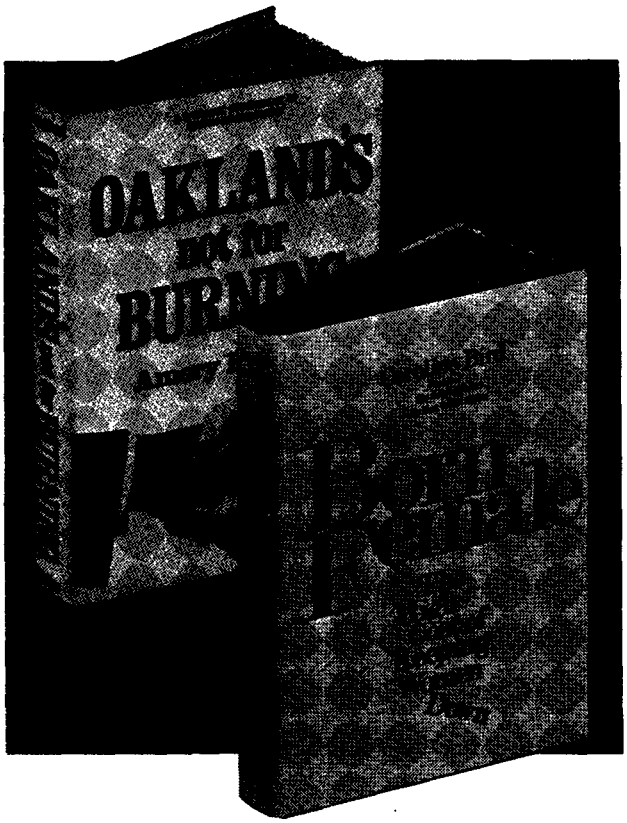

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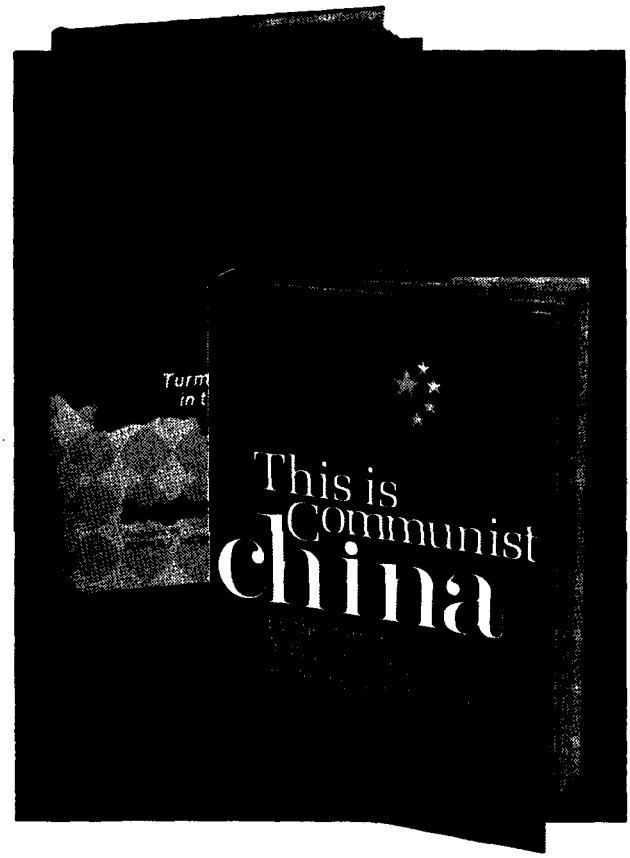

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who is unaccountably enraged when Jacobs, an anonymous white man, bumps into him on the street. But instead of proceeding, in the usual manner, to a lengthy and picturesque catalog of the "underlying causes" of ghetto violence—complete with portraits of rapacious loan sharks and unscrupulous merchants—*Prelude to Riot* abandons the conventional mode to focus on the dreary municipal agencies that are the real absentee lords of the ghetto: the Bureau of Public Assistance, the Department of Health, and the Housing Authority. The faceless bureaucrats who man these agencies, immersed in their dreary application forms, rules and regulations, and means tests, are the heroes—as also the villains—of Jacobs's story, and if his book reflects all too faithfully the overwhelming tedium and banality of their lives, it manages to convey as well something of the true political spirit of the ghetto.

For the fact is that politics in the ghetto has its own hierarchy of concerns, and is not especially linked to the more sensational issues raised by news-hungry journalists. Thus, for example, a family that is ill-clothed and ill-fed on an Aid-to-Dependent-Children allotment is likely to be less worried about the accuracy of the scale in the local butcher shop than it is about the Welfare Department's rules on fatherhood. Consequently, public institutions, particularly the schools and the police, make the best organizing issues for someone trying to build a political career in today's slums. And because the principal subject of city politics outside the ghetto is the threat to peace emanating from Negro neighborhoods, these same institutions, locked in combat with their ghetto constituencies, have become leading antagonists in all the political conflicts that really matter.

WHAT THE EVENTUAL outcome of these conflicts will be is difficult, if not still impossible, to predict, but one thing at least has become unmistakably clear: the era has ended in which the municipal agencies of American cities could command the political loyalties of large numbers of "good government" types who saw only hypocrites and temporizers among professional politicians. That this should be so is in many ways attributable to the very magnitude of the successes achieved by the urban reform movement, which set out to purify the administrative side of city government by removing it from politics. Freed from subservience to established political organizations, however, municipal agencies have tended to become political powers in their own right, protected from meddling outsiders by the civil-service laws and doctrines of administrative discretion. The city of Los Angeles, whose agencies are (almost without exception) non-partisan, thoroughly professional, and free from corruption, is a particularly good illustration of this process.

Jacobs's account of the changes the late Chief Parker brought to the Los Angeles police department shows how a willful public official can combine institutionalized freedom from public restraints and the good-government creed to turn his department into a personal fortress. When Parker took over, the police force was a swamp of scandal and corruption. His mandate, naturally enough, was to clean up the mess—a task he accomplished by modeling the department after an army division. The Los Angeles establishment, recognizing in Parker the qualities of a good cop, left him to run the department in any way he pleased. As a result, Los Angeles has a police force which demands military obedience from its patrolmen and offers them, in return, the soldier's insulation from the scrutiny and judicial machinery of the civilian state. The same professional, military élan that keeps petty chiselers off the force lies behind its insistence on handling brutality charges within the department, a privilege that reserves for the police the option of waging preventive warfare against ghetto neighborhoods.

THE CURRENTLY fashionable alternative to such municipal tyranny is the establishment of neighborhood institutions which would either replace the central authorities altogether or would at least share some of their power. According to such a program, local boards, for example, would take over the administration of the school system, and tenants' committees in individual housing projects would assume the management functions of the public housing authority.

This preference for decentralization seems to reflect an understanding on the part of many Negro organizations that most city agencies have the institutional capacity to resist changes in the electoral balance of power for several years. But there is also something else at work in the Negroes' preference for operating on home turf. Implicit in their thinking is the assumption that the politics of horse trading—which has traditionally accompanied a minority group's accession to power—works only among reasonably friendly enemies, and that in cities as utterly divided as ours, Negroes are better advised to aim for control of their own neighborhoods than to try for a share of the power at city hall.

The question being raised, finally, is whether the American city is not, at least temporarily, a disabled unit of government. Successful centralized administration presupposes a certain amount of social cohesion and political unity, but the apparent truth is that our cities are coming apart at the seams. Unfortunately, those who polemicize for neighborhood institutions rarely put it as simply as that. Like General de Gaulle, their ally in the struggle for polycentrism, they cannot operate without a mystique and its accompanying rhetoric; what the proponents of decentralization—Paul Jacobs is among them—have fastened on for this purpose is the dehumanizing effect that supposedly proceeds from rule by distant bureaucrats.

Jacobs himself is by no means a gross offender in this regard (he is preoccupied with documenting the particular outrages of the Los Angeles social-service agencies), but his book contains enough of the spirit of the neighborhood movement to provide examples of its characteristic style. First, there is nostalgia for a time when urban government was close to the people. Second, the real villain is seen

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as the "system," with its ruthless logic of analytic decision-making, which has turned the modern official into a monster. Inherent in the very process of rule-making and objective evaluation, according to this analysis, is a middle-class bias that makes bureaucratic authority especially burdensome on poor people. The fault lies with the system, which defines a man's future by keeping a record of his past, and thereby destines the poor, who have been to the worst schools and had the worst jobs, to come out on the bottom.

THIS EXTRAVAGANT indictment of bureaucratic government is an understandable reaction to the equally extravagant claims that were once made on its behalf. The good-government partisans who gave us independent city agencies were not satisfied to assert the traditional virtues of bureaucracy—the consistency and predictability that are assured when decisions are made by the book. The old reformers also spread the idea that if government were turned over to non-political professionals, bias and favoritism would disappear. In their place would emerge an objectivity somehow removed from partisan politics.

Disillusionment was inevitable when we discovered that officials do not stand above political controversy—that, in fact, a planner's notions about good and bad neighborhoods or a principal's ideas on proper classroom dress can be the meat of controversy themselves.

What these examples teach us, however, is not that bureaucrats are a race apart, trampling human values wherever they find them, but that these officials are as much representatives of class constituencies as their predecessors who took office under the spoils system. Nevertheless, their deviation from the bureaucratic ideal may be sufficient indictment in cities where an army of schoolteachers, welfare workers, and policemen from the white ethnic communities cross the barricades daily to serve the public needs of the black population. So long as we could believe in the theory of bureaucratic objectivity, there seemed nothing wrong with an ethnically imbalanced civil service. But once these agencies, along with the mayor and his councilmen, begin to appear as representatives of a hostile white community, then decentralization may become the only conceivable political accommodation.

HOW LONG WILL the old system last? Within the next twenty years there will be a black voting majority in some of the largest American cities. Negroes will control these municipalities with a freedom from coalition politics unprecedented since the end of the Irish era; and they may eventually see no point in sustaining counter-institutions in individual neighborhoods. Preeminence in the city, however, will not necessarily mean the end of the urban Negro's experience with hostile agencies that are accountable to somebody else. For years city planners have been promoting the idea of metropolitan agencies which would impose more of the cost of urban government on rich people living beyond the city line, while at the same time preventing narrow-minded local governments from imposing their own selfish interests—in matters like land-use planning—on the rest of the metropolitan area. These agencies will undoubtedly acquire a whole new political appeal when white suburbanites contemplate the prospect of black majorities managing the cities where they work. If the whites become sufficiently scared, they may even come to accept a limited form of metropolitan government, and the new metro-agencies—acting as the administrative arm of an occupation army—could conceivably assume the mantle of the public housing authority or the bureau of public assistance. Decentralization would remain an issue, but with the battle line now drawn on the outskirts of the city.

There are reasons for believing that metropolitan governments would get on better with the Negro community than do present city agencies. Neither their personnel nor their political constituencies, for one thing, would be next-door neighbors to the ghetto—a factor which would probably tend to mitigate hostility. Then, too, a metropolitan government, if it were concerned with reconciling Negroes to their continued submersion in a larger political community, could offer them access to suburban schools and housing sites beyond the reach of an administration whose authority ended at the city line. Nevertheless, self-government would probably continue to be the price exacted by Negroes for participating in such a scheme. Indeed, so long as Negro neighborhoods show a preference for running their own affairs, it cannot be said with assurance that localism is a passing phase in urban politics.

A Voice Before the Silence

KURT TUCHOLSKY AND THE ORDEAL OF GERMANY, 1914-1935. By HAROLD L. POOR. *Scribner's. 288 pp. $7.95.*

KURT TUCHOLSKY: WHAT IF . . .? THE SATIRICAL WRITINGS OF KURT TUCHOLSKY. Translated by HARRY ZOHN and KARL F. ROSS. *Funk & Wagnalls. 320 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by ERNST PAWEL

ON DECEMBER 21, 1935, Kurt Tucholsky died at Hinda, in Sweden, of an overdose of sleeping pills. He was 45 years old, had often been compared with Heine and, like his spiritual ancestor, had suffered from being a German Jew—too much of both German and Jew to be quite either. It was reason enough, perhaps, for a man to do away with himself at that moment in time. But Tucholsky's suicide was more than a private gesture; it symbolized the definitive end of the German-Jewish symbiosis, a century-old relationship that had been marked in equal measure by astonishing cultural fertility and fierce ambivalence. "The decent thing to do now," said Tucholsky shortly before his death, "is to shut up."

Yet Tucholsky's writings, among the first to be burned under Hitler, were also among the first to be resurrected after the war in both parts of Germany. They are still in print today; in fact, this polypseudonymous satirist, whose writings

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once titillated the middle-class avant garde and outraged the rear-guard conservatives, has at last become something of a popular author in the land of his birth.

This state of affairs may tempt one into drawing certain unwarranted conclusions about the workings of posthumous justice—conclusions which Tucholsky would have been the first to discount. "The survival of an author's work," he once wrote, "is largely a matter of luck, and immortality is certainly no touchstone of greatness." But the same essay in which this disclaimer appears, "A Plea Against Immortality," also contains a clue to at least one aspect of Tucholsky's continuing appeal:

> Work is a living thing. It even begets progeny. To work, to be all here—this may, with luck, confer upon you an anonymous immortality of sorts. But don't you go sniffing the wind and squinting into the future—there is nothing out there for you. Nothing. Except for a chintzy tombstone or perhaps a Ph.D. thesis by someone badly in need of a topic. Immortality? Forget it. What counts is one little word: may you be bright enough to learn it.
>
> That word is *today*.

Tucholsky's *today* is still very much part of our own, for better or for worse. The answers he failed to find continue to elude us, and his satire can still draw blood on occasion even where its object may have long since been forgotten, because the despair animating it seems so hopelessly familiar.

Beyond that, I suspect, he is being read simply because he wrote his language better than almost anyone now living. After decades of cloacal banality, after an unbroken column of goose-stepping platitudes stretching from Hitler and Goebbels to Ulbricht, Adenauer, Kiesinger, and Springer, the cool irony of Tucholsky's prose comes as a revelation. He could be both witty and subtle in German, a feat few Germans have managed before or since.

KURT TUCHOLSKY, son of a well-to-do Jewish businessman, was born in Berlin in 1890. At 15 he

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lost both father and home; his mother, who had never been able to stand the boy, shipped him off to boarding school shortly after her husband's death. The break between them was final; Tucholsky drifted through a series of educational institutions, managed after considerable difficulty and delay to graduate from the *Gymnasium*, and later even collected his law degree from the University of Jena. In practical terms, however, his cumulative educational experience netted him little beyond an abiding and articulate contempt for the German educational system generally and its institutions of higher learning in particular.

In 1912 Tucholsky interrupted his desultory studies long enough to publish a brief and charming novella, which became an instant success and has gone into countless editions over the years. Its charm is genuine enough, so much so that it works to this day, but deceptive at the same time in that it tends to obscure a rather startling accomplishment. For in its less than a hundred pages, *Rheinsberg*, the wryly tender tale of young lovers spending a blissfully illegitimate weekend in the country, drains all the Middle-European *Schmaltz* and *Schmerz* out of a problem which the Wedekinds and Schnitzlers were at that time still vivisecting with meat cleavers. In this idyll, sketched lightly and with a humor not yet corroded by acerbity, sex is an impure delight, love a promise beyond fulfillment. *Rheinsberg*, neither profound nor revolutionary, was nonetheless amazingly mature for a 22-year-old, and its combination of ironic delicacy and unsentimental exuberance had few, if any, precedents in the Teutonic tradition.

What may well be the first pen portrait of the precocious *littérateur* came to be discovered, somewhat incongruously, in the diaries of Franz Kafka. "The first man of 21 I have ever met who is completely of a piece," writes Kafka, seven years older than Tucholsky.

> From the bold swing of his cane, matched by a youthful shrug of the shoulders, down to the thoughtful amusement and modest deprecation of his own literary work. Wants to become a defense attorney but is aware of certain obstacles which he hopes to overcome: a high-pitched voice that according to him tends to flip over into a maidenly falsetto after the first half hour's worth of manly discourse; doubts about his ability to strike a convincing pose, which however he expects to improve with age and experience, and lastly a fear of gradually slipping into the sort of *Weltschmerz* he has so frequently noted among aging Berlin Jews of his general orientation, though . . . he as yet feels no trace of it.

The wholeness perceived by Kafka in what appears to have been a casual encounter was real enough, even if hard to sustain. For Tucholsky was, in fact, as Kafka feared, trapped by birthright in the spiritual outlook of aging Berlin Jews, and destined never quite to extricate himself. That tradition, for all its sentimentality, was marked, during its historically brief interlude, by a bourgeois bias in favor of economic security and professional status. Yet, all in all, its positive accomplishments proved unique and accounted in no small measure for the specific flavor and substance of Berlin's cultural climate between the turn of the century and the death of culture in 1933.

THE MAN WHO, in the guise of editor, came to be Tucholsky's second father was, as it happened, among the archetypes of this civilization. At 25 the aging dean of Berlin's critics, Siegfried Jacobsohn, in 1905 founded the weekly *Schaubuehne*, the "stage-show," later renamed *Weltbuehne* to reflect the expanding scope of its aggression from mere stage to all the world. Under Jacobsohn's direction, the *Weltbuehne* was to become the gadfly of the Weimar Establishment, the scourge of scheming generals-in-reserve, and altogether the most influential, certainly the best written, magazine of the independent Left.

Tucholsky began contributing to the *Weltbuehne* in 1913, and the creative work of his mature years is unthinkable without Jacobsohn, who not only coaxed and bludgeoned much of it out of this initially callous hedonist but also educated him to the facts of power and politics until World War I rendered all further lessons in that field superfluous. Tucholsky, after a two-year stretch in the Prussian Army, emerged with a new anti-faith, a radical anti-militarism that made him hail the revolution of November 9, 1918 all through the night and until the following morning. By that time, according to his account, it had become inescapably obvious that the change in management was merely a matter of personnel, one set of incompetents taking over from another.

Driven now by the furies of his own commitment as much as by the implacable Jacobsohn, Tucholsky not infrequently filled whole issues of the *Weltbuehne* with his contributions. "Peter Panther" would discourse on the origin of the holes in Swiss cheese while "Theobald Tiger" tackled a popular author and "Ignaz Wrobel" inquired into the secret and illegal rearming of the pseudo-Republican *Reichswehr* or the assassination of yet another liberal by roaming gangs of unemployed officers. The satire could be broad on occasion, the humor often turned to venom, as the engaging lyricist was absorbed by the *écrivain engagé*, but the standards remained consistently high, and between them Jacobsohn and Tucholsky documented in poignant detail the agony of the Republic.

They also managed to antagonize a broad segment of liberal sympathizers, who accused them of being unduly "negativistic." Tucholsky countered this particular charge as early as 1919 with a guilty plea of sorts:

> We, the *Weltbuehne* contributors, stand accused of being perennial No-sayers, of lacking a suitably positive attitude, and of fouling our own German nest.
>
> Let us take a look at this famous nest and see what sort of eggs there are inside.
>
> *The Revolution.* If revolution means collapse of the old order, then we've had one. But all that really happened is that those in charge ran away, and now the rest of us stand around, waiting.
>
> *The Bourgeoisie.* A matter of attitude rather than origins. The

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German bourgeoisie is anti-democratic through and through. Nothing like it exists anywhere else in the world, and this is the crux of our misery. . . .

The Officer. I am talking not about the caste . . . but about the abominable mentality that rules it. . . . Its main features are an insane need to kick other human beings with impunity and a very German predilection for hiding one's private shortcomings in an imposing uniform. . . .

The Bureaucrat. What can there possibly be said in favor of a bureaucracy in which membership is all-important, work merely incidental and purpose totally irrelevant? . . .

TUCHOLSKY WAS in fact contemptuously answering the Jewish middle class, all those "German citizens of Mosaic faith" who, striving to be more German than the Kaiser, forever worried about Jewish liberals and radicals "stirring up" anti-Semitism. They had accused him of Jewish self-hatred, most particularly because of the immensely popular "Herr Wendriner" sketches, a series of rambling monologues giving an acid portrait of the Jewish businessman able to adjust to any situation, from adultery to Nazism. But the accusation, aside from offering no very profound insights—self-hatred is by no means uncommon among writers, and "Jewish self-hatred" does not strike me as basically sicker or more destructive than any other—misses what seem to me some rather crucial aspects of the Jewish situation in imperial and pre-Hitler Germany.

At no point—from Moses Mendelsohn to Walter Rathenau—was assimilation ever a true choice or possibility; one did not become German by virtue of ceasing to be a Jew. Reaction to this inescapable dilemma ranged from resigned acceptance to proliferating self-delusions.

Tucholsky's position, no more untenable than most, was an almost programmatically announced alienation coupled with a belief—unexamined and rather widespread at the time—in a transformation of the social order so radical as to enable individuals to choose their own identity rather than have it imposed upon them. He lived long enough to witness the end of this and a few other illusions, but rather than seeking animal warmth in the shelter of some synthetic faith—friends such as Arnold Zweig suggested a pilgrimage to Moscow or Jerusalem—he preferred to die in Sweden, a stranger among strangers. And in that one gesture he testified to his Jewishness. Negatively, once again, but this, too, quite in keeping with his role.

Morbid honesty, again not unmixed with contempt, but increasingly lacking what he called pathos, trapped him in a metaphysical and ideological void and shut him out not only from orthodox religion but also from the Gospel according to Marx. He consistently regarded himself as a Left-wing sympathizer, and his political writings after 1918 are informed by a broad commitment to socialism. But what he occasionally referred to as belief seems far too clear-eyed to qualify as more than the sort of provisional hope without which even the hardened skeptic finds it impossible to sustain the processes of life. After one brief stint in 1920 with the Independent Socialists, a splinter group, he forever quit organization politics. For reasons both tactical and sentimental he refrained until the end from publicly attacking the Communists because the party's rank and file struck him as the most promising human material in the fight against fascism. Not so their leaders, from Stalin on down to the apparatchick. "Too bad you're not a party member so we could expel you," he has one of them say in one of his milder quips.

Yet there were two political commitments to which he was faithful to the end—the fights against the insanity of war and against the twisted mentality of German militarism. These causes elicited not just articulate fury but unaccustomed depths of passion, with not a little foaming at the mouth—precisely, I suppose, because he knew them to be lost from the start.

Hardly surprising, then, that as early as 1924 Tucholsky had begun to find the atmosphere in Germany unbearable and spent the rest of his life abroad, returning only for a few brief visits, including an unhappy six months as editor of the *Weltbuehne* following Siegfried Jacobsohn's death in 1926. Berlin's most characteristic literary figure during those twilight years of the 20's, Tucholsky lived and worked mostly in Paris, whence he mounted a final assault on the debased values of his homeland. He became a star of the publishing firm, *Rohwolt Verlag*, easily its most quoted and most eminently quotable author, but read and praised not so much for what he said as for the manner in which he said it, for his scintillating brilliance and the un-Teutonic thrust of his melancholy irony. To be a satirist with honor in one's own country may seem no small achievement; but there was grim frustration in it for the would-be prophet who found himself acclaimed as a funnyman. Desperately wanting to shake up his readers, Tucholsky saw he was amusing them instead; and in the end, like Brecht, he resorted to outrage. But unlike Brecht, he had no talent for it; his *Deutschland, Deutschland ueber Alles*, a vicious attack on German militarism illustrated by photomontages after the manner of Georg Grosz, was so far ahead of its time in avant-garde vulgarity that even many of his friends felt constrained to disavow the book, if not its author.

Two years later, in 1931, he published *Gripsholm*, a lyrical reprise of *Rheinsberg*, with the lovers aged in sophistication but otherwise unimpaired by reverence or sentiment. This was a slight work, and, though it sold even better than *Rheinsberg*, its tired playfulness suggests yet another reason for Tucholsky's failure as a prophet—his heart was not in it. Only the head was *engagé*.

He himself had few illusions that he could do much about the future. Much earlier, and more keenly than most, he sensed the tragic impasse ahead, but he had no answers, ready or otherwise. And if he wasn't cut out to be a martyr, he still had the courage not to try to fool himself. There is evidence that increasingly toward the end he came somewhat wistful-

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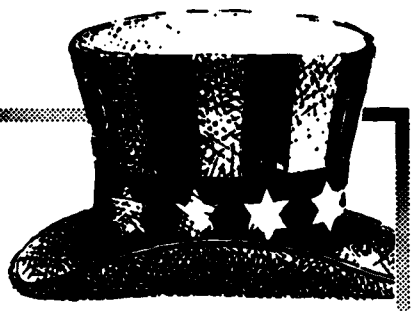
ly to rue his lack of Jewish roots. But when the Nazi triumph in 1933 ended whatever irrational hopes he may still have entertained for the future of reason in his time, he spent the last two years in flight, loneliness, and agonizing physical pain. Whatever writing he did was confined to private correspondence and to his notebook, the last entry in which represents the crude sketch of a ladder. Its rungs, in ascending order, are labeled speech, writing, and silence. A few days later he killed himself.

OF THE BOOKS under review here, the first, by Harold L. Poor, is a touchingly naive academic exercise of the sort Tucholsky himself prophetically anticipated in his *Plea Against Immortality*; its most valuable contribution is an extensive bibliography. The second book, whatever its other defects, at least has the advantage of letting Tucholsky speak for himself.

In a largely futile attempt to introduce Tucholsky to an English-speaking audience, Harry Zohn in 1957 published a translation of some of his prose under the un-Tucholskian title of *The World is a Comedy*. Now, in *What If . . .?*, he has brought out a new and expanded selection of Tucholsky's satirical writings, including for the first time a generous sampling of his poetry translated by Karl F. Ross. The result is at best a mixed blessing.

In contrast to the usual run of experience, the poetry has survived the shock of transplantation much better than the prose. But this has to do less with the caliber of the English version than with the wholly undistinguished quality of the original; for in fact the "Heine of the 20th century" was a poet only in prose. The very best that can be said for his verse is that it rhymes. So does the translation; Mr. Ross by dint of obviously painstaking labor has matched his model rhyme for rhyme and doggerel for doggerel.

The prose, on the other hand, poses more complex problems, and the defects are correspondingly more glaring. Some of them seem inevitable; style is the man in



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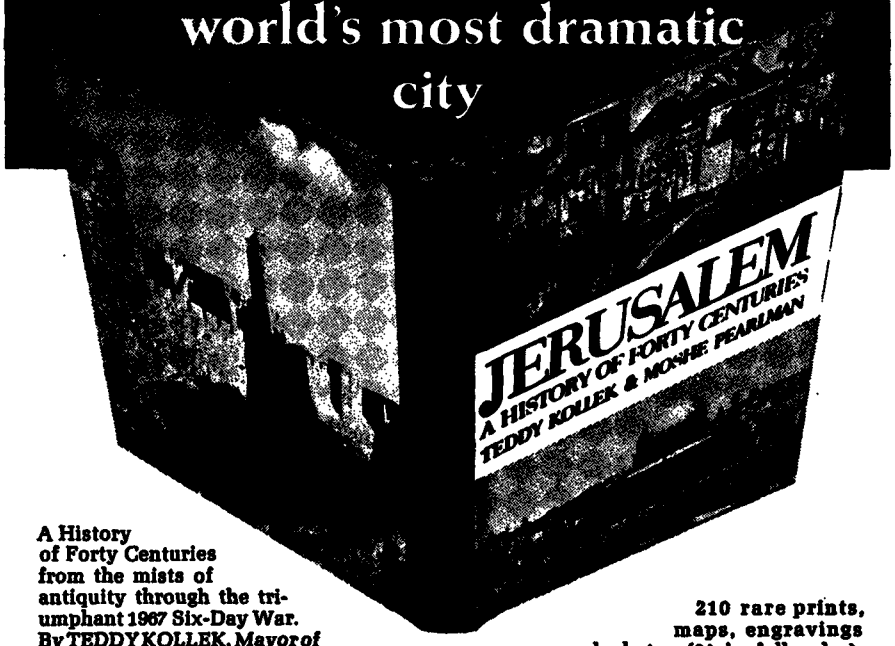

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Tucholsky's case more than in most, so that even a first-class translation is apt to turn him into a plucked chicken. Harry Zohn's version never rises above the merely serviceable, but my quarrel is not so much with his translation as with his editorial judgment.

Tucholsky's collected works, from novels to one-line aphorisms, comprise a total of over 2,200 items, so that any selection is bound to reflect the editor's tastes and bias as well as his vision of the work as a whole. Taste being subjective to a point, I would deplore rather than criticize the inclusion of no less than three *Wendriner* monologues in this relatively brief anthology; I still regard them as having been brilliantly apt and perceptive in their time and place, but not in ours. Both Herr Wendriner, the Jewish businessman, and his author, have paid too dearly for their very human failings. On the whole, Zohn's vision seems radically deficient, for Tucholsky emerges as a mere epigrammatic humorist, mildly entertaining, whose satirical talents flicker sporadically; the compilation conveys only a vague and substantially inaccurate idea of either the man or his work.

But this work is the record of a dead world in a dead language, increasingly difficult to decipher even with the help of interpreters more sensitive than Mr. Zohn. Beyond that, there is Tucholsky's symbolic role, to which no anthology can do justice; in speech, in writing, and finally in death he presaged an infinitely greater silence that left six million dead on one side and a wasteland on the other.

Facing Up to the Present

WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY: PERSONAL REFLECTIONS ON 1968. By RICHARD H. ROVERE. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. 116 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by DAVID T. BAZELON

RICHARD ROVERE can write; he can think; he's sensitive; he's been around. And here he makes a brief, strenuous effort to face up to the Big New Mood that we are all compulsively preoccupied with, that none of us has adequately characterized—Vietnam, riots, the election, boredom, drugs and drop-outs, the hysteria of One More Federal Program, marches against this-and-that, youthful *mish* against aging *mash*. This book is no triumph. But it is the first of what is sure to become a deluge, and it is very interesting—mostly mood and implication, everything pregnant-with-meaning.

The ostensible subject is how Richard Rovere, certainly no "premature anti-Vietnamer," came to oppose the war in Vietnam. His current effort will only put him back in touch with his constituency, however; it will not anoint him, in the Thoreau-Muste-Goodman tradition. It certainly is not, as the dust-jacket argues, "one of the most agonizing documents to appear in recent years." I found it a different kind of reading.

The subject of the book, perhaps, also is: Does the United States really need, can it afford, much of a foreign policy? If this is the question, Rovere's answer is: No. The reasons for the answer are mostly—and eagerly—deferred to Unanswered History, both past and future.* Pierced by the same intergenerational bullet as Mr. Rovere, I accept this absurd position.

IT IS utterly clear that Vietnam was one war too many for this country. The policy issues are now, therefore, substantially irrelevant. So many intelligent people have seen this, that slowpokes like Rovere and myself must take it as given—whether we join in Rovere's *mea culpa*, or write (or think) our own. But I am saddened to admit that I have no particular respect, no admiration for the fast-fellows who figured it all out before I did—and that seems to be Rovere's feeling too. The last time we went

DAVID T. BAZELON *is the author of* The Paper Economy *and* Power in America.

* Rovere's attitude toward the cold war revisionist historians, for example, is to say it isn't important whether the fears of the 40's were real or apparent. I think it's important; but neither am I prepared to engage in the detailed, abstract argument they are clamoring for.

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YUGOSLAVIA: THE NEW CLASS IN CRISIS

by Nenad D. Popovic

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through this kind of experience, as I recall, was when it was overwhelmingly decided that Marxism was old-hat. But what I remember best was Harold Rosenberg's convincing exposition of the observable fact that the earliest mongers of that particular fashion were those who never understood Marxism in the first place. Small consolation, certainly. But, for those who take politics also as a metaphor of something more important, not insignificant.

IF I THOUGHT what Rovere actually says in his book, his intellectual argument, was equal to his "waist-deep" feeling, I would have gotten to it sooner in this review. Anyway, I will get to it now.

"Some of us who were well beyond the age of consent in 1948 and 1950 must now square past and present," he begins. His own effort commences with a chapter comparing Truman and Johnson, Korea and Vietnam. That, it seems to me, is a rather special view of the relevant "past" and "present" which must now be squared, if only because the current past/present turnabout has much deeper roots than the issue of Communism in Asia. The true issue is —and has been since October 1917 —what those in the socialist tradition, or naturally attracted to it, would do once that tradition had been taken over, in historical fact, by the future monstrously-arrived ahead of schedule. In the United States, the majority so disposed decided to support the American containment of Communism as a desperate, interim measure. (Meanwhile, like other Americans, we got rich.) Containment, and this special support of it, finally flopped in Vietnam. Naturally, those whose thought did not begin with October 1917 noticed the final flop ahead of time. It's much easier to understand the modern world in terms of The Bomb; and The Bomb, it turns out, provides an intellectual writ of greater jurisdiction than the Bolshevik Revolution ever did.

In his second chapter (of four), "The People We Have Become," Rovere talks about the independent significance of "affluence as an agent of change." I agree; and wholeheartedly when he points out that "this is the first war of the century of which it is true that opposition to it is not only widespread but fashionable." Writing his book for him, I would have begun with this perception, and worked my way back, carefully, to the socialist tradition, its middlebrow fate in America, and so on. But he wrote it for himself, and he goes on to note the importance of television (and the violence of it); that "kookiness of every sort is alarmingly on the rise"; that "there is building up in this country a powerful sentiment not simply against the war in Vietnam but against war itself" (I personally lost twelve months on this idiotic point alone, in my own readjustment); that all this is—let's not kid ourselves—a return to isolationism; and that certainly this society is racist, but that there never has been one that wasn't. He is superbly himself, at his best, when in several choice lines he capsulates the issue of "wars of national liberation"—which Vietnam is, but not the last, since the Soviet Union will certainly continue to stoop to pick up this loose change: "From the Soviet point of view, they are irresistible. They cost next to nothing and drive us Americans out of our minds."

"IN 1948, when he was Secretary of State and putting in place the foundation stones of postwar American foreign policy, General Marshall was asked to describe his objective," Chapter Three begins. Then ensues an insider-paragraph no one could summarize, ending with the following quotation from Marshall: "'If we could just hold on for twenty or thirty years without starting a nuclear war . . . the world would be a different place.'" This is the heart of the book: the time has passed and the world *is* a different place.

Time. To do what? To survive, certainly: but we bought much more expensive time than that. We bought—or tried to buy—time in which America would become good enough to justify its ruling the world instead of Russia. Period. Now the new generation informs us that our rather abstract experiment bores them. QED. If

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we had tried harder to explain, if they had tried harder to understand, that: 1) somebody must rule; 2) American rule is better; and 3) Russian rule is worse than they imagine—so what? Clearly, they are not interested in any such subtleties. Scream them to the wind, as an ultimate devotion? No. Give in, and see what the rest of the discussion will be like.

"Marshall thought that the world would be a different place a generation later. The time has passed, and the world is so very different that the fathers cannot convince grown sons, young men born into that other world, that the place ever existed and that its terrors were real." Right. "Communism is scarcely more binding ideologically than monarchy or democracy." Wrong (it has extensive relevance, beyond monarchy and more than equal to democracy). Although he did not change his own view about military containment until 1965, Rovere identifies 1955 as the year in which the world changed enough to render our policy obsolete. In 1955 the balance of terror matured, the first summit meeting was held, etc.—*but*: "Just as it was becoming clear that Europe was out of danger, we began to conceive our mission to be a global one and our adversary to be an ideology." That's neat; I don't know whether it's true, it might be. Anyway, the possibility of *détente* was pursued with inadequate vigor on both sides, and the happenstantial mess of Vietnam occurred for no better reason than that a by-passed policy had not been changed nor the consequent priorities reshuffled. So, Rovere quite effectively informs us that "whatever moral and political judgments may be made on American policy in Vietnam, what one is compelled to say is that the war there is . . . monumentally irrelevant to what should be the priorities of policy in 1968." Agreed, agreed.

HE DOES NOT discuss the details of the war in Vietnam: indeed, he does not tell us much about what is wrong with it—only about the used-up quality of the global policy that led us to it, and the fact that he has signed off. But he has

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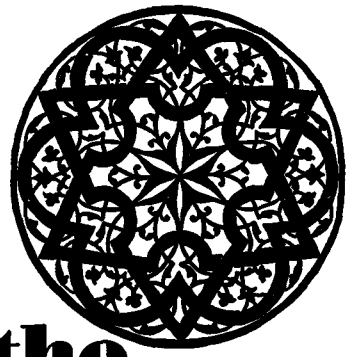

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a number of excellent observations and insights into it—for instance, on the domino theory: "Some dominos might fall in a certain way because we set them up that way." In other words, an entire Asian policy is at stake—as to which Vietnam may well be only *one* flaw.

I was disappointed, however, that Rovere does not even mention, much less discuss, what I thought was one of the more serious aspects of the war, namely, that military containment relying on limited wars was being tested in its application to "wars of national liberation," that the primary audience for such testing was the Soviet Union, and that the test is now a demonstrated flop. The point about Vietnam is that the war was not won within the required time. If we had won in Vietnam (as the British won in Malaya), we would have heard no more of it. We would simply have had to sit still and wait for the next one that could not be won. And I am bitterly convinced that this kind of sitting still is all that "we" should have expected to receive by buying historical time.

"These are the worst of American times," Rovere concludes. And they will get worse, he feels, because scapegoating the Vietnam folly will bring about "a great purge" and "may be far worse than the McCarthy years." It's possible, but I doubt it. That's an old horror: I think we are in for a new one. Vietnam as the End of Something will be, I think, that great occasion when the American people give up on infinity, turn inward, and observe themselves with delayed loathing. No help for it: it was due. We overconcentrated on making money; then we were equally foolish about what we might buy with it. Now, the whole thing must be thought through all over again, this time with previously-avoided pain present, and surely other unpleasantness as well.

We are a great society—or we are nothing any of us can bear to think of. A great society must entertain great projects. If we are not going to rule the world, then we must remake ourselves. Who (and what) will survive *that* effort?

The Third World

ASIAN DRAMA: AN INQUIRY INTO THE POVERTY OF NATIONS. By GUNNAR MYRDAL. *Pantheon. 3 vols., paperbound. 2284 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by J. P. NETTL

IT IS ALWAYS difficult to review the big books of great men, particularly if, as with Gunnar Myrdal, their more important contributions lie in their actions rather than in their words. The difficulty is even further compounded in Myrdal's case by the fact that his influence on the modern world is almost impossible to document in concrete terms. But if the extent of his influence cannot be documented, it also cannot be exaggerated. Through his work with the United Nations, and through the personal friendship he has maintained with many statesmen of the Third World, Myrdal has striven over the years to help bring formerly neglected ex-colonies and pseudo-colonies into the world system and enable them to participate as equals rather than as dependents.

This activity has required a very high level of expertise in mediating between the highly developed and self-regarding "West" and the poor but determined "East." Much as he disapproves of Communism, Myrdal was one of the first to acknowledge its ineluctable existence and to recognize that it would grow increasingly influential as a model for development. Throughout his career, Myrdal has brought to his actions that genuine sense of neutrality which is the distinguishing hallmark of Scandinavian academics and international civil servants, and without which the effectiveness of the United Nations would have been long since greatly diminished.

A top international civil servant with decades of experience in the field; an economist profoundly receptive to cultural variety and nuance; an intellectual with startling powers of analysis and insight—such a man could reasonably have been expected, in a book of this scope and magnitude, to strike a correct balance between utopian theory and immediate practicalities, and to provide us with solutions to at least some of the problems of development in the modern world. But this, unfortunately, *Asian Drama* fails to do. Instead, the work is an uneasy compromise between two frameworks of thought, almost between two personas—between the Myrdal who has exhorted us previously and often on the dangers of imposing the value systems and techniques of the developed West on the undeveloped Third World, and the Myrdal who is finally and irretrievably committed to those selfsame Western values and techniques. As a result of this tension, *Asian Drama* is in the end a very pessimistic book, long on analysis, short on hope.

MUCH OF MYRDAL'S writing over the last twenty years has been focused on the problem of the value biases implicit in Western economic thought. In the introductory chapters to *Asian Drama* we are taken over this ground once more at length. In addition, we are reminded very forcefully that differentiated economic theory has little meaning in social environments where politics, economic activity, and the social structure are so locked together that the very notion of an abstract economic theory has no relevance. This is true enough, and is said with authority and insistence. But anyone interested in these problems who is not aware of such facts today is either deluded or an incompetent. The unorthodox views which Myrdal claims to hold have become by now the orthodoxies of all competent professionals.

Following his long introduction, Myrdal proceeds to a panoramic analysis of his chosen area, South Asia—primarily India and Pakistan, with subsidiary but substantial discussion of Burma, Ceylon, the Philippines, Indonesia, and Malaya. Volume I is a lengthy political history, dealing with the events leading up to independence and with

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J. P. NETTL, *the distinguished political scientist, was killed in an airplane crash as this issue went to press. Mr. Nettl, who at the time of his death was professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, was the author of* Rosa Luxemburg *and of numerous other works in history and sociological theory.*

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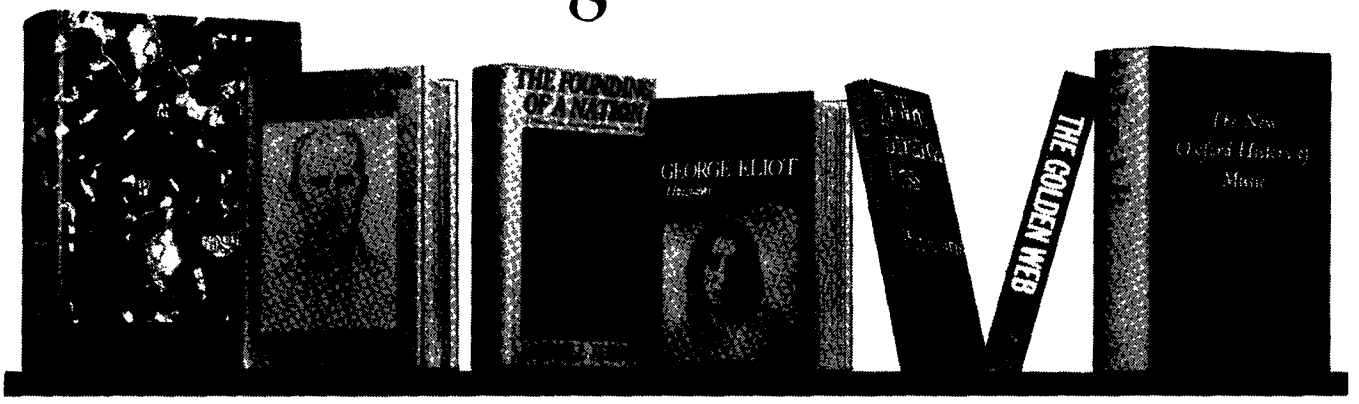

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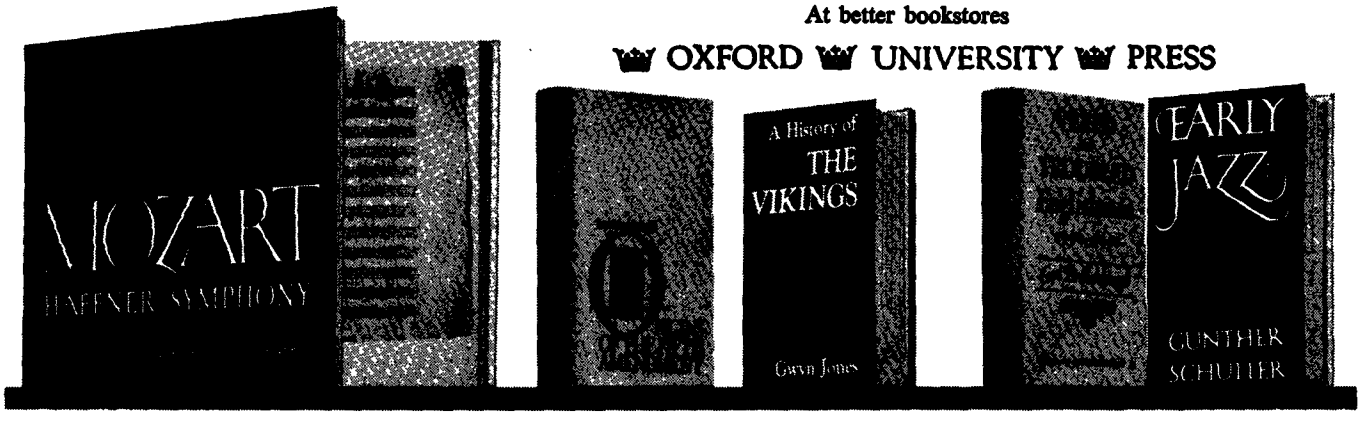

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the process of becoming independent itself. This reads well, with a magisterial sweep, but also contains much that is arguable. The sources used are not always the best available, and in my view this political history is not really germane to the issues Myrdal wants to discuss. For what we are not told—what political history could not in fact tell us—is that the winning of independence inevitably entails the creation of a huge gap between expectation and human possibility, between the actual, day-to-day autonomous history of South Asia and its self-proclaimed goals, the form and substance of which were acquired mainly from abroad.

THE THIRD PART of Volume I and the whole of Volume II are devoted to a detailed economic and demographic analysis of South Asia. Students will find here a wealth of material. The best parts are those in which conventional approaches are demolished; in particular, the notions of underemployment and the panacea of urbanization as a cure for rural overpopulation are submitted to lucid critical analysis and shown to be irrelevant. Myrdal makes a sustained attempt to discuss the relationship between demographic change and economic growth, and much attention is also paid to the parameters of such problems as the social costs and economic benefits of investing in human resources.

Volume III consists largely of appendices in which particular problems are raised (mostly for the second or third time). The heart of Myrdal's argument is to be found in Appendix 2, "The Mechanism of Underdevelopment and Development and a Sketch of an Elementary Theory of Planning for Development." Here we have all sorts of valuable emphases: the fact that planning is a political rather than an economic instrument, the need for coordinating economic planning with political control and social change; the direct relationship of consumption and productivity peculiar to poor countries; and much more.

But it is all ultimately only a critique rather than a program. In no conceivable sense is it a theory, nor does it offer the new insights we so badly need. By the end of the study we know pretty well what is wrong, not how it might be put right. Myrdal emphasizes the problems created by what he calls "soft states," where rhetoric cannot be matched by actions, where existing or anticipated opposition from vested interests will prevent good intentions from being translated into performance. He emphatically rejects the Communist solution of mass mobilization, as well as the uncontrolled laissez-faire approach. His remedies, insofar as he proposes any, are tax incentives and disincentives, controlled land reform, and the rational use of information. Indeed, rationality nudges almost every precept from behind the scenes. The ideal poor countries must work for, according to Myrdal, is a closely directed market economy in which the incentive of reward, properly manipulated by the state, will produce growth. It is, in other words, a very Western, social-democratic vision. In spite of all his assertions to the contrary, we finish up, if not with the tools and concepts of Western analysis, at least with the vision of a Western-style utopia. After so much explicit rejection of Western assumptions in modes of analysis, it is astonishing to find Western goals dominating the prescribed modes of action. That is the trap of economics even at its most sophisticated and skeptical.

HENCE THE PESSIMISM of *Asian Drama*. Myrdal knows quite well that to postulate a rational Western utopia means also to postulate ultimate dependence on Western solutions. Having rejected these specifically, he has created a yawning gap between analysis or diagnosis on the one hand and solutions or prognosis on the other. "If in a country like India," he writes, "the government were really determined to change the prevailing attitudes and institutions, and had the courage to take the necessary steps and accept the consequences, then these would include the effective abolition of caste, prescribed by the constitution, and measures . . . such as effective land reform and tenancy legislation; a rational policy for husbandry, even if it required the killing of many half-starved cattle; the eradication of corruption at all levels . . . forceful attack on the problem of the educated unemployed and their refusal to do manual work, and so on." Now, if there were the slightest chance of doing these things in Indian society as it is presently constituted and with the present Indian government, this book need never have been written. The historical analysis provided by Barrington Moore in his recent *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy* seems to me to indicate a much more radical and yet more likely program for India, but with exactly the same end in mind: a social upheaval which will bring to the fore a ruling class that is self-interested and hence eventually progressive. To take another recent example of a different kind, I found Jemru E. Johnson's discussion of "The Ideology of Economic Policy in New States" (in his *Economic Nationalism in Old and New States*) more illuminating as an explanation of the "policy gap" in the Third World than Myrdal's endless polemic with conventional and often out-of-date Western economic theory. If we are to believe Myrdal, there is nothing anyone can do to prevent the Asian drama from turning into a long, dreary tragedy.

The books of great men are presumably addressed to posterity, but in this case I am not so sure. *Asian Drama,* intended to be an outline for possible future success, may well come to serve as an explanation of ideas that have failed. At best, it will show Myrdal as an authoritative debunker of conventions which were already being eroded by circumstance at the very moment he was writing. This is a pity, for Myrdal should not be judged by his words alone. His actions, which have spoken louder than words, confirm the outstanding contribution he has made to the modern world, particularly his creation of bridges of understanding among all those who are conscious of the need to reduce the disparity between the international rich and the international poor.

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